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CELEBRATED CRIMES

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"Vaninka leant down towards Fœdor."

Photo-Etching. — From Painting by Edmund Garrett.

(See page 166.)

CELEBRATED CRIMES

BY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III

Each Volume Illustrated with a Frontispiece

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THE MARQUISE DE GANGES.

VOL. III. — 1

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CELEBRATED CRIMES.

THE MARQUISE DE GANGES.

It was toward the close of the year 1657, when a very plain carriage, and without any armorial bearings, stopped at a late hour in the evening before a house in the Rue Hautefeuille, where two others stood already waiting. The servant had his hand upon the door, which he was about to open, when he was stopped by a mild, although rather tremulous voice intimating a doubt as to the place. A window was immediately let down, and a head appeared, so completely enveloped in a black satin hood that no one feature was visible; and after a close observation of the front of the house, as if expecting to discover some sign, the fair incognita seemed satisfied, for she turned to her companion, and said, "It is quite right; there is the name."

The door was now opened; the two ladies got out, and after again looking at a small board nailed beneath the windows of the second floor, upon which was printed, "Madame Voisin, Midwife," glided rapidly up a little court, the door into which was but partly closed, and which was lighted only sufficiently to show the narrow winding staircase which led from it to the apartments above. The unknown visitors, however, one of whom

seemed to be of superior rank, did not stop upon the floor to which the board appeared to guide them, but as if familiar with the place, continued their ascent still higher. Upon reaching the landing-place of the third story, they were stopped by a dwarfish-looking figure, strangely dressed, after the mode of the Venetian buffoons of the sixteenth century, who extended a wand as they approached him, and demanded at the same time what was the object of their visit.

"To consult the Spirit," replied the visitant, in the same mild and gentle tones.

"Enter, then, and wait," answered the dwarf, drawing aside a tapestry hanging, and ushering the two ladies into an anteroom.

They remained there about half an hour, hearing nothing, seeing nothing; till suddenly a door in the tapestry was opened, and upon a voice in the distance giving order for their admission, the ladies were instantly conducted into another room hung with black, and lighted only by a single lamp suspended from the ceiling. The door closed upon them as they entered and stood in the presence of the sibyl.

This was a woman about twenty-six years of age, who, contrary to the usual custom of the fair sex, evinced an inclination to appear elderly. She was dressed in black, her hair arranged and hanging in plaits, after the manner of the Egyptian statues; her neck, arms, and feet were bare; the girdle around her waist was fastened by a large garnet, which cast a lurid glare; and she had a divining rod in her hand. She was seated upon a kind of platform representing the ancient tripod, whence a subtle pungent incense was diffused. Her features, though vulgar, were tolerably handsome; and her eyes, doubtless owing to some mystery of the toilet,

seemed of an extraordinary size, and, like the garnet, to shine with a strange, unearthly light.

As they entered, they observed the sibyl, her head resting upon her hand, as one absorbed in thought; and fearing to disturb her ecstatic reverie, they waited in silence her recovery from this abstraction. After an interval of ten minutes she raised her head, and, seemingly aware for the first time of the presence of her two visitors, she exclaimed, —

"What desire they of me again? Shall I never enjoy repose but in the tomb?"

"Forgive me," answered the applicant; "but I sought to know — "

"Silence," replied the sibyl, in a solemn voice; "I seek no knowledge of your affairs; you must address the Spirit, who is a jealous spirit, forbidding all intimacy with his mysteries; for myself, I can but pray for you, and obey him."

At these words she descended from her tripod and entered an adjoining room, whence she soon returned, apparently more pale and agitated than before, holding in one hand a chafing-dish, and in the other a red paper. The lamp was at the same time gradually dimmed; so that, discernible only by the glare from the brazier, every object assumed a fantastic form, as it seemed half-emerging from the gloom, to the no small terror of the two strangers, who felt, however, it was now too late to recede. The enchantress placed the burning chafing-dish in the middle of the room, then, presenting the red paper to the lady who had addressed her, she said: —

"Write here what you desire to have foretold."

It was received with more firmness than might have been expected; the incognita placed herself at the table, and wrote: —

"Am I young? Am I handsome? Am I a maid, wife, or widow? Thus much for the past. Ought I to marry? Should I re-marry? Shall I enjoy a long life, or meet with an early death? Thus much for the future." Then extending her hand toward the sibyl, she inquired where she was to place the paper.

"Roll it round this ball," she replied, giving her, at the same time, a small ball of white wax. "Both will be consumed in these flames before your eyes. The Spirit already knows the secrets of your destiny; within three days expect his reply."

The incognita obeyed, and the ball was thrown into the flames.

"All that is requisite is now fulfilled," said the sibyl. "Comus!" Hereupon the dwarf entered. "Conduct the lady to her carriage."

The lady laid a purse upon the table, and, followed by her companion, who was a confidential servant, quitted the house by a private staircase, leading to another entrance, where the carriage awaited them, which bore them rapidly away in the direction of the Rue Dauphine. Three days after, the fair incognita found, upon awaking, on her dressing-table, a letter in an unknown hand, which was thus addressed: *To the fair Provençale;* it was expressed in these words: —

"You are beautiful, you are young, you are a widow, — thus much for the present. You will remarry, you will die young, and meet with a violent death, — thus much for the future."

"The Spirit."

The paper was similar to that upon which the inquiry had been written. A tremor came over the reader of this mysterious epistle; for the answer, as concerned the past, was so true that it confirmed the dread of a sim-

ilar correctness with respect to the future. In fact, the fair unknown visitant of the sibyl was no other than the beautiful Marie de Rossan, called before her marriage Mademoiselle de Châteaublanc, the name of one of the estates of her wealthy maternal grandfather, Joannis de Nochères. At thirteen years of age she was married to the Marquis de Castellane, a nobleman of high rank, who traced his descent from Juan di Castile, son of Peter the Cruel, and Joanna di Castro, his mistress.

Proud of the charms of his youthful bride, the marquis, who was commandant of the king's galleys, hastened to present her at the court of Louis XIV., who, struck by her enchanting appearance, had danced with her twice in one evening, to the great despair of the most eminent beauties of the day; and, moreover, to crown her reputation, Christina of Sweden, then residing at the court, had declared that in all the kingdoms she had visited she had never seen the rival of "the fair Provençale." This praise had produced such an effect that thenceforth the terms of its expression became the only designation of the Marquise de Castellane.

The favour of Louis XIV. and the commendation of Christina produced the natural consequences. The marchioness was quite the rage; and Mignard, but just ennobled and appointed painter to the king, added still more to his celebrity by obtaining permission to paint her portrait, which still exists; but, as the reader may desire to possess some idea of the aspect of the heroine of this tale, and may not have seen the portrait of the artist, we shall extract one from the description given in 1667, by the author of a little work entitled, "The authentic Narrative of the principal Circumstances connected with the lamentable Death of the Marquise de

Ganges," upon which, and the "Recital of the Death of the Marquise de Ganges," published at Paris in 1667, by Jacques Legental, this narrative is founded.

Her complexion was strikingly fair, yet relieved by a ruddy tint, which, far from predominating, seemed to blend with it, in a manner art could not have reached by the most delicate gradations of its colours. The effect of this was increased by the rich, jet-black hair which fell luxuriantly around a forehead of the most exquisite proportions. Her eyes were large and dark, chastened in their expression, yet still so piercing as to forbid a fixed look upon them; her teeth were the befitting ornaments to a mouth which, from its size, form, and delicately shaped outline, was unequalled; the nose well-defined and regular, giving to her face an air of dignity, which commanded and blended respect with admiration. In every feature there was the hue and freshness of health; grace was in all her looks, in every movement of her lips, and the slightest gesture of her head; her figure corresponded with the rest, and her step and carriage were befitting the charms of one whom nature had so prodigally endowed. It may be readily supposed that amidst the court of Louis XIV. she could not escape the calumnies of jealous rivals, but these were always pointless, — so becoming, even in the absence of her husband, was the conduct of the marchioness. Her conversation, in general restrained, and at all times more sound than brilliant, offered a decided contrast to the frivolous and fantastical discourse of the *beaux esprits* of the period; so that many who paid their court to her without success, unwilling to believe rejection arose from any deficiency of attractive qualities on their part, industriously whispered that the marchioness was nothing but a beautiful statue.

But it was to no purpose that such things were said and repeated in the marchioness's absence: the moment she entered a room, that instant the charm of her eyes and smile, and the irresistible influence of words well chosen, tersely and elegantly expressed, overcame even the most predisposed against her, and all were forced, even reluctantly, to confess that they had never seen any creature approach so near to perfection. Thus, in the full enjoyment of a celebrity scandal could not diminish, nor slander vilify, her days went by, when she heard of the shipwreck and loss of her husband, with the fleet he commanded. The marchioness behaved upon this, as upon every former occasion, with the utmost piety and discretion; and although she could not, by reason of his long absence, or the circumstances of their early union, feel acutely for his loss, she not only retired from the court to the house of Madame d'Ampus, her mother-in-law, but withdrew entirely from society during the time prescribed.

Six months after her husband's death, the marchioness accepted an invitation to finish the period of her mourning with her grandfather, M. Joannis de Nochères, and proceeded for this purpose to Avignon. A few days before her departure she visited La Voisin, who, although far from enjoying the reputation she subsequently obtained, had greatly excited her curiosity by the various recitals she had heard of the truth and fulfilment of her predictions. The reader is aware of the answer returned to her consultation of the sibyl. The marchioness was not superstitious, but nevertheless a prediction so fearful, so blended with truth, produced a deep impression upon her mind, which neither the pleasure of revisiting her native place, the kindness of her relative, nor the pleasures of society, could effect-

ually dissipate; she sought therefore and obtained the permission of M. de Nochères to spend the remainder of her mourning in a cloister.

It was here, and with all the enthusiasm of the poor recluses of the convent, that she for the first time heard of the Marquis de Ganges, whose reputation for personal beauty was as great as her own. This was so much the topic of discourse, it was so constantly impressed upon her that nature seemed to have created them for each other, that her curiosity was excited. The marquis, on his part, owing doubtless to similar suggestions, had conceived an earnest desire of being introduced to the Marquise de Castellane, and, availing himself of the kindness of M. de Nochères, arrived at the convent, and visited its beautiful recluse. She recognised him at first sight, for, as she had never met so handsome a cavalier, she at once concluded that he who now stood before her was the Marquis de Ganges, the subject of so much animated conversation in the convent parlour. The natural result followed: the marchioness and the marquis met, and became attached; they were both young, the marquis of noble rank, and holding a high situation; the marchioness was rich; the union therefore was in every respect suitable, and was delayed only until the time of mourning expired; and the marriage was finally celebrated toward the beginning of the year 1558.

The marquis was twenty, and the marchioness twenty-two. They were for a time perfectly happy; the marchioness forgot the prediction, or thought of it only to feel surprise at the influence it had exerted upon her mind. But happiness of this description finds not its dwelling-place in this world; it is at best a vision, ever fleeting, always insecure. It was the marquis to whom it first became insipid. Two children, a son

and daughter, had tended to cement their union; yet, prompted by the excitement of his former pleasures, he neglected the society of the marchioness to rejoin that of his early friends; and the marchioness re-entered the brilliant society which she had quitted for the enjoyments of home, and where a fresh succession of triumphs awaited her. This excited the jealousy of the marquis, who, too much a man of the world to incur the ridicule attending its display, concealed the passion within his heart, whence it again issued in the form of sneers, sarcasms, or slighting neglect. This continued until the marquis, under various pretexts, lived almost entirely separated from his wife. Notwithstanding this treatment, her conduct was uniformly patient, enduring, and discreet; and it would be difficult to find, in regard to any other woman so pre-eminently attractive, a similar unanimity of opinion.

They were thus situated when the marquis, to whom even the occasional society of his wife had become insupportable, invited his two brothers, the Chevalier de Ganges and the Abbé de Ganges, to reside with him.

The abbé, who bore this title without belonging to the Church, was a kind of *bel-esprit,* a ready composer of madrigals and fugitive pieces; and handsome, although in moments of irritation his eyes became singularly expressive of ferocity; otherwise a libertine in the widest sense of the word, and as unabashed and shameless as if he had been really one of the profligate clergy of that period. The chevalier, who participated in the personal advantages so profusely bestowed upon his family, was one of those men who journey on from youth to age, indifferent alike to good and evil, unless their tendencies are directed by some mind more powerful than their own.

This was the position of the chevalier with respect to his brother, — being an influence unknown, against which he would have revolted, like a self-willed child, had he even possessed the capability of indulging such a suspicion. He was but a machine regulated by the will of another mind, the tool of the bad passions of another heart, the more dangerous because unrestrained by the slightest ray of reason, or of instinct, to counteract the impulse which governed his career. To a limited degree, the abbé possessed a similar power over the marquis; a younger brother, consequently portionless, and, although wearing the costume of the Church, without a benefice, he contrived to persuade the marquis, wealthy not only by his own inheritance, but by the property of his wife, that it was requisite for the good management of his estates to appoint a confidential agent, which office he himself proposed to fill.

The marquis, weary of his domestic solitude, and averse to business, willingly accepted his proposal, and the abbé arrived, bringing with him the chevalier, who followed him as his shadow, and to whom generally no more attention was paid than to a mere cipher.

The marchioness often said afterward that upon their very first introduction, although their manners and appearance were unexceptionable, she had felt a presentiment of evil; and that the prediction of the sibyl, so long forgotten, flashed upon her mind like a gleam of lightning. But the effect was different with the brothers; the beauty of the marchioness had attracted the attention of both, though in a dissimilar manner. The chevalier gazed in ecstasy upon her, as he would have considered a beautiful statue; it was admiration unimpassioned, and, if he were left to himself, perfectly harmless. The abbé, on the contrary, was impressed

by a determined and violent desire to possess this, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; but, a perfect master of his feelings, he gave expression merely to those familiar phrases of gallantry which are understood to mean nothing, both by those who utter and by those who hear them; nevertheless, before the close of this first interview, the abbé had decided, with the firmness of his irrevocable will, that the marchioness should be his.

For herself, the marchioness, owing to the entertaining versatility of the abbé, and the extreme inanity of the chevalier, gradually laid aside the reserve she had at first felt; and the more so, as their presence brought back in some degree the former gaiety of the château. But her happiness was greatly increased when the marquis, so long indifferent to her charms, seemed again to feel that she was too beautiful to be neglected. The marchioness had never ceased to love; she had endured the estrangement of his affection with resignation; she welcomed its return with joy, and three months passed away in a manner the more endearing by contrast with the later, and the memory of their former mode of life. She abandoned herself, therefore, to her new hopes, with all that unsuspecting confidence to which youth that seeks but to be happy is so prone, careless of all to come, and not even curious to discover the ministering spirit who had restored to her the treasure she had lost.

Whilst thus hopeful and unsuspicious, the marchioness received an invitation from a lady in their neighbourhood to pass a few days at her house. Her husband and brothers-in-law were similarly invited, and a great hunting-party was to ensue, for which every one immediately commenced the most active preparations. The abbé, whose manners made him welcome to all

parties of pleasure, declared himself for that day the attendant cavalier of the marchioness, — a choice which she confirmed with her accustomed condescension; his example was followed by the rest of the company, and they proceeded to the place appointed. It happened then, as it invariably does, that the dogs had the benefit of the run; two or three amateurs kept up with them, and the rest straggled in all directions. The abbé, as squire to the marchioness, had never quitted her for a moment, and by his customary adroitness had obtained the opportunity for a *tête-à-tête*, which his companion had long very carefully avoided. The moment the marchioness perceived his intention of avoiding the chase, she endeavoured to frustrate it, by riding in an opposite direction to the one she had first taken; but the abbé laid his hand upon her bridle. The marchioness could not and would not give occasion for a quarrel; she contented herself therefore with awaiting his explanation, assuming at the same time that proud, disdainful look and manner which women so readily adopt when they wish their suitors to understand they have nothing to hope from them.

There was a moment's silence, which the abbé was the first to break. "Madame," said he, "you will, I trust, excuse the means I have devised to secure this interview; but since, notwithstanding my relationship, you seemed disposed to deny me the favour of this *tête-à-tête*, had I ventured to request it, I thought it advisable to deprive you of the power of its refusal."

"If, monsieur," replied the marchioness, "you have hesitated so much to make so simple a request, and have felt such precautions necessary to compel my attention, it arises doubtless from your consciousness that the proposal you have to make is one unbecoming me to hear.

You will have the goodness to reflect, therefore, before you commence the conversation at which you hint; for I warn you that here, as elsewhere, I shall reserve to myself the right to decide the extent to which I may permit you to proceed."

"Upon that point," he answered, "be assured that, whatever topic I may select, you will favour me with your attention to its close; but for the present it is useless to disturb yourself upon a matter so trifling, for I would now merely ask you, have you of late remarked any alteration in your husband's conduct toward you?"

"I have, and daily offer my thanksgiving to Heaven for the happiness I now enjoy."

"You were wrong to do so," he continued, with one of those smiles his features alone could assume. "Heaven has nothing to do with the matter; rather offer thanksgivings for your matchless charms. Heaven will still have other claims upon you, without depriving me of the gratitude which is my due."

"I do not comprehend you," replied the marchioness, in a proud and distant manner.

"Well, then, my dear sister, I will explain. I am the cause of the miracle; it is to me, therefore, that your thanks belong."

"You are right, monsieur; if you be really the cause to whom I owe this happiness, you have every claim upon my gratitude; and to Heaven also it is due for the mercy which inspired the good thought."

"Yes, madame; but the same influence exercised for good may be employed for evil, if I am deprived of the reward I expect."

"What mean you, monsieur?"

"Simply this, madame: that in my family there is but one will, — that will is mine; that my brothers'

thoughts take their direction from mine, as the waves roll before the wind; and that he who can blow hot can blow cold."

"I still wait your further explanation."

"Well, then, since you are unwilling to understand me, I will be at once more frank with you. My brother's jealousy had separated him from you; it was necessary to give you a proof of my influence; from the extreme of indifference I reawakened the ardour of first love; let me but change my purpose and his former estrangement will ensue. It is unnecessary for me to bring forward facts. You feel the truth of what I say."

"And for what purpose has this comedy been composed and acted?"

"To show you that your joys or your sorrows are in my power, and that I can cause you to be cherished or neglected, adored or hated, even as I will. Now, hear me; I love you!"

"This is insulting, monsieur!" exclaimed the marchioness, endeavouring to withdraw the bridle of her horse from the abbé's hands.

"Moderate your expressions, madame!" he replied; "for upon me, I again warn you, phrases of this description are entirely thrown away. A woman never yet was insulted by an avowal of love; but there are a thousand different ways of compelling or inducing its return. The fault is, to mistake the means to be employed, and that is all."

"And may I be permitted to inquire the means you have selected?" said the marchioness, with a look of contempt.

"The only means that could possibly be successful with a woman calm, cold, and resolute as yourself, —

the conviction that your interest would counsel the return of my affections."

"Since you pretend to so accurate a knowledge of my character," replied the marchioness, making at the same time another fruitless effort to disengage her bridle, "you ought to know also in what manner a woman such as I am should receive an overture of this description, — what I should say to you, and more especially to my husband."

He smiled.

"In that respect you are the mistress of your own actions," he replied. "Pray give utterance to what you please; repeat to him this conversation, word for word; add to it whatever memory or imagination can dictate, true or false, against me; but as soon as you have well schooled him, the moment you believe you have secured a defender *there*, in the next, with but two words, I bend him to my purpose as this glove. I detain you no longer; you have in me a sincere friend or a bitter enemy. Take your choice."

At these words he let go her horse. The marchioness moved forward at a trot; unwilling to evince either fear or haste, he followed her at a leisurely pace and rejoined the company. The abbé spoke truth. In spite of her threat, the marchioness reflected upon the influence he could undoubtedly exercise, and was silent, hoping that in order to excite her fears he had misrepresented himself. But upon this point she was mistaken. In the mean while the abbé sought to ascertain the cause of the rejection of his suit, whether it was personal antipathy or virtue.

The chevalier was handsome; he had those manners of good society which supply the want of more solid gifts; he had the self-conceit of common understandings.

The abbé resolved to persuade him that he really loved the marchioness. This was not difficult. The chevalier's attentions had not indeed exceeded the bounds of common gallantry, but he was not the less impressed with the charms of the marchioness, who, on her side, owing to his relationship, had imposed the less restraint upon her conduct. The abbé sought therefore an interview with his brother.

"Chevalier," said he, "we both love the same woman, — our brother's wife; do not let us cross each other's path. I can master my feelings, and sacrifice them the more willingly, believing it is you that she prefers. Endeavour to confirm her favourable impressions. If you are successful, I instantly retire; if you fail, you will then honourably yield to me your position, that I in turn may try whether her heart be as impregnable as it is described."

The chevalier had never hitherto ventured to suppose the result thus openly mentioned by his brother; but the moment that, without any apparent motive of personal interest, his brother suggested the idea that he was loved, immediately all that such a mere automaton could feel of love and pride was roused into action in the expectation of success. The marchioness received his attentions with feelings the warmer, perhaps, for her contempt for the abbé. Deceived by this, the chevalier explained his views; the marchioness, astonished, and at first doubting the reality, suffered him to proceed, until further hesitation would have been criminal, and thereupon abruptly stopped him by one of those cutting phrases a woman has recourse to, far more frequently from indifference than virtue. Upon this check the crestfallen chevalier lost all hope, and frankly told to his brother the unhappy termination of his suit. This

was precisely what the abbé had expected and desired, — first, to gratify his vanity, and, secondly, for the execution of his plans. He converted the shame of the chevalier into a deadly hatred, and now, sure of a supporter, in fact, of an accomplice, he commenced his projects against his victim. The result was soon observable, by the recurrence of the estrangement on the part of the marquis. A young man whom the marchioness had met in general society became, if not the cause, at least the pretext, for a fresh fit of jealousy.

This was evinced by irritation upon points in no way immediately connected with the object of his suspicions. The marchioness was not deceived, — she still detected the fatal influence of her brother-in-law as the cause; but so far from encouraging compliance, it increased her dislike, and no opportunity was neglected of expressing her contempt for his person and conduct. In this manner many months were passed; the marquis became daily more cold and distant, and although the spies were unseen, she felt that she was watched on all sides, even to the most private details of daily intercourse. The manners of the abbé and the chevalier were still unchanged, except that the former concealed his hatred beneath his habitual smile, and the chevalier his mortification in that cold, repulsive dignity in which mediocrity invests itself when resenting the fancied injuries inflicted upon its morbid vanity.

Whilst matters stood thus, M. Joannis de Nochères died, increasing the fortune of his granddaughter by a sum amounting to seven hundred thousand livres. This addition to her income, according to the Roman laws which then prevailed, became the exclusive property of the marchioness; it was entirely beyond the control of her husband, to be enjoyed and bequeathed in any manner

she might prefer. In consequence, a few days after she was placed in full possession of the legacy, her husband and his brothers understood that a notary had been sent for to explain the legal technicalities of the case. This indicated also the determination of withholding the inheritance from the family; for the conduct of the marquis to his wife had not been such as to encourage the hope that it could arise from any other motive.

About this time a strange circumstance occurred. At a dinner-party given by the marquis, a cream was placed upon the table, of which all those who ate became seriously indisposed, — more particularly the marchioness, who had rather freely indulged in it, whilst the marquis and his brothers, having carefully abstained, were not affected. This created suspicion, and upon a careful analysis of the remains of the cream, the presence of arsenic was detected; but as it was unattended with any serious result, and was explained as the mistake of a servant, who had taken up arsenic for sugar, the circumstance was passed over and apparently forgotten.

Soon after this event, the marquis seemed disposed to adopt a more endearing, or at least conciliatory manner, but of this the marchioness was not again to be the dupe. In the desire of reconciliation, as in the estrangement, the intriguing spirit of the abbé was discernible; he had persuaded his brother that a large property was worth the forgiveness of a few inconsiderate actions; and, yielding to his suggestions, the marquis hoped, by simulated affection, to divert the marchioness from her present undecided purpose of drawing up her will.

It was next proposed, as the season advanced, to pass the remainder of it at Ganges, a little town of Languedoc, about seven leagues from Montpellier, and nine-

teen from Avignon. Nothing could be more natural, at the same time nothing more instinctively fearful, to the marchioness than this proposal; the recollection of the sibyl's prediction, the attempt so recent, and so ill-explained, to poison her with the cream, both excited and increased her fears. Without directly laying it to the charge of her brothers-in-law, she felt they were her implacable enemies; and then this visit to a little town, this residence in a solitary house, amidst society to which she was an entire stranger, — all these circumstances were of unfavourable augury; and yet directly to oppose them, without cause assigned, would be necessarily ascribed to a ridiculous timidity. Besides, upon what facts could she found resistance? To avow her fears was to accuse her brothers-in-law, and of what? The mere circumstance of the poisoned cream was not conclusive.

Nevertheless, the marchioness determined at least to make her will prior to her departure, for which purpose a notary was sent for, who immediately received his instructions. By this, her mother was left residuary legatee, with remainder to the two children of the marquis, but subject to Madame de Rossan's control. Even this precaution appeared to her as insufficient. So strongly was she impressed by the conviction that she should never return from Ganges that the marchioness procured a private meeting of the magistracy, and of many of the most respectable inhabitants of Avignon, and before them she herself declared the will then produced to be her sole act, and requested them never to admit as legal any other document which might hereafter be produced, — assuring them that such a deed would be obtained from her only by fraud or violence. This declaration made, it was next reduced to writing,

signed, witnessed, and then deposited by her in the custody of those she had appointed guardians.

Such precautions very naturally excited inquiries, but to these the marchioness replied that many very pressing reasons, and not to be then made public, induced her to act as she had done. The cause therefore of this meeting was unknown, and the marchioness besought those who had been parties to it to remain silent upon the subject.

Her departure to Avignon had much in it characteristic of a criminal's procession to the place of execution; she made considerable donations to the poor, bade farewell to her friends, as one who parts from them for ever, and passed the night prior to her journey in fasting and earnest prayer. They arrived at Ganges without any accident, and the marchioness here met her mother-in-law, a pious and highly accomplished lady, who, although merely a passing visitor at the château, yet contributed by her presence greatly to her comfort and relief. Every arrangement had also been made, and the best and most commodious bedroom, situated upon the principal floor, and opening upon a large courtyard surrounded by the stables, was prepared for her reception. This was immediately examined by the marchioness with the utmost care; cabinets, walls, and tapestry were diligently searched, and as everything tended to induce security, her fears gradually subsided. Soon after, the mother of the marquis quitted Ganges for Montpellier, and a few days subsequent to this the marquis, alleging some pressing matters of business, departed also for Avignon.

The marchioness was thus left alone with her brothers-in-law and a priest named Perrette, who had been in the service of the family for twenty-five years. Her

first object, upon arriving at Ganges, had been to form an acquaintance with the most respectable families of the town, — a precaution the more useful as, instead of residing during the autumn only, the marchioness, according to her husband's letters, would be constrained to reside there throughout the winter. During this interval the manner also of her relatives had changed; they seemed forgetful of the past, and their conduct was at once respectful and attentive. But the marquis was still absent, and although she had less fear, her grief was undiminished.

One morning, whilst the marchioness was thus dwelling upon the painful circumstances of her life, the abbé suddenly entered her room, and before she could recover her self-possession, became acquainted with the secret cause of her affliction; for the marchioness admitted that whilst thus suffering from her husband's estrangement, it was useless to appear happy. The abbé endeavoured to console her, but whilst so doing, reproached her as being the cause of her own wrong; averring that her distrust of her husband had very naturally excited angry feelings on his part, — a distrust the more humiliating as so openly displayed by the will she had made, and the manner in which it had been witnessed; adding that until that deed was cancelled she could not expect the re-establishment of the affection that once existed between them. The conversation here stopped.

A few days later the abbé again entered her room, with a letter from his brother in his hand. This letter of the marquis, marked private, was replete with the kindest complaints of his wife's conduct; every sentence displayed the tenderest affection, restrained only by the quick feelings of the wrongs that he believed himself to

suffer. The marchioness felt at first disposed to yield, but reflecting that sufficient time had elapsed to enable the abbé to communicate the former conversation to his brother, of which this letter might be the prepared result, she determined to await other and stronger evidence of the truth of its contents.

In the mean time, however, the abbé became daily more pressing upon the subject of the will, and the marchioness, disquieted by his manner, felt her former anxieties revive. Indeed, he soon became apparently so bent upon its revocation that, reflecting that after the precautions she had taken at Avignon, it would necessarily be held as an informal document, and fearing, moreover, by a continued and determined refusal to excite his hatred, she finally consented, as a fresh proof of her affections, and in the hope that it might win over those of her husband, to rescind her former will, and to draw up another, in which the marquis, instead of her mother, was named residuary legatee. This was dated May 5, 1667.

The abbé and the chevalier expressed very earnestly the pleasure with which they witnessed this final removal of all further cause of discord, and warmly promised, upon their brother's part, the renewal of his former affection. This hope was indulged for some days, and was further confirmed by a letter from the marquis, which announced also his immediate return to Ganges.

About the 16th of May, the marchioness, owing to some trifling indisposition, desired the attendance of an apothecary, whom she requested to prepare some medicine according to her own prescription. He did so; but upon receiving this, it appeared so black and thick that, fearful of some mistake, the marchioness put it

aside, and availed herself of some trifling remedies at hand. The time had hardly elapsed for her taking the first prescription when the abbé and the chevalier sent to make inquiries about her health. She thanked them and invited them, in return, to partake of a small collation in the afternoon, with herself and some other ladies. An hour after, these inquiries were renewed; and the marchioness, not at the moment paying much attention to this access of civility, replied that she was greatly better. She remained, however, in bed to do the honours of the collation, and soon after the guests assembled, to whom the abbé and the chevalier were introduced. Neither of them, however, would partake of the meal; the former, indeed, seated himself at the table, whilst the chevalier remained standing at the foot of the bed.

The abbé was silent and thoughtful, mingling occasionally in conversation with the manner of one escaping from some dominant idea that absorbs his attention against his will, and which, perpetually recurring to his mind, induces fits of abstraction, or of unconscious reverie; and this the more excited attention, from being so opposed to his general habits. The chevalier, on the contrary, seemed conscious only of the presence of his sister-in-law, who, more beautiful than ever, attracted his undivided attention.

The collation finished, the ladies retired, accompanied by the abbé; but no sooner had he quitted the room than the marchioness observed the chevalier become extremely pale, and fall, as if suddenly taken ill, upon her bed. She inquired with much anxiety as to the cause; but before he could reply, the door opened, and her attention was drawn to another sight. It was the abbé, who, pale and overcome by the violence of his

conflicting passions, re-entered the room, holding in his hand a pistol and a glass. He next closed and locked the door, which so alarmed the marchioness that she half rose from her bed, fixing her eyes upon him, but incapable of uttering a word. His lips quivering, his face livid, his eyes burning with excitement, he approached the bed, and presenting the glass in one hand and with the other pointing the pistol toward her, —

"Choose, madame," said he, after a moment's awful silence, as if struggling with some powerful feeling, — "choose your death, by pistol — this pistol — or" (turning to the chevalier) "the sword."

A moment's gleam of hope encouraged the marchioness; for, as the chevalier drew his sword, she trusted it was in her defence; but undeceived, and thus placed, unprotected, in the power of two such men, she sank in agony before them upon her bed.

"What evil have I done," she exclaimed, "that you thus sentence me to death — and after condemning me as judges, would thus slay me as executioners? I am guiltless; my fault only is the observance of my duty toward my husband, your brother." Then, at once perceiving that remonstrance was in vain, — for the determined looks and impatient gestures evinced the inflexible resolution of the abbé, — she turned toward the chevalier. "And you also, my brother," said she, — "you also! Have pity on me! as you hope yourself for mercy. Oh, spare me!"

But he, stamping with his foot upon the floor, directed his sword's point to her breast, and replied, —

"Enough of this; delay your choice no longer; for if not, madame, it will be for us immediately to decide."

She turned round, as if once more to address the abbé; and as she did so, the muzzle of his pistol struck her

mouth. She felt that she must die, and, selecting that which seemed its least terrible form, —

"Give me, then, the poison," she exclaimed; "and may God forgive you my death!"

Upon this she took the glass, but its contents were so repulsive that, with a look expressing a last entreaty, she put it from her; but the fearful blasphemy which burst from the lips of the abbé, and the threatening gesture of his brother, destroyed every hope, however faint, of mercy. She raised the glass to her lips, looked at them, and, murmuring a prayer to heaven, swallowed its contents. As she did so, some drops of the deadly mixture fell upon her neck and breast, and burnt it like fire; for, in fact, the execrable miscreants had composed it of arsenic and sublimate of mercury, diluted with aqua fortis. Thus made the agent of their crime, she let the glass fall, believing that even their cruelties could exact no further torture. She was mistaken; the abbé remarked that some of the poison was precipitated to the bottom of the glass, and this he collected, and presenting it to her at the point of a silver bodkin, rolled together in the form and size of a small nut, —

"Come, madame," said he, "come! you must swallow this last most exquisite drop."

She apparently complied, but instead of swallowing, retained it in her mouth, and then throwing herself upon her bed, contrived to eject it unperceived. Then, once more turning toward them, she cried, with her hands raised toward heaven, —

"Since you have destroyed my body, have yet some mercy upon my soul; let me at least see my confessor."

Remorseless as they were, her assassins felt probably some slight emotion at the sight; moreover, after the poison she had taken, death could but be retarded a few

hours; they therefore quitted the room to comply with her request, and closed the door after them.

No sooner was she alone than the possibility of escape flashed across her mind. She ran to the window, which was twenty-two feet from the ground, and this was covered with stones and rubbish. Then seizing some clothes, she was hastily dressing herself, when the sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and believing her murderers were returning to assure themselves of her death, she rushed almost frantic to the window. The instant that her foot rested upon the sill, the door opened, and she at once threw herself headlong from the height. This was the chaplain of the marquis, who was fortunately enabled to seize her clothes as she fell; but these, too slight to sustain her weight, were yet sufficient to change the direction of her fall, so that the grasp, although it tore them, yet broke her descent, and she reached the ground uninjured. Stunned and almost senseless, she was yet conscious of something which passed her as she fell, and rebounded with great violence near her. This was an enormous water-jug, which the execrable priest, seeing she had escaped him, dashed after, with the hope of killing her by the blow, but it broke in pieces at her feet; whereupon he immediately ran to acquaint the abbé and the chevalier that their victim was escaping. In the mean time, with an admirable presence of mind, the marchioness contrived to eject the poison she had taken, and then running toward the stables, directed by a light which was there burning, she accosted one of the grooms.

"In the name of God," she cried, "help me; I am poisoned! They wish to kill me! Open me the door leading from this courtyard, that I may save my life!"

The groom very imperfectly understood the request;

but, perceiving a woman half naked beseeching his protection, he took her under his arm, led her immediately across the stables, and opened a door into the street, where, meeting two women, he confided the marchioness to their care, but was unable to explain the cause either of her fear or of her disordered state.

The marchioness herself seemed capable only of uttering exclamations for their aid: "Help me, I am poisoned! In the name of Heaven, help me!" Suddenly darting forward from their hands, she rushed into the town, for but twenty feet from her, upon the threshold of the door she had just left, she saw her assassins in quick pursuit. Thus they passed through the streets, she crying out that they had poisoned her, her assassins shouting she was mad; whilst the people, doubtful which course to pursue, allowed her to pass unassisted; for, by her appearance and frantic cries, it was hardly possible to believe but that her brothers-in-law spoke truth. The chevalier at last overtook her, instantly dragged her into the nearest house, and closed the door, upon the threshold of which the abbé stood with a pistol in his hand, threatening to blow out the brains of the first person who should dare to come to her assistance. The house belonged to a M. Desprats, then absent from home, but whose wife was at that moment in company with several of her female friends.

Struggling against the force of her enemy, the marchioness was borne into the room; and as many of the ladies there assembled had been admitted into her society, her appearance excited the greatest astonishment and sympathy. They arose therefore with offers of assistance, but the chevalier repulsed them, continually asserting she was mad; to which repeated asseveration the marchioness replied by pointing to her neck and

lips, burnt and disfigured by the poison, declaring she was dying, and urgently requesting them to give her some milk, or at least some water.

Upon this a Madame Brunelle, the wife of a Protestant minister, slipped into her hand a box of orvietan, of which she hastily swallowed a small portion; whilst another, with ready kindness, gave her a glass of water; but the moment she placed it against her mouth, the chevalier broke it against her teeth, so that the fragments cut her lips. The women upon this called loudly for assistance, and surrounded the chevalier in the greatest excitement; but the marchioness, still hoping to turn his heart toward mercy, besought them to retire, and to leave her with him alone, to which they acceded, and withdrew into the adjoining room. She threw herself upon her knees as they did so, and supplicated him, by the memory of her past kindness to himself and to his family, to have pity upon her, and promised, if even now he would save her life, to forget what had occurred, and to consider and receive him always as her protector and friend.

Whilst she spoke, the chevalier unperceived had drawn his sword, which was very short, and, using it as a dagger, he struck her with it in the breast; this blow was followed by another near the collar-bone, upon which the marchioness arose, and, uttering a loud shriek, rushed toward the door of the room adjoining, crying loudly for assistance. As she did so, he repeated his attack, and struck her five times more in different parts of the back, and was continuing so to do, when at last the sword broke in the shoulder, owing to the violence of a blow which knocked her down, bathed in blood, that now streamed along the floor. The chevalier thought that she was dead, and hearing the women rush-

ing to her assistance, escaped from the room, and found the abbé still upon the threshold, with his pistol ready cocked; whereupon, seizing him by the hand, he said, as his brother seemed to hesitate, "Let us go, abbé; the business is over."

They had hardly proceeded a few steps, when a window was thrown up, and the ladies, who had found the marchioness expiring, called loudly upon the people for aid; upon which the abbé, detaining his brother by the arm, said: —

"What means this, chevalier? If they call for succour, she is surely not dead."

"Go then, and see to it yourself," replied the chevalier. "I have done enough for my part; it is your turn now."

"That is exactly my opinion," cried the abbé; and rushing again into the house, he pushed aside the ladies, who had now raised the dying marchioness, and were placing her upon a bed, and advancing close to her, applied the muzzle of the pistol to her breast; but the instant he touched the trigger, Madame Brunelle raised his hand, so that the ball, instead of taking effect, was lodged in the cornice of the ceiling. The abbé upon this seized the pistol by the barrel, and struck her so violent a blow with its butt-end upon the head that she reeled backward and fell, but before he could repeat the blow, the ladies surrounded and thrust him amidst the loudest execrations to the door, which they closed upon him. He rejoined his brother, and, profiting by the night, the assassins fled to Ganges, and arrived at Aubenas, a considerable distance from it, at about ten o'clock.

In the mean time every possible attention was paid to the marchioness. They attempted at first to put her

to bed, but this was prevented by the piece of sword which still remained sticking in her shoulder. The marchioness herself now pointed out the way for its removal; Madame Brunelle seated herself upon the bed, and whilst the other ladies supported the marchioness, she seized the sword with both her hands, and, fixing her knees against the sufferer's back, drew it out with a sudden jerk, by main force. The marchioness could now lie down; it was nine in the evening, and this horrible tragedy had already lasted three hours.

The magistrates of Ganges were now acquainted with the event, and, believing it to be really an assassination, proceeded to the house with a guard of soldiers. The marchioness arose from her bed as they entered the room, and with clasped hands eagerly besought them to protect her, for so great was her fear that she constantly thought she saw the assassins returning to complete their execrable attempt; but the magistrates tranquillised her, and placed guards at every approach to the house. Messengers were next despatched to Montpellier for medical aid; and at the same time information of the crime was forwarded to Baron Trissan, the governor of Languedoc, with the names and description of the assassins. He gave immediate orders for their pursuit, but it was already too late; he learnt only that the abbé and the chevalier had slept after the deed at Aubenas, and that after violent mutual recriminations upon their failure, the cause of which each imputed to the other, and which nearly ended in a duel, they had next morning, before daybreak, got on board a vessel and escaped.

The Marquis de Ganges was at Avignon, engaged in prosecuting a servant, who had robbed him of two hundred crowns. When he heard of this event, he betrayed at first great horror; then bursting into violent

exclamations of rage, he swore that his brothers should have himself for their executioner; nevertheless, distressed as he might be, he by no means hurried his departure, and although he met during the interval some of his associates at Avignon, he never in any manner mentioned to them the horrible event.

He reached Ganges four days afterward, went to the house of M. Desprats, and asked to see his wife, who, owing to the kindly offices of some priests, was already prepared to receive him. The marquis immediately entered the room at her request; he was in tears, and evinced by his frantic gestures every appearance of the deepest grief. The marchioness received her husband as a forgiving wife and a dying Christian. Scarcely had she gently reproached him for his past neglect, when, upon his expressing his regret to a clergyman that she had so done, she recalled him toward her, when her bed was most surrounded by their friends, and besought his forgiveness, assuring him that the words which had hurt his feelings were wrung from her by pain, and were not the consequence either of estrangement or of the withdrawal of esteem.

Notwithstanding this, when alone with his wife, the marquis sought to induce her to cancel the will she had attested before the magistrates of Avignon, who, faithful to their engagements, had refused to register the subsequent deed made at Ganges at the instigation of the abbé, and which, the moment her signature was attached to it, he had forwarded to his brother. But upon this point she was inflexible, declaring this property should be reserved for his children, and that she could not alter the document drawn up at Avignon, inasmuch as it still gave effect to her real and unchanged wishes.

This resolution by no means altered the conduct of the marquis, who still remained discharging toward her every duty incumbent upon a devoted and attentive husband. Madame de Rossan, the mother of the marchioness, had now arrived, and great was her surprise, considering the statements which were bruited about concerning the marquis, to find her daughter in the hands of one whom she could only consider as an accomplice in her murder. Far, however, from giving credence to this opinion, the marchioness exerted all the influence she possessed, not only to combat and overcome them, but to induce her mother to embrace him as a son. This infatuation so greatly shocked the feelings of Madame de Rossan that, although still struggling with the strongest affection for her daughter, she remained with her only two days, and, notwithstanding the most pressing entreaties of the dying sufferer, returned home. Her departure caused the greatest sorrow to the marchioness, who now urgently entreated to be conveyed to Montpellier,— the sight of the place of her cruel assassination not only reviving the scene, but the features of her murderers, which haunted her imagination so incessantly that, in the moments when relaxation from pain suffered her to enjoy a short repose, she awoke with a start, uttering fearful cries, and calling loudly for assistance. Unfortunately, the physician considered her utterly unable to endure the removal, and declared that it could not be attempted but with the greatest danger.

Upon hearing this, which it was requisite to communicate, and which her hectic complexion and still lustrous eyes seemed to contradict, the marchioness turned her thoughts toward a religious preparation for death,— desiring only, after having suffered as a martyr,

to expire with the resignation of a saint. She expressed, therefore, a wish to receive the viaticum, and during the interval before the arrival of the priest renewed her expressions of forgiveness, both of her husband and of her murderers, with such meekness and sincerity that, combined with her beauty, it made her seem a being almost angelic. Upon the entrance of the priest, however, she was extremely agitated, and evinced once more the greatest fear. For he who came to administer the last consolations of religion was the infamous Perrette, he whom she must consider as the accomplice of her assassins; the man who had tried to kill her, and, failing in his attempt, had excited her murderers to the pursuit of their victim. She gradually, however, recovered her self-possession, and seeing him approach her bed without the slightest compunction, she was willing to avoid the public scandal of denouncing him at such a time. Leaning therefore toward him, she said: —

"I trust that both in remembrance of what has occurred, and to dissipate those fears which I am justified in feeling, you will not hesitate to partake of this sacrament with me; for I have heard that, in the hands of the wicked, the body of our Lord, instead of being the symbol of salvation, has become the type of death."

The priest bowed in token of his acquiescence, and received the sacrament with the marchioness, who thus evinced her desire to pardon him as well as his accomplices, beseeching also for them the forgiveness both of God and man. Days elapsed without any sensible change; the fever in her veins gave fresh lustre to her beauty and added to her voice and manner an energy before unknown. Every heart fluttered with hope

except her own; she knew the hand of death was on her, and allowed no vain illusion to allure her thoughts from the future. Her son, a child seven years old, was constantly by her side, and was hourly desired never to permit the scene before him to lose its influence, or to forget his mother in his prayers. He promised never to forget.

"But I will avenge you!" said he, "when I am a man."

She gently checked him, and reminded him that vengeance belonged to God, and to the justice of the king.

Upon the third of June, M. Catalan, the councillor of the parliament of Toulouse, arrived, with all the officers of the commission of inquiry; but, owing to the state of the marchioness, his visit was delayed until the following morning. After a slight opposition he was admitted to her presence. She received him with so much calmness that the councillor was induced to believe that the resistance to his visit arose from interested motives on the part of those under whose care she was then placed. At first she was unwilling to give any account of the event, saying she could not accuse and pardon at the same time; but, impressed with the necessity of making a correct statement, lest the innocent should be confounded or condemned with the guilty, she consented, and related every circumstance connected with the event. At a subsequent interview, the marchioness was evidently so much worse that M. Catalan spared her the fatigue of another examination.

From this period her sufferings were so great that they overcame the strength of mind with which they had previously been endured, and wrung from her cries of agony, mingled with prayers. It was in this manner

she lingered throughout the fourth and part of the following day, when, toward four o'clock, she silently expired. Her body was immediately opened, and the physicians reported her death to have been caused by poison, none of the seven blows from the sword of the chevalier being mortal. Notwithstanding, however, the strength of the deadly poison, which, according to the *procès-verbal*, would have killed a lioness in a few hours, the marchioness had lingered nineteen days, — so lovingly, adds the narrative from which these details have been partly borrowed, — so lovingly did Nature defend the beautiful being she had taken such pains to form.

At the moment of her death, M. Catalan arrested the marquis, the priest, and all the servants of his household except the groom who had assisted the marchioness in her escape. The soldiers despatched for this purpose found the marquis pacing the hall of his house in a downcast, agitated manner. He offered no resistance, but stated his readiness to obey their instructions, and that it had been always his fixed intention to prosecute the murderers of his wife. They demanded his keys, which he gave up, and he was sent with the other prisoners to Montpellier. As he came near the city, the rumour of his approach spread with inconceivable rapidity from house to house. It was night, and as the inhabitants had placed candles in their windows, or came forth bearing torches as he passed along, his course was marked by a blaze of light, which enabled every one to see him. He and the priest were seated upon miserable hack-horses, surrounded by archers, to whom doubtless he owed his life; for so great was the excitement against him that without their protection he would have been torn in pieces by the crowd.

Madame de Rossan now obtained possession of her daughter's property, and declared her resolution never to forego legal proceedings until she had avenged her atrocious murder. M. Catalan immediately commenced the proceedings; the marquis and his associates were transferred from the prisons of Montpellier to those of Toulouse; and here they were met by an overwhelming accusation on the part of Madame de Rossan, which clearly showed the participation of the marquis in the guilt of his brothers, if not by act, at least by desire, thought, and will. The defence of the marquis was extremely simple: he had the misfortune to have two infamous men for brothers, who first attempted the honour and then destroyed the life of a wife to whom he was tenderly attached; and in addition to this he was himself accused, although in every respect innocent, of being a participator in their crimes. In truth, minutely particular as were the details of the indictment, it was rather moral presumption than positive evidence of guilt which they adduced, and they were therefore insufficient, in the opinion of the judges, to justify the sentence of death upon the marquis.

Upon the 21st of August, 1667, the judgment of the court was delivered, by which the abbé and the chevalier were condemned to be broken alive upon the wheel, the marquis to perpetual banishment from the kingdom, to be degraded from his rank, and declared incapable of inheriting the wealth or estates of his children, and all his property was confiscated to the king. Perrette was condemned to the galleys for life, being first deprived of his spiritual rank by the ecclesiastical power. This decree caused as great an excitement as the murder; and at that period, when the doctrine of extenuating circumstances had not been promulgated, became the subject

of very violent discussions. One thing is perfectly clear,— the marquis was guilty, or he was not; if not, the punishment was cruelly severe; if guilty, it was much too lenient. This was the opinion of Louis XIV., who dwelt with kindness upon the memory of the beauty of the unfortunate Marquise de Ganges; for, some time after, when they thought the king had forgotten the event, and petitioned for a pardon on behalf of the Marquis de la Donze, accused of poisoning his wife,—

"There is no occasion for me to pardon," replied Louis, "since he belongs to the parliament of Toulouse, from which the Marquis de Ganges escaped so easily."

And now, as the reader, who has perused and probably felt an interest in this narrative, may desire to know the ultimate fate of the assassins, we shall trace their career, until they disappeared, either shrouded in the darkness of the tomb, or buried in the obscurity of forgetfulness.

Perrette was the first who was summoned to appear before his Maker; he died, working at the chain, in the passage from Toulouse to Brest. The chevalier retired to Naples, enlisted in the service of the republic, then at war with the Turks, and was sent to Candia, which had been besieged for twenty-two years. He had hardly arrived there, when, walking upon the ramparts with two other officers, a bomb-shell fell and exploded at their feet, killing the chevalier without hurting his companions in the slightest degree,— an event which was generally considered as the judgment of Heaven.

The subsequent career of the abbé was more protracted and more strange; he parted from his brother in the neighbourhood of Genoa, traversed Piedmont, part of Switzerland and Germany, and reached Holland, under

the name of Lamartelliere. After much hesitation as to his place of residence, he fixed at last upon Viana, of which the Comte de Lippe was then governor. He there became acquainted with a gentleman who introduced him to the count as a French refugee on account of his religion. At the very first interview the Comte de Lippe perceived the very superior qualities of his mind, and that he was well versed also in literature and the exact sciences, on which account he proposed to him to undertake the education of his son, then nine years of age, — a proposal which was a fortune to the abbé, and such as he could not venture to decline. Possessing the most powerful self-control, the moment when interest and the preservation of life imposed upon him the necessity of concealing his bad passions, he dissembled so well that in him were now observable only the traits of a severe preceptor, who trains the mind to virtue, and governs the feelings of the heart.

Thus assiduously directing his attention to the cultivation of his heart and mind, the abbé succeeded in educating so accomplished a pupil that the Comte de Lippe profited by the councils of the preceptor, even upon state affairs; so much so that in a short time, without occupying any public situation, Lamartelliere had become the life and soul of this little principality. The Comtesse de Lippe had residing with her at this period a young relative, not wealthy, but of very noble rank, for whom she felt the strongest friendship; nor was it long before she perceived that this lady regarded her brother's tutor with a feeling unbecoming her high station, — a feeling which, emboldened by his continually increasing credit, the pretended Lamartelliere had directed all his efforts to inspire and to maintain.

The countess, upon this, had a private interview with

her cousin, obtained an avowal of her affection, and admitted that both the count and herself felt much interest in her son's preceptor, and sought to reward his services, both to her family and the State, by grants and offices of rank; but that it was an ambition far too aspiring in a man who called himself Lamartelliere, and had not either relatives or family he could or dared acknowledge, to venture to seek an alliance with a lady of royal blood; that she did not require that the betrothed of her cousin should be a Bourbon, a Montmorency, or a Rohan, but at least she did expect he should be of some acknowledged condition, were he only a gentleman of Gascony or Poitou.

The lady retired from her cousin's presence to repeat word by word this conversation to her lover, believing that he would be overcome by its narration; but he, on the contrary, replied that, since his birth seemed to be the only obstacle to their union, the means were in his power to remove this objection.

For, in fact, after a residence of eight years with the prince, which had passed amidst the highest marks of confidence, and the greatest consideration of his services, the abbé thought himself sufficiently secure of the protection of his patron to venture to reveal his name. He requested an audience, therefore, with the countess, which was instantly granted, and, bowing before her with the greatest respect,—

"Madame," said he, "I flattered myself that you honoured me with your esteem, and yet you oppose my happiness. Your relative would willingly accept me for her husband, and the prince, your son, authorises the avowal of my affection, and excuses its boldness. What have I done,—how incurred your displeasure,—that I find you thus alone against me? And of what

can you reproach me during the eight years that I have had the honour of passing in your service?"

"I do not reproach you, monsieur," replied the countess; "but I seek to avoid the reproach of countenancing a marriage of this kind. I should have thought that you were a man of too much common-sense, far too rational, thus to force me to recall to your recollection that so long as you limited yourself to becoming requests and moderate desires, you had every reason to be satisfied with my grateful sense of your deserts. Do you ask that your appointments should be doubled? It is easily done. Do you seek offices of importance? You will be appointed. But forget not yourself, monsieur, to the extent of aspiring to an alliance which you never can imagine you can contract."

"Madame," he replied, "who then has told you that my birth was so obscure that it ought to forbid the indulgence of all hope of your consent?"

"Who? Yourself, monsieur, it appears to me," exclaimed the countess, with astonishment; "or if you have not done so, your name has given currency to the supposition."

"But if that name be not really mine?" said the abbé, more emboldened. "If unfortunate circumstances, terrible and fatal events, have compelled me beneath that name to hide another, unhappily too well known, would your Highness, in such case, be so unjust as to retain your opinion?"

"Monsieur!" answered the countess, "you have said too much to conceal what may remain untold. Who are you? Speak on. Should you be really a man of family, be assured it is not deficiency of wealth that shall be an impediment upon my part."

"Alas! madame," replied the abbé, as he knelt

before her; "my name, I am convinced, is but too well known to you, and willingly at this hour would I forfeit half of my existence could I thus have prevented its utterance to you; but you have said it, — I have gone too far to recede. I am, madame, that unhappy Abbé de Ganges, whose crimes are known to you, and of which I have often heard the recital from your lips."

"The Abbé de Ganges!" exclaimed the countess, with horror. "The Abbé de Ganges! You are that execrable Abbé de Ganges, whose name alone makes me shudder. And it is to you, — to a murderer, — a man eternally infamous, that we have intrusted the education of an only son. Oh! may it be that you have falsely spoken; for, be it but the truth, I feel that I ought this moment to arrest and send you into France to undergo the punishment you have deserved. Your best course, if you have spoken the truth, is to quit not only this palace, but the city — the principality; and I shall feel, to the remainder of my life, the torture of regret every time I recall to my recollection that for eight years we have lived beneath the protection of the same roof."

The abbé would have replied, but the countess spoke in a tone so heightened by her feelings that the young prince, whose interest his preceptor had secured, and who was then listening at the door, anxious to know how the affair of his protégé had terminated, unfortunately entered the room, in the hope of effecting an adjustment. He found his mother still so frightened that, by a natural impulse, she drew him close to her as if to protect him, and, notwithstanding his prayers and entreaties, all he could obtain was permission for his preceptor to retire unmolested into whatever country

he should prefer, but upon the express condition never again to enter the principality or appear before the Comte or Comtesse de Lippe.

The abbé upon this withdrew to Amsterdam, where he became a teacher of languages; the lady of his love soon followed and married him! His pupil, whose parents could not, even by the declaration of his real name, induce him to share the horror they felt, supported him in his poverty, until his wife, obtaining her majority, entered into the possession of some personal property. His well-regulated conduct, his scientific acquirements, which long and laborious study had so perfected, obtained him admittance finally to the Protestant Consistory, where he died after a most exemplary life, — whether directed by hypocrisy or repentance can be known to God alone.

With respect to the marquis, condemned, as we have seen, to banishment and the confiscation of his estates, he was conducted to the frontiers of Savoy, and there set at liberty. After an absence of two or three years, to let the event in which he had been involved in some degree subside in public recollection, he returned to France; and as no one (Madame de Rossan being now dead) had any further interest in his prosecution, he remained, although almost in concealment, at his château at Ganges.

M. de Baville, however, the Governor of Languedoc, received information that he had returned; but it was intimated to him at the same time that the marquis, in his Catholic zeal, compelled his vassals to attend Mass, whatever their religion might be; and as this was the period of the persecution of the Reformers, this conduct of the marquis appeared to the governor to do more than compensate for the crime of which he was accused.

Instead, therefore, of immediately arresting him, he entered into a secret correspondence with him, assured his safety, and encouraged his religious zeal.

Twelve years thus passed away; in the mean time, the son of the Marquis de Ganges, whom we have seen attending the death-bed of his mother, had now attained the age of twenty; and, rich at once by his father's possessions, which his uncle had surrendered to him, and by the inheritance of his mother, which he had shared with his sister, he had married a young, wealthy, handsome, and highly connected lady, Mademoiselle de Moissac. Called upon to join his regiment, he had brought his wife to the marquis, and earnestly recommending her to his kindness, he left her beneath his protection.

The marquis was at this period forty-two years of age, yet still so extremely handsome that he had the appearance of being hardly thirty; he became enamoured of his daughter-in-law, and hoped to seduce her affections; and the better to succeed, his first care, under a religious pretext, was to remove from her a young girl, who had been her companion from infancy, and to whom she was much attached. This measure, of which she knew not the cause, very greatly distressed her; it was much against her wish that she had been brought to inhabit this old castle, the theatre of an event so fearful as that we have related; and then, too, of so recent occurrence. She occupied the room in which the assassination had been committed, — the chamber, the very bed, was the same in which the marchioness had slept; the window by which she had escaped was before her, and everything, even to the least portion of the furniture, summoned up and presented to her fancy the details of this most fearful tragedy. But when the designs of her

father-in-law developed themselves, when she saw herself loved by one whose name only in fancy had thrilled her with fear; moreover, when hourly she found herself alone with a man whom public rumour still branded as a murderer, every circumstance became terribly prophetic, and increased from fear to horror. Thus she lived, passing her days as much as possible amongst the ladies of Ganges, many of whom had been eye-witnesses of the murder of her mother-in-law; they increased her alarm by their recitals, of which, with the desperate energy of fear, she pressed the incessant repetition. She passed her nights, without undressing, upon her knees in prayer, trembling at the slightest sound, and seeming but to breathe in safety as light returned, when she ventured to obtain a few hours' feverish repose.

The designs of the marquis became at last so evident and so pressing that the persecuted woman resolved at every risk to escape from him; she thought therefore at first to write to her father to explain her situation, and require his assistance; but he had only lately joined the Catholic church, and had endured much on account of his adherence to the Reformed faith; it was clear, therefore, that her letter would be opened by the marquis, on the pretext of religion; and this step, instead of effecting her liberation, would cause more probably her destruction. She had but one chance of safety: her husband was a Catholic, a captain of dragoons, and of tried fidelity to his king; there was no cause to justify the opening, or the perusal of a letter to him. She resolved to write; she described her situation, had the letter addressed by another hand, and sent it to the post-office at Montpellier.

The young marquis was at Metz when the letter arrived. He read, and immediately the recollections of

childhood arose in all their force; he felt as if again present by the bedside of his expiring parent; he recalled his vows never to forget, — daily to pray for her repose. He thought of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, in the same room, exposed to similar violence, destined it might be to the same fate. It was sufficient to determine his instant resolution; he threw himself into a chaise, arrived at Versailles, and requested an audience of the king. This was immediately granted, and, kneeling before Louis XIV., he placed his wife's letter in his hand, beseeching him to compel his father to return to his exile, and promising, upon his honour, to supply him liberally with whatever might be requisite for his becoming support.

The king was ignorant that the Marquis de Ganges had returned from banishment, and the manner in which he was thus acquainted with it was not of a nature to induce him to take a favourable or compassionate view of the fact that he had contravened his justice. He gave, therefore, immediate orders that if M. de Ganges was found in France, he should be most rigorously prosecuted. Fortunately for the marquis, his brother, who had remained and even enjoyed some favour at the court of France, heard soon after of this decision of the king, whereupon he instantly proceeded from Versailles, and reached Ganges in time to acquaint the marquis with the threatened danger, upon which they departed directly and withdrew to Avignon. The Venaissin then belonged to the Pope, and was governed by a vice-legate, and therefore was considered as a foreign territory. He here met his daughter, Madame d'Urban, who exerted all her influence to detain him near her; but this would have been too openly to oppose the orders of the king, and the marquis did not dare thus to

expose himself to notice, lest punishment should overtake him: he retired, therefore, to the little village of l'Isle, which occupies a beautiful situation near the fountain of Vaucluse.

From this time his history is a blank; no one heard his name again mentioned; and even when, in 1835, I travelled to the South in the hope of being enabled to recover some traces of the obscure and unknown death which had closed a career so turbulent and exciting, every effort was unattended with the slightest success. Since, during the recital of the last circumstances in the life of the marquis, we have mentioned the name of his daughter, Madame d'Urban, it is, perhaps, requisite to detail some events in her life, however scandalous they may be, the more completely to exhibit the destiny of a family which, either by its crimes or its eccentricities, engaged for more than a century the attention of France.

Upon the death of her mother, her daughter, then about six years of age, was placed under the protection of the Dowager Marchioness de Ganges, who, when she had obtained the age of twelve years, introduced the Marquis de Perrant, the early lover of her grandmother, as her future husband. Although seventy (for the marquis, born under Henri IV., had seen the court of Louis XIII., and the early period of that Louis XIV., of which he had been one of the most elegant and favourite members), he still retained the manners of those two periods, so remarkable for their gallantry, insomuch that the young lady, ignorant of the situation she was to occupy, and who had never yet seen or enjoyed the society of other men, yielded without repugnance, and felt herself happy in becoming the Marquise de Perrant.

The marquis, who was extremely wealthy, had quarrelled with his younger brother, and hated him with such intensity that his principal object in this marriage was the hope of excluding him from the succession to his estates, to which he could lay claim upon failure of heirs male. But fearful, at the expiration of two years, that his purpose would be frustrated, and unable to restrain his passionate desire of revenge, he sought to gratify it at the expense of his wife's honour. For this end, he encouraged the passion he had discovered existing for his mistress on the part of her page, stimulating his attempts, and almost betraying the marchioness into his power. Moreover, defeated by her purity and sense of duty, he himself supplicated her to yield to the desires of her servant, upon which she replied to him, with a firmness and dignity unexpected at her age, that "there were limits even to his power over her, and however anxious she might be to act in accordance with his wishes, they were not to be conciliated at the expense of her innocence and honour."

About three months from this the marquis died, upon which his friend, the Marquis d'Urban, when her time of mourning had elapsed, introduced to the marchioness his son, who, attracting and winning the affections of the youthful widow, was in due time united to her. They lived happily together for many years; their family increased around them, and life passed away in the customary manner of country residents, when the Chevalier de Bouillon arrived in the capital of the Venaissin. He was the type of the *roués* of the period, young, handsome, the nephew of an influential cardinal of Rome, and proud of his relationship with a house possessed of regal privileges. The chevalier, in his indiscreet fatuity, spared no one, so that his amours had

become the scandal of the court when Madame de Maintenon first began to reign within its circle.

One of his friends, aware of the dissatisfaction which Louis XIV., who then was affecting the devotee, had expressed against him, thought to be of service by acquainting the marquis that the king *had a tooth* against him.

"*Pardieu!*" replied the chevalier, "I am extremely sorry that the only tooth yet remaining in his Majesty's head should have been preserved to bite me!"

The retort reached the ears of the king; so that, shortly after, the chevalier received an intimation that Louis XIV. recommended him to travel for a few years; whereupon, knowing the danger of neglecting such advice, and preferring the country to the Bastille, he quitted Paris, and arrived at Avignon, with all the interest usually connected with a handsome, youthful, and persecuted noble.

The virtuous resolution of Madame d'Urban was as much the subject of discussion in the circles of Avignon as the misconduct of the chevalier had been the scandal of Paris; and for this reason he resolved to undertake her conquest. Every opportunity was indeed placed within his power, for, relying fully upon the virtue of his wife, M. d'Urban allowed her the most unfettered liberty of action. It is unnecessary to detail the event; he was successful, and publicly proclaimed the result to the dissolute society of Avignon. A murder, of which in his hours of drunken revelry he was the cause, and also its chief accomplice, so excited the anger of the vice-legate that, yielding alone to the consideration due to the Cardinal de Bouillon, he permitted his withdrawal from the city. This adventure and his subsequent conduct so provoked his relatives that they resolved

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to solicit a *lettre de cachet* from the king. The individual charged, however, to undertake this mission, whether from want of the requisite activity, or influenced by Madame d'Urban, so neglected the affair that no information could be obtained of the result of his proceedings.

In the mean time Madame d'Urban, who had retired to the house of her aunt, opened a conciliatory intercourse with her husband, which was attended with the happiest success; and she returned home one month after the circumstances now related.

Two hundred pistoles, given by the Cardinal de Bouillon, appeased the relatives of the unfortunate pastry-cook who had died at the hands of his drunken nephew; and as the statement they put forth exonerated the chevalier at the same time in the mind of the king, he was enabled, after a residence of two years in Italy and Germany, to return without risk to France.

Thus ended not only the family De Ganges, but also the attention they had excited. From time to time the dramatists or romancists have reproduced the events, and disinterred the pale and bleeding form of the marchioness to appear upon the scene, or in their books; but to this the invocation has hitherto been limited; and many who have written about her have been entirely ignorant of the fate of her children. It has been my wish to supply this deficiency; this has been the inducement to relate what others have omitted, and to offer to my readers what the theatre presents, and not unfrequently the world, — the comedy after the tragic drama.

KARL LUDWIG SAND.

KARL LUDWIG SAND.

On the 22nd of March, 1819, about nine o'clock in the morning, a young man twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, dressed in the costume of a German student, which consisted of a short surtout, a silk waistcoat, pantaloons, and boots coming above the calf of the leg, stopped on a little height, situated about three-quarters of the way from Kaiserthal to Manheim, from the top of which was discovered the latter town, rising calm and peaceful in the midst of the gardens, which were formerly ramparts, and which now envelop it like a girdle of leaves and foliage. Arrived there, he raised his cap, on the front of which were enlaced three oak-leaves, embroidered in silver, and uncovering his face he remained an instant with bare head to breathe the fresh air which rose from the valley of the Neckar. At first his regular features made a strange impression; but soon, through the paleness of his visage, strongly marked with the small-pox, the sweetness of his eyes, and the elegant flow of his long black hair, surmounting a broad, lofty forehead, he excited a melancholy and involuntary sympathy.

Although it was still so early, the traveller appeared to have had a long journey, for his boots were covered with dust; but he seemed to have almost reached his destination, for letting fall his cap, and hanging to

his girdle the long pipe, — that inseparable friend of the German student, — he drew a little memorandum-book from his pocket, and wrote in it with a pencil: "Left Wenheim at five in the morning, and arrived in sight of Manheim at a quarter after nine. God help me!" Then, putting his book back in his pocket, he remained an instant quite still, moving his lips as if engaged in mental prayer. He then picked up his cap, and took with a firm step the road toward Manheim.

This young student was Karl Ludwig Sand, who had arrived from Jena by the road from Frankfort and Darmstadt, to assassinate Kotzebue.

Meanwhile, as we are going to place before the eyes of our readers one of those terrible actions for the appreciation of which there is no other real judge than conscience, we must make ourselves entirely acquainted with him whom kings have regarded as an assassin, judges as an *illuminé*, and young Germany as a martyr.

Karl Ludwig Sand was born the 5th of October, 1797, at Wonsiedel, in the mountains of Fichtel. He was the youngest son of Godfrey Christopher Sand, first president and councillor of justice of the King of Prussia, and of Dorothy Joan Wilhelmina Schapf, his wife. Besides two elder brothers, — George, who carried on the business of a merchant at Saint-Gall, and Fritz, who was an advocate at the Court of Appeal at Berlin, — he had an elder sister, who was called Caroline, and a younger one named Julia. When still in the cradle, he had been attacked by small-pox of the most malignant species. The virus spread over all his body, laid his ribs bare, and almost destroyed his skull; for several months he struggled between life and death; at last life prevailed. Nevertheless, he remained feeble and sickly till his seventh year, when he was attacked by a dreadful fever,

which again placed his life in danger. In compensation, however, this fever, in quitting him, appeared to have carried with it all vestiges of his former malady.

From this moment he became strong and healthy; but during his two long illnesses, his education had been very backward; and it was only at the age of eight that he commenced his first studies; and, as his physical sufferings had retarded the development of his intellectual qualities, it was necessary for him at once to apply himself twice as much as others, to arrive at the same result.

Observing efforts which, when quite a child, the young Sand made to conquer the defects of his education, Professor Salpanck, a man of knowledge and distinction, master of the Gymnasium of Hof, conceived a great friendship for him; and having been afterward appointed director of the Gymnasium of Regensburg, he could not part with his pupil, and took him with him. It was in this town, at the age of eleven, that the first proof was given of his courage and humanity. One day, while walking with some young friends, he heard a cry for succour. A little boy, eight or nine years old, had fallen into a pond; immediately Sand, without paying attention to his fine holiday suit, of which he took much care, threw himself into the water, and, after astonishing efforts for a child of his age, succeeded in drawing to land the drowning boy.

At the age of twelve or thirteen, Sand, who had become more active, clever, and determined than many who were older than himself, often amused himself by fighting with the young boys of the town and the neighbouring villages. The scene of these childish combats, a faint and innocent resemblance of those great battles which at this period deluged Germany with blood, was

generally a plain which reached from the village of Wonsiedel to the hill of Saint Catherine, at the summit of which were some ruins, and among these ruins a tower perfectly entire.

Sand, who was one of the most ardent of the juvenile soldiers, seeing that his side had often been beaten because of their numerical weakness, resolved to obviate this inconvenience by fortifying the tower of Saint Catherine, and to retire to it from the next battle, if fortune went against him. He communicated this project to his comrades, who received it with enthusiasm. In consequence, they passed a week in amassing in the tower all the means of possible defence, and in repairing the gates and stairs. These preparations were made with so much secrecy that the hostile army had not the least knowledge of them.

The Sunday came; the holidays were the days of battle. Either from shame of having been beaten the last time, or from some other cause, the party to which Sand belonged found itself weaker than usual. Notwithstanding, reassured by the means of retreat, it did not hesitate to accept the combat. The shock did not last long; the disparity of numbers was too great. Sand's party therefore began to retreat in the best order possible, toward the tower of Saint Catherine, where it arrived without having suffered much damage. Arrived there, some immediately mounted the terraces, and, while the others defended themselves at the bottom of the walls, began to throw stones on the enemy. They, astonished by this new mode of defence, recoiled some steps, and the rest of the troop profited by this opportunity to enter the fortress and shut the gate.

Great was the astonishment on the part of the besiegers; they had always seen this gate of no use, and sud-

denly it opposed to them a resistance which sheltered the besieged from their assaults. Three or four detached themselves to go and seek for implements with which they might force it; during this time the remainder of the hostile army held the garrison in blockade.

In about half an hour the envoys returned, not only with levers and pickaxes, but also with a considerable reinforcement, composed of young gentlemen of the village, where they had gone to seek their instruments of war. Then the assault commenced. Sand and his companions defended themselves desperately; but it was soon evident that, unless succour arrived, the garrison would be forced to capitulate. They proposed to draw lots, and to detach one of their number, who, in spite of the peril, should issue from the tower, cross the best way he could the hostile army, and make an appeal to the other young men of Wonsiedel who had lazily remained at home; the recital of the peril which their comrades were in, the shame of a surrender, which would fall on them all, would evidently overcome their apathy, and determine them to make a diversion which would permit the garrison to attempt a sally. This advice was adopted; but, in place of leaving the decision to chance, Sand proposed himself for the enterprise. As every one knew his courage, his address, and his activity, the proposition was accepted by unanimous consent, and this new Decius prepared to do his duty.

The affair was not without danger. There were only two means of outlet: the one by the gate would evidently throw him into the hands of the enemy; the other was by leaping from the top to the bottom of a terrace, too high for the besiegers to have taken any care to watch. Sand, without hesitating an instant, went to the terrace; always religious, even in his childish sport,

he uttered a short prayer, and, without hesitation, leapt from the terrace to the ground, a height of twenty-two feet.

He darted off immediately toward Wonsiedel, and arrived there, although the enemy had despatched after him their best runners; then the besieged, seeing the success of their enterprise, took courage, and reunited their efforts against the besiegers, relying on the eloquence of Sand, to whom it gave great ascendency over his young companions. At the end of half an hour they saw him reappear, at the head of a band of thirty boys, of his own age, armed with slings and cross-bows. The besiegers, on the point of being attacked in front and rear, saw the disadvantage of their position, and retired; victory remained with Sand's party, and he had all the honours of the field.

We have related this anecdote in detail, to make our readers comprehend, by the character of the child, what would afterward become that of the man; we shall see it develop itself, always calm and superior, in the midst of small, as well as great events.

About the same time Sand escaped, almost miraculously, from two dangers. One day, a great vessel full of plaster fell from a scaffolding, and broke at his feet; another day, the Prince of Coburg, who, while the King of Prussia was at the baths of Alexander, lodged with Sand's parents, driving at the gallop in a carriage and four, came upon young Sand under a gateway. He could not run either to the right or the left, without running the risk of being crushed between the wall and the wheels, while the coachman could not stop his horses; Sand threw himself flat on his belly, and the carriage passed over his body, without either the horses or the wheels giving him a single scratch. From this

moment many regarded him as predestined, and said the hand of God was upon him.

Meanwhile, the political events that were occurring around the child, from their momentous character, made him a young man before his time. Napoleon pressed upon Germany, like another Sennacherib; Staps had wished to play the part of Mucius Scævola, and had died a martyr.

Sand was then at Hof, in the seminary of his good professor, Salpanck. He learnt that the man whom he regarded as Antichrist was to have a review in this town; he quitted it immediately, and went home to his parents; they asked him why he had left the seminary.

"Because," answered he, "I could not be in the same town with Napoleon without attempting to kill him, and I do not yet feel myself strong enough for that."

This happened in 1809; Sand was then fourteen.

The peace, signed on the 15th of October, gave some ease to Germany, and permitted our young fanatic to resume his studies without being disturbed by his political prepossessions. He was thus occupied in 1811, when he learnt that the seminary was dissolved, and replaced by a primary school; the master, Salpanck, remained attached to it as professor, but in place of the thousand florins which his old situation brought him, the new one was worth only five hundred. Sand could not remain in a primary school, where he could not continue his education; he wrote to his mother to make known this event, and told her with what equanimity the old German philosopher had supported it. The following is her answer; it will show the character of this woman, whose powerful mind was never inconsistent, even in the greatest afflictions; it is impressed with that German mysticism of which, in France, we have no idea.

"My dear Karl, — You could not give me more painful news than an event which presses so heavily on your professor and adopted father; nevertheless, however calamitous it may be, he will doubtless resign himself to it, to give his pupils a great example of the submission which every subject owes to the king whom God has placed over him. And also, be well convinced that there is in the world no other sound political principle than that which springs from the ancient precept, 'Respect God, be just, and fear no one.' And think, also, that where injustice is flagrant against the just, the public voice will make itself heard, and raise up those who are oppressed. But if, against all probability, this should not happen; if God should impose on the virtue of our friend this sublime trial; if the world should forget him, and leave him to the justice of Providence, — it has, even for this case, full compensation. Every thing, and every event, around and above us, are only machines put in movement by a higher hand, in order to complete our education for a better world, in which alone we shall take our true place. Be careful, then, my dear child, to watch without ceasing, in order that you may not mistake single good and great actions for real virtue; and that you may be ready to do, at any time, all that your duty demands of you. At bottom nothing is great or little, when we regard single cases, separated from each other; it is the union of the whole which alone produces unity of evil or of good. Besides, God sends trials to the heart only to which he has given strength; and the manner in which you tell me that your professor has supported the misfortune that has happened to him is a new proof of that great and eternal truth. Take your model from him, my dear son, and if you must quit Hof for Bamberg, resign yourself to it with courage. There are three educations for man: that which he receives from his parents, that which circumstances impose on him, and, lastly, that which he gives to himself. If this misfortune should happen, pray to God to be able to complete worthily for yourself this last education, the most important of all. I will also give you, as an example, the life and conduct of my father, of whom you have heard little, for he died before you

were born, but whose mind and likeness are revived only in you, among all your brothers and sisters. The unfortunate fire which reduced his native village to ashes ruined his fortune and that of his parents. Grief for the loss of his all brought his father to the grave, and whilst his mother, struggling at once with sorrow and disease, maintained, in the intervals of her sufferings, three little daughters by the labour of her hands, he entered as a simple clerk into one of the greatest mercantile houses of Augsburg, where his spirit and steadiness of character were well appreciated. He learned there a business to which he was not born, and returned to his paternal dwelling, pure and uncorrupted, to be the support of his mother and sisters. Man can do much when he desires to do much. Join your efforts to my prayers, and leave the rest in the hands of God."

The pious prediction was fulfilled. A short time afterward, the rector Salpanck was named professor at Richemburg, whither Sand accompanied him. It was there that he began to be involved in the events of 1813. In the month of March he wrote to his mother: —

"I can hardly tell you, my dear mother, how calm and happy I now begin to feel, since I am permitted to believe in the freedom of my country, which, I hear from every quarter, is so near, — of that country which, in my trust in God, I foresee free and powerful, and for whose good I would bear the greatest ills, even death itself. Summon courage for this crisis. Should it happen to reach our good province, raise your eyes toward the Almighty, and then turn them toward the beauty and richness of nature. The goodness of God, which saved and protected so many men during the disastrous Thirty Years' War, can and will do now what it was able and willing to do then. As for me, I hope and I believe."

Leipsic appeared to justify the presentiment of Sand. Then came the year 1814, and he believed Germany free. On the 10th of December in this year, he quitted

Richemburg, with the following testimony from his professors: —

Karl Sand is among the small number of those young men who distinguish themselves at once by the gifts of the mind and the faculties of the heart; in application and industry he surpassed all his fellow-pupils, which explains his rapid and profound progress in all the philosophical and philological sciences; in mathematics only he still requires some further study. The most affectionate wishes of his professors accompany him on his departure.

J. A. KEYN, *Rector and Professor of the First Class.*
RICHEMBURG, September 15, 1814.

But it was really the parents, and above all the mother, of Sand who had prepared this fertile soil in which the professors had sown the seeds of knowledge. Sand knew it well; for, at the moment of setting out for the University of Tübingen, where he was going to complete the theological studies necessary for the profession of a clergyman, he wrote them: —

"I confess that I owe to you, as well as all my brothers and sisters, that important part of my education in which I have seen that the greater part of those around me were defective. Heaven alone can recompense you, by the conviction of having so nobly fulfilled your parental duties among so many others."

After a visit to his brother at Saint-Gall, Sand arrived at Tübingen, whither the reputation of Eschenmaier had chiefly attracted him. He passed this winter quietly, without any other event happening to him than his being made a member of an association of Burschen, called the "Teutonia." The feast of Easter arrived, and with it the terrible news that Napoleon had reappeared in France. Immediately all the young Germans, able to carry arms, united under the banners of 1813 and 1814. Sand fol-

lowed the general example; only, the action that was in others the effect of enthusiasm was in him the result of a calm and reflective resolution. On this occasion he wrote to Wonsiedel: —

22nd April, 1815.

My dear Parents, — Until now you have found me obedient to your paternal lessons, and to the counsels of my excellent professors; until now I have endeavoured to be worthy of the education which God has sent me through you, to be capable of spreading in my country the word of God. I can now, therefore, sincerely make known to you the part I have taken, certain that, as tender and affectionate parents, you will tranquillise yourselves, and, as Germans and patriotic parents, you will the more praise my resolution, and not seek to dissuade me from it. My country again calls for aid, and now this appeal addresses itself also to me, for now I have strength and courage; and I was obliged, believe me, to make a great internal struggle with myself to refrain, when, in 1813, her cry first sounded in my ear; and the conviction that thousands of others would combat and triumph for the good of Germany, whilst it was my duty to live for the peaceful calling to which I was destined, alone retained me. Now we must preserve our newly established liberty. The Almighty and Merciful God reserves for us still this great trial, which certainly will be the last; it is for us, then, to show that we are worthy of the precious gift he has given us, and that we are capable of maintaining it with strength and firmness.

The danger of the country has never been so great as now; wherefore, among the young Germans, the strong should sustain the wavering, in order that we may all rise together. Already our brave brothers in the North assemble from all parts under their banners. The state of Würtemberg proclaims a general levy, and on all sides volunteers arrive, who demand leave to die for their country. I also consider it a duty to fight for my country, and for all those I love. If I were not profoundly convinced of this truth, I should not have imparted to you my resolution; but our family have

German hearts, and would consider me a base and unworthy son if I did not follow this impulse. I certainly feel the greatness of the sacrifice; believe me, it costs me much to quit my noble studies to place myself under the orders of coarse and uneducated men; but still this sacrifice augments my courage to go and insure the liberty of my fellow-countrymen; and, besides, their liberty once assured, I shall, if God permit, return to be the bearer of his word.

I take leave of you now for a time, my honoured parents, of my brothers, sisters, and all that are dear to me; as, after serious deliberation, it appears to me most proper to serve with the Bavarians. I am going to enlist, while the war lasts, in a company of *tirailleurs* of that nation. Adieu, then; be happy. However far I may be from you, I will follow your pious exhortations. In this new path I will remain, I trust, pure before God, and I will endeavour always to walk in the path that raises us above the things of the earth, and conducts to those of heaven; and perhaps, in this career, the high pleasure of saving some souls from perdition is reserved for me. Your image will be incessantly before me; I desire to have God always before my eyes and in my heart, to be able to sustain with joy the pain and fatigue of this holy war. Remember me in your prayers. God will send you the hope of better times to help you to support the unfortunate situation in which we are. We shall soon return if we are conquerors, and if we are vanquished (which God forbid), then my last wish, which I pray, which I conjure you to accomplish, — my last and highest wish will be, that you, my dear and worthy German parents, will quit an enslaved country for some other, in which freedom may still be found.

But why should we thus make each other sad? Have we not a just and holy cause, and is not God just and holy? Why, then, should we not be conquerors? You see that sometimes I doubt; so in your letters, which I impatiently expect, have pity on me, and do not discourage my mind; for, in any case, we can always betake ourselves to another country, in which we may be free and happy. I am, till death, your obedient and grateful son,

KARL SAND.

It was with this farewell to his parents that Sand abandoned his books; and on the 10th of May we find him among the volunteer *chasseurs* enrolled under the command of Major Falkenhausen, who was then at Manheim. He there found his second brother, who had already preceded him, and they learned together all the exercises of a soldier.

Although Sand was not fitted for great bodily fatigue, he supported that of the campaign with marvellous strength, refusing every alleviation his superiors offered him; for he wished that no one should surpass him in exertion for the good of his country; and during the whole route he fraternally shared what he possessed with his comrades, helping those who were weaker than himself by carrying their baggage, and, at once priest and soldier, sustaining them by religious consolation when he was unable to do anything else.

On the 18th of June, at eight o'clock in the evening, he arrived on the field of battle of Waterloo. On the 14th of July he entered Paris.

On the 18th of December, 1815, Karl and his brother returned to Wonsiedel, to the great joy of their family. He enjoyed among them the festivities of Christmas and New Year; but the ardour which he had for his new vocation would not permit him to remain there long, and on the 7th of January he arrived at Erlangen. It was then that, to recover lost time, he resolved to subject his day to fixed and uniform rules, and to write every evening what he had done since the morning. It is by the help of this diary that we can follow the young enthusiast, not only in every action of his life, but in every thought of his mind, and every hesitation of his conscience. He is there in every feature, simple even to *naïveté*, high-minded even to extravagance, indulgent to others even

to weakness, severe to himself even to sternness. One of his greatest griefs was the expense which his education cost his parents, and every unnecessary and expensive pleasure left remorse in his heart. Thus, on the 9th of February, he writes: —

"I reckoned to-day on visiting my parents. I went, in consequence, to the house of business, and there I amused myself much. N. and T. then began their eternal jokes about Wonsiedel, that lasted till eleven o'clock. But at last N. and T. began to tease me to go to a tavern. I refused as long as it was possible ; but as they seemed at last to believe that it was owing to pride that I would not go and drink a bottle of Rhenish wine with them, I dared not longer resist. Unfortunately they did not stop at the Braunberger ; and as I had still my glass half full, N. ordered a bottle of champagne. When the first had disappeared, T. ordered a second ; and then, even before this second was finished, both insisted on having a third from me, and in spite of me. I came home quite stupefied : I threw myself on the sofa, where I slept nearly an hour, and then went to bed.

"Thus passed this shameful day, when I forgot my good and worthy parents, who live a poor and troubled life ; and when I allowed myself to be drawn, by the example of those who have money, to spend four florins, — an expense which was useless, and on which all my family would have lived for two days. Pardon me, my God ; pardon me, I beseech thee, and receive the vow that I will never again fall into the like fault. I will henceforth live even more soberly than I have been accustomed to do, to retrieve in my poor finances the shameful effect of my prodigality, and not to be forced to ask my mother for more money before the day when she will herself send it me of her own accord."

At the same time that the poor young man reproached himself with a crime of having spent four florins, one of his cousins, a widow, died, leaving three orphan

children. He hastened to give the first consolations to the unfortunate little ones, besought his mother to take charge of the youngest, and, quite joyful at her answer, he thus thanked her: —

"For the joy that you have caused me by your letter, and for the way in which you speak to me, God bless you, my dearest mother. As I had hoped and believed you would do, you have taken the little Julia; and I am the more grateful to you for it, as I had made my poor cousin, in her lifetime, the promise which you now perform for me after her death."

Toward the end of March, Sand, without being positively ill, felt an indisposition which forced him to go to a watering-place. His mother was then at the forges of Redwitz, near Wonsiedel, where there are mineral waters. Sand went to live at the forges with his mother; and in spite of his desire not to interrupt his studies, the time spent in taking the baths, the walks which his health required, and invitations to dinner, deranged the habitual regularity of his life, and gave him some compunction. Thus we find these lines written in his journal, dated the 13th of April: —

"Life, without some high aim, on which all our thoughts and actions are bent, is void and barren ; the way I have spent to-day is a proof of it. I have passed it with my family, and that has doubtless given me a great pleasure ; but how have I passed it ? In nothing but eating ; so that when I wanted to work I was unfit for it. Languid and listless, I have dragged myself this evening into two or three parties, and left them with the same disposition in which I entered them."

For these excursions Sand made use of a pony belonging to his brother, of which he was very fond. This little animal had been bought with much difficulty, for, as we have said, all the family were poor. The follow-

ing note, which relates to it, will give an idea of Sand's simplicity of heart: —

"19th April. To-day I have been very happy at the forge, and very laborious, beside my dear mother. In the evening I returned home with the little pony. Since the day before yesterday, when he stumbled and hurt one of his feet, he has been very restive and ill-tempered. When we came home he refused to eat. I believed at first that his food had not agreed with him, and I gave him some bits of sugar and some sticks of cinnamon, of which he is very fond; he tasted, but would not eat them. The poor little animal appears to have, besides his hurt foot, some inward complaint. If he should unfortunately become lame or ill, everybody, even my parents, will throw the blame on me, though I have been very careful of him, and fed him well. My God! who orderest great things as well as small, remove this misfortune from me, and heal him as promptly as possible. However, if thou hast ordered it otherwise, and if this new misfortune should fall upon us, I will endeavour to support it with courage, and as an expiation of some sin. For the rest, O God, I leave this in thy hands, where I leave my life and my soul."

The 20th of April he wrote: "The pony is well. God has helped me."

The German manners are so different from ours, and the contradictions in the same character are so frequent on the other side of the Rhine, that it required all the quotations we have made to give our readers a just idea of the mixture of *naïveté* and reason, of weakness and strength, of dejection and enthusiasm, of material details and poetical ideas, that make Sand incomprehensible to us. We shall continue the portrait, for the last touches are still wanting.

On his return to Erlangen, after a complete cure, Sand for the first time read Faust. The impression it produced may be gathered from his journal.

"4th May. Oh the frightful struggle between the man and the demon! That Mephistopheles is in me, I feel only now; and I feel it, O God, with terror!

"Toward eleven o'clock at night I finished reading this tragedy. I saw and felt the demon within me, and looked with terror and despair into the darkness of my own heart."

Meanwhile Sand fell by degrees into a deep melancholy, from which he was diverted only by his desire of refining and reforming the students who surrounded him. To any one acquainted with life at the universities, such a task would appear superhuman. Nevertheless, Sand did not despond; and if he had not influence upon all, he had at least formed round him a considerable circle, composed of the best and most intelligent of his fellows. Still, in the midst of his apostolical labours, strange desires for death seized him; he appeared to remember heaven, and to desire to return thither as to the land of his nativity. He called these temptations the *homesickness* of the soul.

His favourite authors were Lessing, Schiller, Herder, and Goethe; after having read the last two for the twentieth time, he wrote thus: —

"Good and evil are close together. The griefs of the young Werther and the seduction of Weisslingen are almost the same story. No matter; we ought not to judge of what is good or what is evil in others, for that is the province of God. I have passed much time in this reflection, and I am convinced that in no circumstance ought we to seek for the devil in our neighbour, whom we have not the right of judging. The only creature over whom we have the power of judgment and condemnation, is ourself; and that brings us enough of care and trouble.

"I have felt again to-day a desire to leave this world and enter into a higher; but this desire was weakness rather than strength, weariness rather than enthusiasm."

The year 1816 glided away in these pious attempts to improve his young companions, in this constant examination of himself, and in a perpetual struggle against the desire of death, which haunted him. Every day he was more distrustful of himself; and on the 1st January, 1817, we find this prayer in his journal: —

"Grant me, God, to whom thou hast given free will, in sending me into the world, the grace that, during the year we are entering on, I may never relax in this constant attention to myself, and that I may not shamefully abandon this examination of my conscience, which I have made till now; give me strength to augment the watch that I keep on myself, and to diminish that which I have on others. Increase my strength of will so that it may be powerful enough to control the desires of the body and the wanderings of the mind. Give me a conscience piously devoted to thy heavenly kingdom, so that I may always belong to thee, or that, after having failed, I may still return to thee."

Sand was right in praying to God for this year, 1817; his fears were a presentiment. The horizon of Germany, cleared by Leipsic and Waterloo, had again become gloomy. To the colossal and universal despotism of Napoleon had succeeded the individual oppression of those petty princes who formed the German diet; and all that the people had gained by overthrowing the giant was to be ruled by dwarfs.

It was then that the secret societies organised themselves over all Germany. Let us bestow a few words on them; for the history we are writing is not only that of individuals, but also that of nations, and as often as occasion offers, we shall give a wide background to our little picture.

The secret societies of Germany, of which we have heard so much without being acquainted with them,

seemed to have originated in a kind of affiliation to those celebrated clubs of *illuminés* and freemasons which made so much noise in France toward the end of the eighteenth century. At the time of the revolution of 1789, these different philosophical, political, and religious sects accepted with enthusiasm the republican propagandism, and the successes of our first generals have been attributed to the secret efforts of these societies.

When Bonaparte, who had been acquainted with them, and had even, it is said, been a member of them, exchanged his general's uniform for the imperial mantle, all these sects, who regarded him as a renegade and a traitor, not only rose up against him at home, but even sought to make him enemies abroad. As they addressed themselves to the noble and generous passions, they found a ready echo, and princes who might profit by their results appeared for an instant to encourage them. Prince Louis of Prussia, amongst others, was grand master of one of these societies.

The attempt at assassination by Staps, which we have already mentioned, was one of the explosions of this storm; but the peace of Vienna immediately followed; the abasement of Austria completed the dissolution of the Germanic body. Already mortally stricken in 1806, and watched by the French police, these societies, in place of continuing to organise themselves publicly, were forced to recruit themselves in secret.

In 1811 several agents of these societies were arrested at Berlin, but the Prussian authorities protected them by the secret orders of Queen Louisa; so that it was easy for them to deceive the French police as to their intentions.

Toward February, 1813, the disasters of the French army reanimated the courage of these societies, for it

seemed plain that God aided their cause. The students especially took part with enthusiasm in their new attempts; entire schools enrolled themselves with emulation, choosing for officers their masters and professors. The poet Körner, killed on the 18th of October at Leipsic, was the hero of this campaign.

The triumph of this national movement, which twice led to the gates of Paris the Prussian army, of which a large portion was composed of volunteers, had, since the treaties of 1815 and the new Germanic constitution were known, a terrible reaction on Germany. All the young men who, excited by their princes, had risen in the name of liberty, soon perceived that they were the instruments employed by European despotism to strengthen itself. They wished to claim the promises they had received; but the policy of Talleyrand and Metternich pressed them down, and forced them to hide their discontent and their hopes in the universities, — which, enjoying a kind of constitution of their own, escaped more easily the investigation of the spies of the Holy Alliance.

Kept under, however, as they were, these societies did not the less exist, corresponding amongst themselves by means of travelling students, who, charged with verbal missions, traversed Germany under pretence of botanising, and, passing from mountain to mountain, kept alive among the people the spirit of freedom which durst no longer manifest itself.

We have seen that Sand, carried away by the general movement, had served as a volunteer in the campaign of 1815, although only nineteen years of age. On his return he had been disappointed, like others, in his golden hopes; and we now see his journal take the character of melancholy mysticism, which our readers have already remarked in it. Soon afterward he entered into one of

those associations, the Teutonia, and it was from this moment that, regarding with religious zeal the great cause he had embraced, he essayed to make the agents worthy of the enterprise. Hence his attempt at moral reformation, which succeeded with some, but miscarried with the greater number.

Meanwhile Sand was endeavouring to form around him a circle of puritans, composed of from sixty to eighty students, all belonging to the sect of the Burschenchaft, which, in spite of the ridicule of the opposite sect, the Landmanschaft, pursued its political and religious path. One of his friends, named Ditmar, and he were in a great measure its chiefs; and although no election had conferred on them this authority, the influence that they exercised on the deliberations of the body was a proof that, in a given circumstance, any impulse which they might communicate would be spontaneously obeyed. The meetings of the Burschen took place on a little hill, surmounted by an old castle, near Erlangen, which Sand and Ditmar had called the Rutli, in memory of the place where Walter Furst, Melchtall, and Stauffacher swore to deliver their country. They met under the pretext of joining in students' games, and occupied themselves in rebuilding a new house out of the rubbish of the old ruin, — a secret symbol of the object of their meetings.

The association made such great progress over all Germany that not only the princes and kings of the German confederation began to be alarmed, but even the great European powers. France sent agents to make reports of what they could discover; Russia paid persons on the spot for similar services; and often the persecutions which reached a professor, and exasperated a whole university, were in consequence of a note from the cabinet of the Tuileries or St. Petersburg.

It was in the midst of these events that Sand, after having placed himself under the protection of God, began the year 1817 in the melancholy spirit which we have already described. On the 8th of May, overcome by the melancholy arising from the failure of all his political hopes, he wrote in his journal: —

"I cannot go seriously to work; and this idle disposition, this hypochondriac humour, which throws its dark shadows on every object of life, continues and increases, notwithstanding the moral effort which I made yesterday."

At the time of the vacation, for fear of burdening his parents by an increase of expense, he did not go home to them, but took a pedestrian journey with some of his friends. Doubtless this journey, besides amusement, had its political object. Be that as it may, Sand's journal merely contained, during the time of the excursion, the names of the towns he passed through. To give an idea of his submission to his parents, it may be added that he did not begin his journey until he had obtained his mother's consent.

On their return, Sand, Ditmar, and their friends the Burschen, found their Rutli plundered by their enemies of the Landmanschaft; the house that they had built was demolished, and the materials dispersed. Sand took this event as a presage, and was deeply affected by it, as appears from this entry in his journal: —

"It appears to me, O my God! that all things about me whirl round and round in confusion. I become sadder and sadder; my moral strength, in place of increasing, diminishes. I labour and cannot accomplish; I wear myself out and do nothing great. The days of life fly away one after another; my anxiety and uneasiness increase; I perceive nowhere a harbour which will receive our holy German cause.

At last we shall fall; for my feet fail me already. O Lord and Father! protect and save me!"

About this time, a terrible event struck Sand to the heart; his friend Ditmar was drowned. On the morning of the day on which this calamity happened, he wrote in his journal: —

"O Almighty God! what is to become of me? For fourteen days my mind has been confused, and unable to look forward or backward; so that from the 4th of June to this hour my journal has remained a blank. I might, however, have had occasion every day to praise thee, O my God! but my soul is in anguish. Lord, do not turn away from me; the greater the obstacle, the more occasion for strength."

The following letter to his family contains the account of this tragical event: —

"You know that since my best friends, U. C. & Z., were gone, I have particularly attached myself to my beloved friend, Ditmar of Anspach, — Ditmar, a true and worthy German, an evangelical Christian, pure, virtuous, and full of active benevolence. He occupied, in the house of Professor Grunler, a room adjoining mine; we loved each other, we sustained each other in our efforts, and we bore in common the same good or evil fortune. On this, the last evening of spring, having been occupied in his room strengthening each other against the ills of life, and in the pursuit of the object which we wished to attain, we went, about seven o'clock, to the bath of Redout. The sky appeared black and stormy, but as yet only on the horizon. E., who accompanied us, proposed to return; but Ditmar persisted, saying that the canal was only a few steps off. God permitted that it was not I who made this fatal remark. We went on. The sunset was splendid; I think I see it still, with its violet clouds, fringed with gold; for I remember the minutest circumstances of this dreadful evening.

"Ditmar first went into the water; he was the only one of us who could swim; so he went on before to show us the depth.

We were nearly breast-high in water, and he, who preceded us, was up to the shoulders, when he cautioned us against going further, as he had lost his footing. As soon as he was out of his depth, he begin to swim ; but he had hardly gone ten fathoms, and had only arrived at the place where the river separates into two branches, when he uttered a cry, and, wishing to regain his footing, disappeared. We ran immediately to the bank, hoping to succour him more easily from there ; but we had neither poles nor ropes, and, as I have told you, neither of us could swim. We then called for help with all our strength. At this moment, Ditmar reappeared, and by an incredible effort, seized the branch of a willow-tree, which hung over the water ; but the branch had not strength enough to resist, and our friend again sunk, as if he had been struck down. Figure to yourself the state we were in, — we, his friends, bending over the river, trying, with straining eyes, to pierce the depths of its waters. O my God! how is it that we did not lose our senses ?

" By this time a great multitude had been attracted by our cries. For two hours they searched for him with boats and hooks ; at last they drew his body from the bottom. Yesterday we solemnly conveyed him to his place of rest.

" Thus, with the close of this spring, has commenced the serious summer of my life. I have welcomed it in a grave and melancholy spirit, and you now see me, if not consoled, at least supported by religion, which, thanks to the merits of Christ, gives me the assurance of again meeting my friend in heaven, whence he will inspire me with strength to support the trials of this life ; and now my only desire is to know that you are free from uneasiness about me."

In place of this accident reuniting, by a common feeling, the two sects of students, it only served to envenom their mutual hatred. Among the first who were attracted by the cries of Sand and his comrades, was a member of the Landmanschaft, who could swim; but in place of rushing to the succour of Ditmar, he cried, " I think we

are going to get rid of one of these scoundrelly Burschen; God be praised!"

In spite of this odious manifestation of feeling, which, after all, might have been that of an individual only, and not of a body, the Burschen invited their enemies to Ditmar's funeral. A rude refusal, and a threat to disturb the funeral, was their only answer. The Burschen anticipated the authorities, who also took their measures; and all the friends of Ditmar accompanied his body sword in hand. Seeing this calm but resolute demonstration, the Landmanschaft did not dare to execute their brutal threat, and contented themselves with insulting the procession by songs and laughter.

Sand wrote in his journal: —

"Ditmar is a great loss to us all, and particularly to me; he gave me the surplus of his own strength and vitality; he arrested, as with a dike, what was floating and irresolute in my character. It is from him that I have learnt not to dread the approaching storm, and to know how to combat and die."

Some days after the funeral, Sand had a quarrel, on account of Ditmar, with one of his old friends, who had gone over from the Burschen to the Landmanschaft, and who had, during the funeral, made himself remarkable by his ill-timed hilarity. It was arranged they should fight on the morrow; and this day Sand wrote in his journal: —

"17th August. To-morrow I am to fight with P. G.; thou knowest, notwithstanding, O God, how, in spite of a certain mistrust with which his coldness has always inspired me, we have once been friends; but on this occasion his odious conduct has filled me with the deepest hatred. My God! judge between his cause and mine, and give victory to the most just. If thou callest me before thy supreme tribunal, I know well that I shall appear there loaded with an

eternal curse ; therefore it is not on myself I depend, but on the merits of our Saviour Jesus. Whatever may happen, I praise and bless thee, O my God ! Amen. My dear parents, brothers, and friends, I recommend you to the protection of God."

Next day, Sand waited in vain for two hours; his adversary did not keep the appointment.

The loss of Ditmar was far from producing on Sand the result which might have been expected, and which he himself appeared to indicate by his manner of expressing his grief. Deprived of the strong mind on which he leant for support, Sand felt that he ought to render, by double energy, the death of Ditmar less fatal to his party. In fact, he continued alone the work that they had both pursued, and the progress of the patriotic conspiracy was not impeded for a moment.

The vacation arrived, and Sand quitted Erlangen never to return. From Wonsiedel he was to go to Jena, to continue his theological studies. After some days passed with his family, and mentioned in his journal as perfectly happy, Sand departed for his new residence, where he arrived some time before the festival of Warzburg. This festival, which had been instituted to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic, was regarded as a great solemnity all over Germany; and although the princes knew well that it was annually the central point of union for the Confederation, yet they did not venture to suppress it. In fact, the Teutonic Association was carried on in the midst of this festival, and signed by more than two thousand deputies from the different universities of Germany. This was a joyful day for Sand, for he found there, among new friends, a great many old ones.

Meanwhile, the government, which had not dared to

attack the union by force, resolved to undermine it by opinion. M. de Stauren published a memoir denouncing the associations, which had been, it was said, drawn up from materials furnished by Kotzebue. This memoir made a great sensation, not only at Jena, but over all Germany. It was the first blow struck at the liberty of the students. This occurrence is thus noticed in Sand's journal: —

"24th Nov. To-day, after having laboured with much care and assiduity, I went out about four o'clock in the afternoon with E. As we crossed the market-place, we heard the reading of Kotzebue's new and venomous insult; what rage possesses this man against the Burschen, and against everything that loves Germany!"

This is the first time, and it is in these terms that Sand's journal mentions the name of the man whom, eighteen months later, it was his destiny to assassinate.

On the evening of the 29th, Sand wrote again: —

"To-morrow, I depart courageously and joyfully from here, on a pilgrimage to Wonsiedel; there I shall find my high-minded mother and my sweet sister Julia; there I shall cool my head and warm my heart; probably I shall be present at the marriage of my good Fritz with Louisa, and at the baptism of the first-born of my very dear Durchmith. God! my Father! as you have been with me in my sorrow, be with me still in my gladness."

Sand was much enlivened by his journey. Since Ditmar's death, his fits of hypochondriacism had disappeared; whilst Ditmar lived, he might have died; but Ditmar being dead, he felt that he must live.

On the 11th of December, he quitted Wonsiedel, to return to Jena, and on the 31st of the same month he wrote this prayer in his journal: —

"O merciful God! I began this year with prayer, but latterly my mind has been wandering and evil disposed. When I look back, I find, alas! that I have not become better, but I have entered more deeply into life; and when occasion shall offer, I now feel that I have strength to act; it is because thou hast always been with me, Lord, even when I was not with thee."

If our readers have followed with any attention our different extracts from the journal, they have seen that Sand's resolution became stronger as his head became heated by the contemplation of his purpose. From the commencement of the year 1818, we see his looks, long timid and wandering, embracing a wider horizon, and fixing themselves on a loftier object; it is no longer the simple life of a pastor, nor the petty influence which he might acquire in a little community, — things which had appeared to him, in his youthful modesty, the height of happiness and honour, — that he is ambitious of; it is his country, his own German people, humanity at large, that he embraces in his gigantic plans of political regeneration.

Thus, upon the blank page of the binding of his journal for the year 1818, he writes: —

"Lord, let me strengthen myself in the idea that I have conceived of the deliverance of man, by the holy sacrifice of thy Son. Grant that I may become a saviour for Germany, and that, like and through Jesus, I may be strong and patient in the endurance of suffering."

In the mean time, the anti-republican pamphlets of Kotzebue multiplied, and had a fatal influence on the mind of the governing powers. Nearly every person attacked in these pamphlets was known and esteemed in Jena; and we may comprehend what effect these insults produced on those young heads and noble hearts, who

carried conviction even to blindness, and enthusiasm to fanaticism. In this spirit, Sand wrote, on the 5th of May, in his journal: —

"God! why this anxious melancholy which has again taken possession of me? But a firm and constant will surmounts every obstacle, and the idea of our country gives joy to the most melancholy, — courage to the most feeble. The more I reflect, the more I am astonished that there is not one to be found amongst us sufficiently courageous to plunge a knife into the throat of Kotzebue, or any other traitor!"

On the 18th of May, he continued thus: —

"A man is nothing compared with a people; he is a unit compared with thousands; he is a minute compared with an age. Man is a fleeting shadow; a people is immortal."

Nevertheless, from time to time, even in the midst of these thoughts, impressed with the political fatalism which impelled him onward to the bloody deed, the good-natured and happy-tempered young man reappears. On the 24th of June, he wrote to his mother: —

"I have received your long and kind letter, accompanied by the complete and well-chosen packet of necessaries which you have sent me. The sight of all this beautiful linen has made me as happy as I used to be when I was a child. I have got all at once a stock of shirts, two pairs of fine sheets, your work, and the work of Julia and Caroline, sweetmeats and nice things. I assure you, I jumped for joy when I opened the little packet. Receive my heartfelt thanks, and share, as the giver, the joy of the receiver.

"Still, this is a serious day, — the last day of spring, the anniversary of that on which I lost my noble and good Ditmar. I am affected by a thousand confused feelings; but I have only two passions which remain firm, and, like pillars of brass, sustain all this chaos; they are the thoughts of God and the love of my country."

During all this time the life of Sand remains apparently calm and even. The internal conflict is over; he is pleased with his own application to study, and his happy disposition; yet from time to time he complains of his propensity to childish dainties, which he cannot always overcome. In this humour, he calls himself a devourer of figs and sugar-plums. But in the midst of all this, his religious and political excitement continued. He made with his friends a sort of propagandist tour to Leipsic, Wittenberg, and Berlin, and visited all the fields of battle which were near the road.

On the 18th of October he returned to Jena, where he resumed his studies with more application than ever. It was in the midst of these college labours that the year 1818 expired; and one could hardly, from his way of life, have suspected the terrible resolution he had taken, were it not for the following passage in his journal, written on the 31st of December: —

"I thus conclude the last day of this year, 1818, in a serious and solemn disposition, and I have decided that the Christmas that has just glided away shall be the last Christmas I shall solemnise. If anything should come of our efforts; if the cause of humanity should gain the ascendency in our country; if, in the midst of this faithless age, some generous sentiment should revive and find a place, it can only be when the wretched traitor, the seducer of youth, the infamous Kotzebue, shall have fallen. I am thoroughly convinced of this, and so long as I shall not have accomplished the work which I have resolved on, I shall never feel a moment's repose. O Lord, who knowest that I have devoted my life to this great action, I have only, now that it is determined in my mind, to ask of thee true firmness and courage of soul."

Here Sand's journal closes; he had begun it to strengthen his resolution; this object attained, he cared

for nothing else. From this moment he was solely occupied with this one idea, and he continued slowly to mature the plan in his mind, in order to familiarise himself with its execution; but every impression springing from this idea was inward, and nothing appeared on the surface. To everybody about him he was the same, only for some time his friends remarked in him a perfect and uniform serenity of temper, and a more animated participation in the pursuits and pleasures of life.

He made no change in the hours or duration of his lectures, only he attended with great assiduity the course of anatomy. One day he was observed to pay more than usual attention to a lecture in which the professor demonstrated the different functions of the heart; he examined with the greatest care its exact position in the breast, getting some of the demonstrations repeated two or three times. On leaving the class-room he questioned some of the young medical students on the susceptibility of this organ, the slightest injury to which is followed by death; and all with an air of such calmness and indifference that no one about him entertained the slightest suspicion.

Another day, one of his friends came into his room; Sand, who had heard him coming up, waited for him, standing against a table, with a paper-cutter in his hand. The moment he appeared, Sand rushed upon him, and gave him a slight stroke on the forehead, and when he lifted his hand to the place, struck him another blow, somewhat more violent, on the breast. While his friend was startled at this reception, Sand, as if satisfied with this experiment, said to him: —

"If you want to kill a man, that is the way to do it: threaten his face; he puts his hands on it, and then you can plunge your dagger in his heart."

The young men made merry with this deadly demonstration, and in the evening Sand's friend told it at the wine-room as one of his oddities. The meaning of the pantomime was soon explained.

The month of March arrived; Sand became every day more calm, affectionate, and amiable; it seemed as if, at the moment of quitting his friends for ever, he wished to leave them an indelible remembrance of him. At last he informed them that, for several family matters, he was about to undertake a little journey; he began all his preparations with his habitual care, and with even more than his usual serenity. Until then he had continued his studies as usual, without relaxing an instant; for it was possible that Kotzebue might die, or be killed by another, before the time that Sand had fixed for himself, and in that case he did not wish to lose his time.

On the 7th of March, Sand invited all his friends to pass the evening with him, and announced to them his departure the next day but one, the 9th; they all proposed to accompany him some leagues on his way, but Sand refused. He feared lest this demonstration, however innocent, should compromise them afterward. He departed alone, after hiring anew his lodgings for six months, to remove all suspicion; and went by Erfurth and Isenach, in order to visit Warzburg; thence he went to Frankfort, where he slept on the 17th, and next day continued his journey by Darmstadt. At last, on the 23rd, at nine in the morning, he arrived on the little hill where we found him at the commencement of this history. During all the journey he had been the good and joyous young man who gained the heart of every one that saw him.

When he arrived at Manheim, he lodged at the Weinberg, and entered himself in the register of travellers,

under the name of Henry. He immediately informed himself where Kotzebue lived. The councillor's house was near the church of the Jesuits; it was a corner house; and he found it at once.

It was now about ten o'clock. He was told then that the councillor went out every morning, to walk for an hour or two in an alley of the park of Manheim. Sand asked a description of the alley and the councillor's dress; for, never having seen him, he could not have recognised him without this description. It chanced that Kotzebue had taken another alley. Sand walked an hour in the park; but, seeing nobody to whom he could apply the description, he returned to the house. Kotzebue had come in, but was at breakfast and could not receive him. Sand returned to the Weinberg, and took his place at the *table-d'hôte*, where he dined in so calm and even so joyous a mood that everybody was struck by his unaffected and lively conversation. At five o'clock in the afternoon he returned for the third time to Kotzebue's house, who had a large dinner-party that day, but had given orders to admit Sand. He was shown into a little cabinet adjoining the antechamber. In a few minutes Kotzebue appeared. Sand then acted the part which he had rehearsed on his friend. To protect his face, Kotzebue raised his hands and exposed his breast; Sand immediately stabbed him with his dagger to the heart. Kotzebue uttered one cry, and, staggering backward, fell into a chair; he was dead.

At this cry, a little girl six years old, a lively German child, with her cherub head, blue eyes, and long silken hair, ran into the room. She threw herself on Kotzebue's body, screaming and calling wildly on her papa. Sand, standing at the door, could not bear the sight, and, without stirring from the spot, plunged into his own breast the

dagger yet reeking with the blood of his victim. Finding that his wound was not mortal, and not wishing to fall alive into the hands of the servants, he threw himself down the staircase. At this moment some of the invited guests came in. Seeing a young man, pale and bloody, with a dagger in his breast, they uttered loud cries and ran away instead of arresting him. Sand reached the door, and got into the street. A few paces off he passed a patrol, which was going to relieve the castle-guard. Believing it to have been brought by the cries which followed him, he threw himself on his knees in the middle of the street, exclaiming: "Father, receive my soul;" then, drawing the dagger from the wound, he gave himself a second blow, and fell senseless.

He was conveyed to the hospital, and closely watched. His wounds were dangerous, but not mortal. The first was soon healed; but the other was of such a nature that, notwithstanding the most skilful treatment, Sand remained for three months in a state between life and death.

When the news of Kotzebue's murder arrived at Jena, the authorities of the university ordered Sand's apartment to be opened, and found two letters, the one addressed to his friends of the Burschenschaft, in which he informed them that he was no longer a member of their society, not wishing that they should have among them a man who was going to perish on the scaffold. The other, which was addressed, "To my dearest and most intimate friends," contained an exact account of what he intended to do, and of the motives by which he was actuated. It is full of the patriotic fanaticism, ardent but mistaken sense of duty, loftiness of sentiment, and warmth of heart, which formed the elements of the writer's singular character.

Sand, who had been first taken to the hospital, was, at the end of three months, conveyed to the prison of Manheim. He remained there for five months in a state of extreme weakness; his left arm was completely paralysed; his voice was almost gone; every movement that he made produced violent agony; so that it was not till the 11th of August, five months after the event which we have related, that he could write to his family the following letter: —

MANHEIM, August 11, 1819.

MY VERY DEAR PARENTS, — The Grand Duke's judicial commission informed me yesterday that I may possibly have the joy of a visit from you, and that I may perhaps see you and embrace you here, — you, my mother, and some of my brothers and sisters.

Without being surprised at this new proof of your maternal love, this hope has again awakened in me the remembrance of the happy life we have passed all together. Joy and grief, desire on the one hand, and the necessity of sacrifice on the other, agitate my heart; and I have had to exercise all my powers to reason in order to decide between them. The balance has turned in favour of sacrifice.

You know, my mother, that the sight of your face, your daily society, your pious and elevated sentiments, would bring me joy and courage for the short time that remains to me. But you also know my situation, and you know too well the natural course of all these painful investigations, not to feel as I do, that such interruptions, renewed every minute, would greatly disturb the joy of our meeting, if not entirely destroy it. Then, my mother, after the long and fatiguing journey you would be obliged to undertake in order to see me, think of the agony of separation, when the moment comes that we must part for ever in this world. Let us, then, resolve to make this sacrifice, according to the will of God, and let us indulge only in that sweet community of thoughts that distance cannot interrupt, in which I place my only happiness, and

which will be always, in man's despite, granted us by the Lord our Father.

As to my physical condition, I know nothing of it. I know too little the structure of my own body to judge what may be the consequences of my wounds. Setting aside a little strength which I have regained, my situation remains the same, and I support it with calmness and patience, because God comes to my aid and gives me firmness and courage.

Your deeply respectful son,

KARL LUDWIG SAND.

A month after this letter, affectionate answers arrived from all his family. We shall quote only that of his mother, because it completes the idea which may have already been formed of this great-hearted woman, as her son always called her.

DEAR, UNSPEAKABLY DEAR KARL, — How delightful it has been to me, after so long a time, to see your dear handwriting! No journey could be painful enough, no road long enough, to prevent my going to you, and I would go to the end of the earth, in the hope of only seeing you.

But as I know well your tender affection and anxiety for me, and as you give me, with such firmness and reflection, reasons against which I have nothing to say, and which I can only honour, let it be, my dearly beloved Karl, as you desired and decided. Even in separation we shall commune in thought. Only be tranquil, nothing can separate us ; I wrap you in my heart, and my maternal thoughts will be ever round you.

May that infinite love, which sustains us, strengthen us and lead us to a better life! Preserve, my dear Karl, your courage and firmness. Adieu! and be always convinced that I shall never cease to love you tenderly and deeply.

Sand replied: —

January, 1820, from my Isle of Patmos.

MY DEAR PARENTS, BROTHERS, AND SISTERS, — In the middle of last September, I received from the Grand Duke's

special commission of inquest, of whose humanity you are already aware, your dear letters of the end of August and beginning of September ; and they have had the magical influence of filling me with joy, by transporting me into the midst of your beloved circle. You, my dear father, you write me on your sixty-seventh birthday, and you bless me in the fulness of your tenderest love. You, my dearly beloved mother, you promise me the continuation of your maternal affection, on which I have in all times irremovably relied. I have received your blessing, which, in my present situation, is more to me than anything that all the kings of the earth could bestow. Your love is my nourishment and support ; and I thank you for it, my dear parents, with the respectful submission with which my heart will ever inspire me, as the first duty of a son.

But the greater your love, the more affectionate your letters, the greater, I must confess, are my sufferings from the voluntary sacrifice we have made in not seeing each other ; and I have been thus long in replying to you, my dear parents, only to give myself time to recover the fortitude I had lost.

You, also, dear brother-in-law and dear sister, assure me of your sincere and uninterrupted attachment. And yet, after the terror I have given you all, you appear not to know exactly what you should think of me. But my heart, full of gratitude for your past kindness, reassures itself ; for your actions speak and tell me that, even if you did not wish any longer to love me as I love you, you could not do otherwise. These actions are worth more to me at this moment than the strongest protestations or the most tender words. And you also, my good brother, you would have consented to hasten with our beloved mother to the banks of the Rhine, — where the true affinity of the soul was first established between us, where we were twice brothers.[1] But do I not feel that you are here in soul and spirit, when I consider the rich source of consolation which your cordial and tender letter has brought

[1] It was in the neighbourhood of Manheim that Karl and his brother found themselves united under the same standard, in 1815.

me? And you, my good sister-in-law, you have ever been a real sister to me; and so you are to this hour. Your tender and sisterly affection is always the same. Your consolations, flowing from profound and submissive piety, have fallen refreshingly upon my heart. But, my good sister-in-law, I must say to you, as to the rest, that you are too liberal toward me in the dispensation of your esteem and your praises; your exaggeration has thrown me back upon my inward judge, who gives me, in the mirror of my conscience, the view of all my faults.

For you, my dear Julia, all your desire is to save me from the fate that awaits me; and you assure me, in all your names, that you would joyfully undergo it in my place. This is entirely like yourself, and reminds me of all the sweet and tender ties in which we have been brought up together from infancy. Oh! take comfort, dear Julia; thanks to the protection of God, I promise you that it will be easy for me, much easier than I could have believed, to support whatever shall happen to me.

Receive, then, all of you, my warm and sincere thanks for the joy you have given my heart.

Now that I have perceived, by these invigorating letters, that, as with the prodigal son, the love and kindness of my family are greater on my return than at my departure, I will, with as much care as possible, describe to you my state of body and mind; and I pray to God that he will strengthen my words, so that my letter may contain the equivalent of what yours brought me, and restore to you that state of calm and serenity at which I myself have arrived.

Indifferent, by reason of my power over myself, to the goods and ills of this world, you know that during these last years I have lived only for moral enjoyments; and I may say that, touched doubtless by my efforts, God, the sacred source of all good, has rendered me apt to seek them and to partake of them. God is always near me, now as formerly, and I find in him, the supreme principle of the creation of all things, — in him, our holy Father, — not only consolation and strength, but an unchangeable friend, who will be with me whenever I

shall have need of his consolations. Were he far from me, had I turned my eyes away from him, I should find myself most unfortunate and most miserable ; but by his grace, on the contrary, humble and weak as I am, he gives me strength and energy against everything that can befall me. All that I have hitherto revered as sacred, all that I have desired as good, all that I have aspired to as heavenly, — all remain unchanged to this hour. And I thank God for it, for I should have been in despair if I had found that my heart had adored fallacious images, and had been wrapped up in fleeting chimeras.

So my confidence in these ideas, my love for them, as the guardian angels of my mind, increase every moment, will increase till my latest hour, and will smooth my passage from time to eternity. I pass my silent days in exalted thought and Christian humility ; and I have sometimes those visions from above which I have had ever since my childhood. My malady, though long and painful, has always been sufficiently under the influence of my will to leave me leisure to apply myself to history, the sciences, and religious study ; and when the violence of the pain sometimes interrupted these occupations, still I contended successfully with *ennui ;* for remembrance of the past, resignation under the present, faith in the future, were sufficient within me and about me not to allow me to fall from my terrestrial paradise. The pain I suffer seldom now makes me lose consciousness ; the swelling and inflammation have never risen to a great height, and the fever has always been moderate, although, for nearly ten months, I have been obliged to remain in bed on my back, without power to move ; and though my breast, near the heart, has discharged more than forty pints of matter, the wound, although always open, is in a good state ; and this I owe not only to the skill and care with which I am treated, but to the pure blood which I have received from you, my dear mother.

Thus, neither human aid nor divine encouragement have been wanting to me. So I have every motive, on my birthday, — oh ! not to curse the hour when I was born, but on the contrary, after serious contemplation of this world, to thank God, and you, my very dear parents, for the life which

you have given me! I have kept this birthday, this 18th of October, in a peaceful and fervent submission to the holy will of God. On Christmas-day I strove to place myself in the frame of mind befitting the children of God; and, with his aid, the new year will pass as the last, in pain of body. perhaps, but certainly in joy of soul.

I cannot hope to see a twenty-fifth new year. May, then, my prayer be heard! May this picture of my present life bring you some tranquillity! and may this letter, which I write you from the bottom of my heart, not only prove to you that I am not quite unworthy of your inexpressible love, but, on the contrary, assure me this love to eternity!

The other day, I received your dear letter of the 2nd of December, my beloved mother, and the Grand Duke's commission had also the condescension to allow me to read the letter of my good brother, which accompanied yours. You give me the best news I can receive, that you are all in health; and you send me some preserved fruits from your dear house. I thank you for them from the bottom of my heart. What makes them most delightful to me is the reflection that you are anxiously occupied about me, summer as well as winter. I think that it is you and my dear Julia who have gathered and preserved them for me; and I abandon myself with all my soul to so sweet an enjoyment.

I rejoice sincerely at the arrival of my little cousin into the world; I most joyfully offer my congratulations, and my blessing on his head.

Not to incommode too much the Grand Duke's commission, we shall be forced, I believe, to discontinue our correspondence. I conclude, then, by once again assuring you, perhaps for the last time, of my profound filial submission, and of my fraternal affection. Your very tenderly attached,

KARL LUDWIG SAND.

Indeed, from this time all correspondence ceased between Karl and his family. He wrote to them only once more, when his fate was made known to him, — a letter which will appear in the sequel.

We have seen, from the above letter, with what care Karl was treated; this humanity did not fail for an instant. Nobody, indeed, regarded him as an ordinary assassin. Many pitied him secretly, and some openly excused him. The Grand Duke's commission itself protracted the affair as much as possible; for the nature of Sand's wounds made it at first seem likely that it would not be necessary to have recourse to the executioner; and the tribunal would have been glad that God had taken upon himself the execution of judgment. But their expectation was disappointed; the skill of the physician triumphed, not over the wound, but over death. Sand was not cured, but he remained alive; and they began to see that they should be forced to slay him. The Emperor Alexander, who had made Kotzebue his councillor, and who did not mistake the cause of the assassination, demanded urgently that justice should have its course. The court, therefore, was forced to proceed; but, wishing sincerely to have a pretext for as much delay as possible, it ordered that a physician of Heidelberg should visit Sand, and make a precise report upon his condition. As Sand remained constantly in bed, and as he could not be executed there, the court hoped that the physician's report, by showing that the prisoner could not possibly rise, would give him a new respite.

Accordingly, the physician appointed came from Heidelberg to Manheim, and, introducing himself to Sand as being drawn thither by the interest which he felt for him, he asked him if he did not feel somewhat better, and if it would not be possible for him to rise. Sand looked at him for a moment, and then said, with a smile: —

"I understand, monsieur; they wish to know whether

I am strong enough to mount a scaffold. I really do not know; but, if you please, we shall try."

At these words he rose; and accomplishing, with a superhuman courage, what he had not even attempted for fourteen months, he walked twice round his room, and sat down on his bed.

"You see, monsieur," he said, "that I am strong enough. It would be therefore only losing the precious time of my judges to detain them longer about my business. Let them then give their judgment, for there is nothing to prevent it from being executed."

The physician made his report: delay was no longer possible; Russia was more and more pressing; and on the 5th of May, 1820, the supreme court of justice pronounced sentence, which was confirmed on the 12th by his royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden. It declares the accused, Karl Sand, of Wonsiedel, guilty of assassination, on his own confession, on the person of the imperial Russian councillor of State, Kotzebue; and therefore, for his just punishment, and for an example which may deter others, ordains that he shall be put to death by the sword. All the expenses of the trial, including those occasioned by his public execution, in consideration of the prisoner's want of fortune, to be defrayed from the judicial funds of the State.

It will be observed that this sentence, although it condemned the accused to death, which it was difficult to avoid, was both in form and substance as mild as possible; since, in striking Sand, it did not ruin his poor family by the costs of a long and expensive trial.

A delay still took place of five days, and the sentence was not announced to him till the 17th, when Sand was informed that two judicial functionaries were at the

door; he suspected that they came to read him his sentence. He requested a moment's time to rise, which he had done only once before, and on the occasion we have mentioned, for fourteen months. However, he was too weak to hear the sentence standing; and, after having saluted the deputation, he begged leave to sit down, saying that it was not owing to weakness of the soul, but of body, that he did so. He added: —

"You are welcome, gentlemen; for I have suffered so much for fourteen months that you appear to me like angels of deliverance."

He heard the whole sentence without any affectation, and with a placid smile on his lips. When it was concluded, —

"I had no expectation of a better destiny," he said; "and when, more than a year ago, I stopped on the little hill which overlooks your town, I saw before me the spot which would be my grave, — I ought, then, to thank God and man for having prolonged my existence till now."

The officers took their leave. Sand rose a second time to salute them as they went; then he reseated himself pensively on the chair, near which M. G., the governor of the prison, was standing. After a moment's silence, tears stood in his eyes, and began to roll. Suddenly turning toward M. G., to whom he was much attached, —

"I hope," he said, "that my parents will prefer seeing me die this violent death, rather than of some slow and wretched malady. As for me, I shall be very happy to hear the hour strike when my death will satisfy those who hate me, and whom, according to my principles, I ought to hate."

He then wrote to his family: —

Manheim, the 17th of May, 1820.

Dear Parents, Brothers, and Sisters, — You must have received, through the Grand Duke's commission, my last letters. In them I answered yours, and endeavoured to console you as to my condition, by describing to you the state of my mind, — the contempt at which I have arrived for all that is frail and earthly, when contrasted with the execution of a design, and with that intellectual liberty which is the only nourishment of the soul; in short, I endeavoured to console you by the assurance that the sentiments, the principles, and the convictions of other days have been faithfully preserved in me, and have remained unchanged. But all that was a superfluous precaution on my part, I am certain; for you have never required anything else from me but to have God before my eyes and in my heart; and you have seen, under your care, how this precept was so engraven in my soul that it became, both for this world and the next, my only guide to happiness. Doubtless, as he was in me and near me, God will be in you and near you at the moment when this letter will bring you the news of the reading of my sentence. I die willingly, and God will give me strength to die as I ought. I write to you perfectly tranquil and calm on all things, and I hope that your life also will pass away calm and tranquil, until the moment when our souls shall meet again, endowed with new strength, to love each other, and partake together of eternal happiness.

As for me, such as I have lived since I have known myself, — that is to say, with a serenity full of heavenly desire, and a courageous and indomitable love of liberty, — such I die. May God be with you and with me, your son, brother, and friend,

Karl Ludwig Sand.

From this moment nothing disturbed his serenity; the whole day he conversed more gaily than usual, slept well, did not awake till half-past seven, said that he felt strengthened, and thanked God for thus visiting him.

It was soon publicly known that the day of execution had been fixed for the 20th of May; that is, three whole days after the reading of the sentence to the prisoner. From that time, with the permission of Sand, persons were allowed to enter who wished to speak with him, and if he himself had no repugnance to see them. Among these, three remained with him longer than the rest.

One was Major Holzangen, who commanded the patrol who had arrested him, or rather taken him up dying, and carried him to the hospital. He asked if he remembered him. Sand was so self-possessed when he stabbed himself that, though he had seen the major only an instant, and had never seen him since, he recollected the most minute particulars of the dress which he had on fourteen months before, and which was a full uniform. When the conversation turned upon the death that Sand, still so young, was going to suffer, the major expressed his pity; but Sand answered him, smiling, "There is only one difference between you and me, major; I die for my own convictions; you die for the convictions of others."

After the major came a young student of Jena, whom Sand had known at the university. He happened to be in the duchy of Baden, and wished to pay his old friend a visit. Their meeting was affecting, and the student wept bitterly; but Sand consoled him with his usual calmness and serenity.

A workman then requested to see Sand, alleging that he had been his schoolfellow at Wonsiedel. Though Sand did not remember his name, he gave orders to admit him. The workman reminded him that he had made part of the little army which Sand commanded, the day of the assault on the tower of Saint Catherine.

This reminiscence guided Sand, who then remembered him perfectly, and spoke to him with affection of his native place, and of his dear mountains; he then charged him to carry his last greetings to his family, and to exhort his mother, his father, his brother, and his sisters not to grieve on his account, — since the messenger who undertook to carry them his last words could tell them in what a calm and joyful spirit he waited death.

To this workman succeeded one of the guests whom Sand had met on the staircase immediately after the death of Kotzebue. He asked him if he acknowledged his crime, and felt repentance.

Sand answered, "I had thought of it for a whole year; I have thought of it for fourteen months; and my opinion of it is unchanged; I did what I was to do."

After the departure of this last visitor, Sand sent for M. G., the governor of the prison, and told him he would be very glad to speak with the executioner, having some inquiries to make of him as to the manner in which he should hold himself to render the operation more sure and more easy. M. G. made some objections; but Sand insisted with his ordinary mildness, and M. G. at length promised that he would get the person he asked for to come to the prison immediately on his arrival from Heidelberg, where he lived.

The rest of the day was passed in fresh visits, and in philosophical and moral conversation, in which Sand developed his social and religious theories with a lucidity of expression and an elevation of thought which he had never before exhibited. The governor, from whom I have these details, told me that he would regret all his life not being able to write short-hand, that he might have preserved sentiments worthy of Plato.

Night came; Sand passed a part of the evening in writing; it is supposed that it was a poem he was composing; but doubtless he burnt it, for no trace of it was found. At eleven o'clock he went to bed, and slept till six in the morning. Next day he supported the dressing of his wounds, always very painful, with great courage, without fainting, as he sometimes did, and without allowing a single complaint to escape him.

The operation was over; Sand was in bed as usual; M. G. was seated at the foot of the bed, when the door opened, and a man entered and saluted Sand and M. G. The governor immediately rose, and, in a voice full of emotion, said to Sand, "This is M. Widemann, of Heidelberg, whom you desired to see."

Sand's face brightened with a strange expression of joy. Raising himself to a sitting posture, he said, "You are welcome, monsieur;" and making him sit near his bed, and taking his hand, he began to thank him for his kindness with so much earnestness and feeling that M. Widemann, deeply moved, was unable to answer. Sand encouraged him to speak, and give him the details he wanted, saying, "Be firm, monsieur, for I shall not fail you; I shall not shrink; and if it is even necessary to give two or three blows to separate my head from my body, which they say sometimes happens, do not let that trouble you."

Sand then rose, leaning on M. G., to go through with the executioner the strange and terrible rehearsal of the drama in which next day he was to play the principal part. M. Widemann made him sit in a chair in the proper position, and entered with him into all the details of the execution. Sand, perfectly instructed, begged him not to hurry, and to take his own time. He then thanked him beforehand; "for," added he, "I shall not

be able afterward." Sand then returned to his bed, leaving the executioner pale and trembling.

All these particulars were preserved by M. G.; for the executioner's emotion was so great that he had no distinct remembrance of anything.

After M. Widemann, three ecclesiastics were introduced, with whom Sand conversed upon religious subjects; one of them remained six hours with him, and said to him, on going away, that he had a commission to obtain from him a promise that he should not speak to the people at the place of execution. Sand gave the promise, and added, "Even had I wished it, my voice has become so weak that the people could not hear me."

In the mean time, the scaffold was prepared in the meadow, to the left of the road from Heidelberg; it was a platform five or six feet high, and ten feet square. As it had been presumed that, owing to the interest inspired by the prisoner and the approach of Pentecost, the crowd would be immense, and as it was feared that there might be some movement of the universities, the guard of the prison had been trebled; and General Neustein had come from Karlsruhe to Manheim, with twelve hundred infantry, three hundred and fifty cavalry, and a company of artillery with their guns.

On the afternoon of the 19th there arrived, as had been foreseen, so many students who lodged in the neighbouring villages that it was decided that the execution, instead of taking place the next day at eleven in the morning, as had been arranged, should be anticipated, and take place at five. Sand's consent, however, was necessary, for they could not execute him until three whole days after the reading of the sentence; and as the sentence had been read to him at half-past ten, Sand had a right to live till eleven.

Before four o'clock in the morning, the persons sent for that purpose entered his room. His sleep was so sound that they were obliged to awake him; he opened his eyes with a smile, as was his wont, and guessing their errand, said, —

"Have I slept so well that it is eleven already?"

They said "No!" but that they came to ask him to permit them to advance the hour, for they feared some conflict between the students and the soldiers; and as the military arrangements were completely made, such a collision would necessarily be fatal to his friends.

Sand answered that he was ready that instant, that he asked only time to take a bath, as the ancients used to do at the moment of battle. However, the verbal authority which he had given not being sufficient, they put before Sand a pen and paper; and he wrote with a firm hand, and in his usual manner: —

I thank the authorities of Manheim for having anticipated my own earnest wish, by advancing the time of my execution by six hours. Sit nomen Domini benedictum.

From the prison, the 20th of May, in the morning, the day of my deliverance.

KARL LUDWIG SAND.

When Sand had given these lines to the clerk, the surgeon came forward to dress his wounds as usual. Sand looked at him with a smile.

"Is it worth while?" he asked.

"You will be stronger," answered the surgeon.

"Then do it," said Sand.

A bath was brought; Sand sat down in it, and had his long and beautiful locks arranged with the greatest care. When his toilet was over, he put on a short surtout, of the German make; his shirt-collar was

turned over his shoulders; and he had tight white pantaloons, and boots over them. He sat down on his bed, and prayed some time in a low voice with the priest; and then took leave of them and the surgeon, saying to them, —

"Do not attribute the agitation of my voice to weakness, but to gratitude."

The priests offered to accompany him to the scaffold, but he declined their kindness.

"It is unnecessary," he said. "I am perfectly prepared; I have made my peace with God, and my conscience is at ease; besides, am I not almost an ecclesiastic myself?"

And when one of them asked, whether, at the moment of his departure, he nourished any feeling of hatred, —

"Oh, my God!" said he, "when have I ever had any such feeling?"

The increasing noise in the street now became audible, and Sand said again that they might dispose of him, and that he was ready. At this moment the executioner entered with his two assistants; he was dressed in a long black cloak, under which he concealed his sword. Sand took him affectionately by the hand; and, as M. Widemann, embarrassed by the sword, which he desired to keep from Sand's sight, did not dare to come forward, —

"Come," said Sand, "and show me your sword; I have never seen such a one, and am curious to see what it is like."

M. Widemann, pale and trembling, showed him the sword. Sand examined it with attention; and passing his finger over the edge, —

"Well," he said, "the blade is good; do not tremble, and all will be well."

Turning toward M. G., who was in tears, he said, —

"You will do me, will you not, the service of conducting me to the scaffold?"

M. G. merely made him a sign in the affirmative, for he could not speak. Sand took his arm, and a third time repeated, —

"Well what wait you for, gentlemen? I am ready."

When they got into the courtyard, Sand saw all the prisoners weeping at the windows. Though he had never seen them, they were to him old friends; for every time they passed his door, knowing that in that cell lay the student who had killed Kotzebue, they held up their chains so as not to disturb him with the noise.

All Manheim was in the street leading to the place of execution, which was patrolled by numerous bodies of military. On the day when the sentence had been read, they had searched over all the town for a vehicle to carry Sand to the scaffold; but nobody, not even the carmen, had one either for hire, or for sale. It was found necessary, therefore, to buy one at Heidelberg, without telling for what purpose it was wanted.

Sand found this carriage in the courtyard, and got into it with M. G. Turning toward him, —

"Monsieur," he said, in a whisper, "if you should chance to see me turn pale, call me by my name, — my name only, do you understand? that will be sufficient."

The carriage door opened, and Sand appeared. Every voice, with one impulse, cried, "Adieu, Sand! adieu!" and at the same time, from the dense crowd pressed in the street, and from the windows around, bouquets of flowers were thrown toward him, some of which fell into the carriage. At this scene, Sand, whose firmness had not for a moment forsaken him, was unable to

refrain from tears, and, returning the salutations he received on every side, murmured in a low voice, —

"O my God! give me courage!"

This first explosion over, the procession began to move in profound silence; from time to time only a single voice would cry, "Adieu, Sand!" and a handkerchief, waved by a hand raised above the crowd, showed him whence the cry had come. On each side of the carriage walked two servants of the prison, with crape on their arms; and after it came a second, containing the authorities of the town.

The air was very cold: it had rained all night, and the sky, dark and cloudy, seemed to share the general sadness. Sand, too weak to sit up, was reclining on the shoulder of M. G., who accompanied him. His visage was mild, calm, yet expressive of pain; his broad and open brow, and his interesting, though not regularly handsome, features appeared to have grown many years older during his fourteen months of suffering. The procession at last arrived at the place of execution, which was surrounded by a battalion of infantry. Sand lowered his eyes from heaven toward the earth, and perceived the scaffold. At this sight he smiled gently, and, as he got down from the carriage, he said, —

"God has given me strength as yet."

The governor of the prison, and the principal servants, held him up as he mounted the steps. As he did so, the pain he suffered kept his body bent; but when he got to the top he drew himself up, saying, —

"This, then, is the place where I am to die!"

He turned his eyes toward Manheim, and surveyed the immense crowd which surrounded him. At this moment a ray of the sun broke through the clouds. Sand saluted it with a smile, and sat down in the chair prepared for him.

As, according to the orders received, his sentence was to be read to him a second time, he was asked if he felt strong enough to hear it standing. He said he would try, and that he hoped that, in default of physical force, moral strength would sustain him. He immediately rose from the fatal chair, begging M. G. to stand near enough to support him if he happened to falter. The precaution was unnecessary; Sand stood firm.

After the sentence had been read, he sat down again, and said in a loud voice, —

"I die, trusting in God — "

But at these words, M. G. interrupted him.

"Sand," said he, "what have you promised?"

"True," he answered; "I had forgotten."

He spoke no more to the multitude; but, raising his right hand, and solemnly extending it, he said in a loud voice, heard only by those who were about him, —

"I take God to witness that I die for the liberty of Germany."

And at these words, and as Conradin had done with his glove, he threw, over the line of soldiers who surrounded him, his rolled up handkerchief into the midst of the people.

The executioner now approached to cut off his hair, but Sand at first opposed it.

"It is for your mother," said M. Widemann.

"On your honour, monsieur?" asked Sand.

"On my honour."

"Then do it," said Sand, presenting his hair to the executioner.

A few locks only were cut off, and only those which fell down behind. The others were tied with a ribbon over the top of his head. The executioner tied his hands over his breast; but as this position oppressed

him, and in consequence of his wound forced him to incline his head, they were placed open on his thighs, and fastened there with cords. As they were about to bind his eyes, he begged M. Widemann to place the bandage so that he could, until his last moment, see the light. His wish was complied with.

A dead silence ensued. The executioner drew his sword, which gleamed like a flash of lightning and fell; a dreadful cry burst from twenty thousand mouths. The head had not fallen, and, although bent over the breast, was still held by the neck. The executioner struck again, and with the same blow cut off the head and a part of one of the hands.

At that instant, notwithstanding the efforts of the soldiers, the line was broken, men and women rushed toward the scaffold; the blood was wiped up, to the last drop, with handkerchiefs; the chair on which Sand had sat was broken, and shared in fragments; and they who could not obtain any of these cut bits of the bloody wood from the scaffold.

The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black, and carried back to the prison, escorted by a large party of military. At midnight, the corpse was conveyed silently, and without torches or lights, to the Protestant cemetery, in which, fourteen months before, Kotzebue had been buried. A grave had been secretly dug; the coffin was lowered into it; those who were present at the funeral were made to swear on the gospels not to reveal the place where Sand was interred until they were relieved from their oath. The grave was covered with the green turf, which had been neatly lifted up and was now replaced, so that there was no appearance of a fresh grave. Then the nocturnal gravediggers retired, leaving a guard at the entrance.

It is in that place that, twenty paces asunder, Sand and Kotzebue rest, — Kotzebue, in the most conspicuous part of the cemetery, and under a monument, on which is engraved this inscription: —

"He was persecuted by the world without pity;
Calumny was his unhappy lot;
He found happiness only in the arms of his wife,
And rest only in the bosom of death.
Envy strove to cover his path with thorns;
Love strewed it with flowers.
May heaven forgive him,
As he has forgiven the world."

You must seek the grave of Sand in the corner at the extreme left of the door of the cemetery; a wild plum-tree, from which every passing traveller carries away a few leaves, is the only thing that marks the spot. The meadow in which Sand was executed is still called by the people "Sand's Himmel-fartswiese," which means "The meadow whence Sand ascended to heaven."

Toward the end of September, 1838, we were at Manheim, where I had stopped three days to collect all the information I could as to the life and death of Karl Ludwig Sand. But after these three days, notwithstanding the activity of my researches, their results were very incomplete, either from my bad plan of conducting them, or because my being a stranger produced some distrust in those to whom I applied.

I quitted Manheim much disappointed; and after visiting the little Protestant cemetery in which were interred, at twenty paces from each other, Sand and Kotzebue, I had ordered my coachman to take the road to Heidelberg, when, after a few steps, knowing the object of my researches, he stopped of his own accord, asking

me if I wished to see the place where Sand was executed. At the same time he pointed out to me with his hand a little mound in the middle of a meadow and a few paces from a little brook. I eagerly went toward the spot, and knew it immediately by some remains of branches of cypress and evergreens and forget-me-nots scattered over the ground.

This sight, it may be imagined, instead of diminishing my ardour for investigation, only augmented it. I was more and more chagrined at going away so ill informed, when I perceived a man of forty-five or fifty years, who was walking a little way off, and who, suspecting the cause that had brought me there, looked at me with curiosity. I resolved to make a last effort, and going up to him,—

"Monsieur," I said, "I am a stranger; I am travelling to collect the rich and poetical traditions of your Germany. From the way in which you look at me, I think you know what has brought me to this meadow. Could you give me any particulars as to the life and death of Sand?"

"For what purpose, monsieur?" he asked in French that was almost unintelligible.

"For a very German object, monsieur, be assured. By the little which I have been able to learn, Sand seems to me to be one of those spectres which appear to you only the greater and more poetical from being wrapped in a bloody shroud. But he is not known in France; he might there be confounded with a Fieschi or a Meunier, and I should wish, as far as I can, to enlighten my countrymen in regard to him."

"It would give me much pleasure, monsieur, to concur in so good a work; but you see that I speak very little French, you speak no German; so that we should find it difficult to understand each other."

"That matters nothing," I replied; "I have in my carriage yonder a lady who, I hope, will satisfy you as an interpreter; who speaks German like Goethe, and from whom, when once you have begun to speak, I defy you to withhold."

"Well, then," said the German, "I desire no better than to be useful to you."

We returned to the carriage, which waited for us on the highway, and I presented to my fellow-traveller the new recruit I had made. The usual salutations were exchanged and the conversation began in German. Although I did not understand a word of what was said, it was easy to see from the rapidity of the questions, and the length of the answers, that the conversation was most interesting; at length, in about half an hour, desirous of knowing what was going on, —

"Well?" said I.

"Well," answered my interpreter, "you have been fortunate; you could not have applied to a better person. This gentleman knew Sand; he is the governor of the prison where Sand was confined, M. G."

"Indeed!"

"For nine months, — that is, from the time he quitted the hospital, — this gentleman saw him every day. But this is not all: M. G. was with him in the carriage which carried him to execution; he was with him on the scaffold; there is only one portrait of Sand in all Manheim, and he has it."

"Ask," said I, "if M. G. will permit us to commit to writing the information he can give me."

The question was put, and answered in the affirmative. M. G. got into the carriage with us, and in place of departing for Heidelberg, we returned to Manheim and alighted at the entrance of the prison; M. G.'s

complaisance did not diminish. With the greatest good-nature, and the utmost patience, he told me every circumstance he knew; at last I questioned him as to the mode of executions in that place.

"As to that," he said, "I can recommend you to a person in Heidelberg who will give you every information you want on that subject."

I accepted the offer with gratitude; and when I took leave of M. G., he gave me the promised letter; it bore this direction: — "To Doctor Widemann, 111, High-street, Heidelberg." I turned to M. G.

"Is he the father of the executioner who beheaded Sand?" I demanded.

"He is his son, and he was by him when the execution took place."

"What profession does he follow?"

"The same as his father, to which he has succeeded."

"But you call him Doctor."

"Certainly, all executioners bear that title with us."

"Doctor of what?"

"Doctor of surgery."

"Indeed," said I, "it is quite the contrary with us; it is the surgeons whom we call executioners."

"You will find," added M. G., "a very worthy young man, who although then very young, preserves a strong remembrance of the event. As for his poor father, I believe he would as soon have cut off his right hand as execute Sand; but had he refused, another would have done it; he was obliged to do what was his duty, and he did his best."

We arrived at Heidelberg at eleven at night. My first visit the next day was to Dr. Widemann. It was not without emotion that we knocked at the door of "the last judge," as the Germans call him. An old woman

opened it, and desired us to wait for M. Widemann, who was dressing, in a pretty little study; it was filled with curiosities, with petrified sea plants, shells, stuffed birds, and dried plants; a double-barrelled gun, powder flask, and pouch showed that M. Widemann was a sportsman. In a few moments he came into the room.

M. Widemann was a very handsome young man of about thirty; he was in a plain but genteel morning dress. He appeared at first not only embarrassed, but hurt by our visit; I hastened to give him the letter from M. G., and to tell him the cause which brought me there. He gradually recovered himself, and at last was as hospitable and obliging as his introducer had been the evening before.

M. Widemann told us all he knew, and amongst other things, that his father, at the risk of giving offence, had asked permission to have another scaffold erected at his own expense, so that no criminal should be executed on the altar on which the martyr had suffered. This leave was granted; and of this scaffold, M. Widemann had made the doors and the windows of a little country house, situated in the middle of a vineyard. For three or four years this house was constantly an object of pilgrimage; but at length the visitors by degrees had become less numerous. Now that some of the very persons who had steeped their handkerchiefs in Sand's blood hold public functions, and are the paid servants of government, it is only a few strangers who now and then ask to see these relics.

Our readers will judge better from this anecdote than from anything that we could say what sort of a man he was who has left such a remembrance in the hearts of his gaoler and his executioner.

VANINKA.

VANINKA.

TOWARD the end of the reign of the Emperor Paul I., — that is, about the middle of the first year of the nineteenth century, — as four o'clock in the afternoon was striking from the church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, whose gilded vane overlooks the ramparts of the fortress, a considerable crowd of people of all conditions began to assemble before the house of General Count Tchermayloff, formerly military governor of a town in the government of Pultava. Their curiosity was excited by the preparations, in the courtyard, for the punishment of the knout, which was to be inflicted on one of the general's slaves, who was his barber. Although this kind of punishment was common enough at St. Petersburg, it did not the less excite curiosity when it was publicly inflicted.

About half-past four, a young man of about five and twenty, in the elegant uniform of an aide-de-camp, and with his breast covered with decorations, appeared in the court. He stopped an instant, and fixed his eyes on a window, the curtains of which, closely drawn, did not give him the least chance of satisfying his curiosity. Seeing that he was losing his time looking in that direction, he made a sign to a slave who was standing near a door which led to the servants' apartments. The door immediately opened; and, in the midst of the slaves,

who were forced to attend, that the sight might serve them as an example, appeared the culprit, who was to receive the punishment of his offence, followed by the executioner.

The culprit was, as we have said, the general's barber, and the executioner was the coachman, whose skill in handling the whip raised or degraded him, which you will, whenever a punishment was to take place, to the post of executioner, — a post which did not in the least deprive him of the esteem or even the friendship of his comrades, who were well convinced that Ivan's heart had nothing to do with their punishment. But as his arm, as well as the rest of his body, was the property of the general, they were never surprised when he was employed in this manner. Moreover, a correction administered by the hands of Ivan was always lighter than it would have been, coming from the hands of anybody else. For it happened now and then that Ivan, who was a good-natured fellow, miscounted, and omitted one or two blows of the knout in the dozen; or if he was obliged by the overseer of the punishment to be more correct in his counting, he contrived that the point of the whip should fall on the planks on which the culprit was laid, which lessened the sharpness of the stroke.

Accordingly, when it was Ivan's own turn to be fastened to the fatal couch, and to receive on his own back the correction which he was in the habit of administering, the executioner for the time had the same consideration for him that he had for others, — remembering the blows spared, and not the blows received. This exchange of mutual benefits, therefore, was productive of an excellent understanding between Ivan and his comrades, which was never so firmly knit as at the moment when an execution was to take place. For an hour or

two afterward, indeed, the receiver was a little unjust to the giver. But the grudge seldom outlasted the evening, or held out against the first glass of spirits which the operator drank to the health of the patient.

The person on whom Ivan was now going to exercise his skill was a man five or six and thirty years old, with red hair and beard, a little above the middle height. His Greek origin was discoverable in his face, which, even in its expression of terror, had preserved its habitual character of slyness and cunning. When he arrived at the place of execution, the culprit stopped, cast a look on the window toward which the attention of the young aide-de-camp had been already directed, and which still remained closely shut; then turning his eyes slowly on the crowd which blockaded the entrance from the street, he finished by casting them, with a dolorous shrug of the shoulders, on the plank on which he was to be stretched. This movement did not escape his friend Ivan, who, approaching him to take off his striped shirt, which covered his shoulders, took the opportunity of saying, in a low voice, —

"Come, Gregory, take courage!"

"You know what you promised me," answered the patient.

"Not for the first strokes, Gregory; do not reckon upon that. During the first strokes the aide-de-camp will look on; but, for the last, be at ease, — we shall find means to cheat him of a few."

"But mind, take care of the point of the whip."

"I shall do my best, Gregory, I shall do my best; don't you know me?"

"Ah, very true!" answered Gregory.

"Well?" said the aide-de-camp.

"Well, your Excellency, we are ready."

"Wait, wait, your High Origin," cried poor Gregory, giving the young captain the title of *vache vousse korodié* by which colonels are designated; "I think Lady Vaninka's window is going to open."

The young captain hastily lifted his eyes toward the spot, which had already, as we have said, several times attracted his attention; but not a fold of the silk curtains, which were perceived through the panes of glass, had moved.

"You are mistaken, you fool!" said the aide-de-camp, slowly withdrawing his eyes from the window, as if he also had hoped to see it open, — "you are mistaken; and, besides, what has your noble mistress to do with all this?"

"Pardon, your Excellency," continued Gregory, gratifying the aide-de-camp with a new rank; "but only — as it is on her account I am going to receive — she might have pity on a poor servant — and — "

"Enough," said the captain, hurriedly, and as if he himself had been of the culprit's opinion, and regretted that Vaninka had not shown mercy; "enough, let us proceed."

"Instantly, your Excellency, instantly," said Ivan; then turning toward Gregory, "now, comrade," continued he, "the time is come."

Gregory heaved a deep sigh, cast a last look at the window, and seeing that everything remained in the same state, he at last mustered up resolution to stretch himself on the fatal plank. At the same time, two other slaves, whom Ivan had chosen as assistants, took hold of his hands, and stretching out his arms, fastened his wrists to two posts, so that he was as if placed on a cross. His neck was then fixed in a collar; and, seeing that all was ready, and that no favourable sign appeared

at the still closed window, the young officer made a sign with his hand, and said, "Now!"

"Patience, your Excellency, patience," said Ivan, still delaying the execution, in the hope that some sign would come from the inexorable window; "there is a knot in my knout, and if I leave it, Gregory will have cause to complain."

The knout is a kind of whip with a handle about two feet long; to this handle is fastened a flat leather thong, about two inches broad and four feet long, terminated by a copper or iron ring, to which is fastened, as a continuation of the first, another thong two feet long, and at first an inch and a half broad, but gradually decreasing until it comes to a point. This lash is steeped in milk, and then dried in the sun, so that its edge becomes as sharp as that of a knife; moreover, at every six blows, the lash is changed because it is softened by the blood.

However unwillingly or clumsily Ivan undid the knot, it was now necessary to finish it. The spectators, besides, began to murmur; and their murmurs having drawn the young aide-de-camp out of the reverie into which he appeared to have fallen, he raised his head, which had been bent on his breast, cast a last glance on the window, and, seeing no token of mercy, turned again toward the coachman, and, with a more peremptory air, ordered him to begin the punishment.

There was no further pretext for delay. Recoiling two paces to take his spring, Ivan stepped forward to his former place; raising himself on his toes, he made the knout whirl round his head, and letting it suddenly fall, he struck Gregory with it so dexterously that the lash went three times round his body, enfolding him like a serpent; while the point struck the under part of the plank. Nevertheless, Gregory gave a great cry, and Ivan counted one.

At this cry, the young aide-de-camp again looked toward the window, but the window remained closed; and mechanically he turned his eyes to the patient, repeating the word, "One."

The knout had marked a treble blue bloody line on Gregory's shoulders.

Ivan again took his spring, and, with the same skill as before, again surrounded the culprit's body with the lash, taking care always that the point should not touch him. Gregory gave another cry, and Ivan counted two.

At the fifth stroke, some drops of blood reached the young officer, who drew back, took out his handkerchief, and wiped his face. Ivan took the opportunity of counting seven instead of six; the captain made no observation.

At the ninth stroke, Ivan interrupted himself to change the lash, and, hoping that he would succeed as well as before, counted eleven instead of ten. At this moment a window, opposite to Vaninka's, opened. A man forty-five or fifty years of age, in a general's uniform, appeared, and, calling out in a careless tone, "Enough!" closed the window.

On the general's appearance, the young officer had turned toward him, with his left hand glued to the seam of his pantaloons and his right hand to his hat, and stood motionless. When the window was reclosed, he repeated the general's word, and the lash fell without touching the culprit.

"Thank his Excellency, Gregory," said Ivan, rolling the lash of the knout round its handle, "for he has forgiven you two blows; which," added he, as he stooped down to release the culprit's hands, "with the two that I have skipped, makes a total of only eight strokes instead of twelve."

But poor Gregory was not in a state to thank anybody; nearly fainting with pain, he could hardly hold himself up. Two slaves took him by the arms and led him, followed by Ivan, to the quarters of the slaves. When he arrived at the door, he stopped, turned his head, and, perceiving the officer, whose eyes followed him with an air of pity, —

"Mr. Fœdor," he said, "thank his Excellency the general for me. As for the lady Vaninka," he added, between his teeth, "I shall thank *her* myself."

"What are you murmuring?" cried the young officer, angrily.

"Nothing, your Excellency, nothing," said Ivan; "the poor lad thanks you, Mr. Fœdor, for the trouble you have taken in attending his execution, and says it is a great honour for him; that 's all."

"Well, well," said the young man; "if Gregory wants to spare me this trouble another time, let him drink a little less spirits, or, when drunk, let him at least remember to be more respectful."

Ivan made a sign of deep submission and followed his comrades. Fœdor re-entered the house, and the crowd retired, much disconcerted with Ivan's bad faith and the general's generosity, which had defrauded them of four blows of the knout; that is, a third of the punishment.

And now that we have made our readers acquainted with some of the personages of this history, they will permit us to make them also acquainted with those who have as yet merely appeared, or remain concealed behind the curtain.

General Count Tchermayloff, after having had the government of one of the most important towns in the neighbourhood of Pultava, had been recalled to St. Petersburg by the Emperor Paul, who honoured him

with a particular friendship. He had remained a widower with one daughter, who had inherited the fortune, the beauty, and the pride of her mother, who pretended to descend, in direct line, from one of the chieftains of that race of Tartars who, under the conduct of Gengis, invaded Russia in the thirteenth century. Unhappily, this haughty disposition had been augmented in the young Vaninka by the education she had received.

Having lost his wife, and not being able himself to undertake the care of his daughter, General Tchermayloff had procured for her an English governess, who, instead of combating her pupil's disdainful inclinations, had given them a new impulse, by filling her head with those aristocratic notions which make the English nobility the proudest in the world. Among the different studies in which Vaninka was engaged, there was one to which she was especially attached; this was, if one can so speak, the science of her own rank. She knew perfectly the degree of station and power of every family belonging to the nobility. She knew accurately who were a grade above her, and whom she had precedence of; and (what, however, is not easy in Russia) she could call every one by the precise title to which his rank gave him the right. She had the most profound contempt, therefore, for all whose title was under that of Excellency. As for the serfs and slaves, we may conceive, with such a character as hers, that she made no account of their existence. She had more feeling for her horse and her dog, and certainly she would not for an instant have put in the balance the life of a slave with that of either of these interesting animals. For the rest, like all ladies of distinction in her country, she was a good musician, and spoke equally well the French, Italian, German, and English languages.

The expression of her countenance was in harmony with her character. Vaninka was beautiful, but of a cast a little too decided. Her large black eyes, straight nose, and lips curled with a disdainful expression, produced at first, in those who approached her, a strange impression, unless when among her equals and superiors, to whom she became like any other woman, while, to her inferiors, she remained proud and inaccessible as a goddess.

At seventeen, Vaninka's education being terminated, her instructress, whose health the severe climate of St. Petersburg had already affected, requested her dismissal. It was granted with that ostentatious gratitude for which the Russian grandees are so remarkable. Vaninka was thus left alone, with nothing to direct her but the blind affection of her father, whose only daughter she was, and who, in his rude admiration of her, regarded her as a compound of every human perfection.

Such was the state of the general's family, when he received a letter from one of the friends of his infancy, written from his death-bed. Exiled to his estates, in consequence of some disputes with Potemkin, Count Romayloff's prospects had been blasted; and, broken-hearted, he retired to a distance of four hundred leagues from St. Petersburg, — sorrowing less, perhaps, for his own exile and misfortunes than for their effect on the fortunes of his only son Fœdor. The count, feeling that he was going to leave his son alone in the world, recommended, in the name of their ancient friendship, the young man to the general; requesting that, by means of his favour with the emperor, he would obtain for him a lieutenancy in a regiment.

The general immediately answered that his friend's son would find in him a second father; but when the consoling message arrived, Romayloff was no more; and

it was Fœdor who received the letter and brought it back to the general. When he came to announce the loss he had sustained, and to claim the promised protection, whatever diligence he had made, the general had anticipated him; and Paul I., at his request, had granted the young man a sub-lieutenancy in the regiment Semenofskoi; so that Fœdor entered on his duties the very next day after his arrival.

Although the young man had only to pass, as it were, from the house of the general to the barracks situated in the quarter of the Litenoi, he remained there long enough to see Vaninka, and to carry away a profound remembrance of her; besides, Fœdor's heart being full of primitive and generous passions, his gratitude to his protector was profound, and extended to all his family; so that perhaps he exaggerated the beauty of the young lady, who was presented to him as his sister, and who, without regard for this title, received him with the coldness and pride of a queen. This apparition, however, cold and frozen as it was, had not the less left its traces on the young man's heart; and his arrival at St. Petersburg inspired him with feelings previously unknown to him.

As for Vaninka, she had hardly noticed Fœdor. What was a young sub-lieutenant, without fortune or prospects, to her? What she dreamed of was some princely union, which would make her one of the most powerful ladies of Russia; and unless he could realise some dream of the Arabian Nights, Fœdor could promise her nothing of the kind.

Some days after their first interview Fœdor returned to take leave of the general. His regiment made part of the contingent which Field Marshal Suvaroff was to take with him to Italy; and Fœdor was going to die on

the battle-field, or render himself worthy of the noble protector who had answered for his character.

This time, however, perhaps owing to his elegant uniform, which set off his handsome person, perhaps because the excitement attending this moment of departure had invested his image with something interesting and romantic, Vaninka, on her father's invitation, deigned to give Fœdor her hand.

This was more than Fœdor had dared to hope. Kneeling, therefore, on one knee, as if he had been before a queen, and taking Vaninka's between his own trembling hands, he hardly dared to touch it with his lips. Slight, however, as the kiss had been, Vaninka started, as if touched by burning iron; she felt a thrill over her whole body, and a deep blush rose to her cheek. She withdrew her hand so hastily that Fœdor, fearing lest this farewell salute, respectful as it was, had offended her, remained on his knees, clasped his hands, and looked upon her with such an expression of timid humility that Vaninka, forgetting her pride, reassured him by a smile. Fœdor rose with a heart full of inexpressible joy, without knowing whence it proceeded; but of this he was perfectly sure, — that, although on the point of quitting Vaninka, he had never in his life been so happy.

The young officer departed, his mind full of golden visions; for his horizon, either gloomy or bright, was worthy of envy; if it ended in a bloody grave, he thought he had seen in Vaninka's eyes that she would regret him. If it opened to glory, glory would bring him back in triumph to St. Petersburg; and glory is a queen who works miracles for those she favours.

The army to which the young officer belonged crossed Germany, descended into Italy by the mountains of Tyrol, and entered Verona on the 14th of April,

1799. Suvaroff immediately effected his junction with General Melas, and took the command of the two armies. Next day General Chasteler proposed to make a reconnaissance; but Suvaroff, looking at him with astonishment, answered: —

"I know no other way to reconnoitre the enemy than to march up to them and give them battle."

In fact, Suvaroff was accustomed to this expeditious strategy. It was thus that he vanquished the Turks at Folkschany and at Ismailoff; it was thus that he had conquered Poland after a few days' campaign, and taken Praga in less than four hours. Catherine, to express her gratitude, had sent to the victorious general a crown of oak, intermixed with precious stones of the value of six hundred thousand rubles; had sent to him a marshal's baton of gold and diamonds, had given him the power of choosing a regiment which should always bear his name; and lastly, on his return, had permitted him to go and take some repose on a magnificent estate which she had given him, as well as the eight thousand slaves who lived upon it.

What a splendid example for Fœdor! Suvaroff, son of a simple Russian officer, had been brought up in the school of cadets, and left it a sub-lieutenant like himself. Why, in the same age, might there not be two Suvaroffs?

Suvaroff arrived in Italy, preceded by an immense reputation. Religious, ardent, indefatigable, resolved, living with the simplicity of a Tartar, fighting with the vivacity of a Cossack, he was just the man necessary to continue the successes of General Melas over the soldiers of the republic, discouraged as they had been by the foolish hesitations of Scherer. Besides, the Austro-Russian army, a hundred thousand strong, was opposed to only twenty-nine or thirty thousand French.

Suvaroff began as usual, with a clap of thunder. On the 20th of April he presented himself before Brescia, which vainly attempted to resist. After a cannonade which hardly lasted half an hour, the gate of Prescheria was forced open with hatchets, and the Korsakoff division, of which Fœdor's regiment formed the advanced guard, charged into the city, pursuing the garrison, which, composed of only twelve hundred men, took refuge in the citadel. Pressed with an impetuosity which the French had not been in the habit of finding in their enemies, and seeing the ladders planted against the ramparts, the chief of brigade, Boucret, demanded a capitulation; but his position was too precarious for him to obtain any conditions from his savage conquerors. Boucret and his soldiers were made prisoners-of-war.

Of all men, Suvaroff was the one who best knew how to profit by a victory; hardly master of Brescia, the rapid occupation of which had given new discouragement to our army, he ordered General Kray to press vigorously the siege of Prescheria. General Kray, consequently, had established his headquarters at Valeggio, at an equal distance between Prescheria and Mantua, extending from the Po to the lake of Garda, on the banks of the Mencio, investing at the same time both cities.

During this time the commander-in-chief, advancing with the bulk of his army, passed the Oglio in two columns, — extending one, under the command of General Rosemberg, toward Bergamo, and pushing on the other, under Melas, as far as the Serio; while corps of seven or eight thousand men, commanded by the Generals Kaim and Hohenzollern, were directed on Plasencia and Cremona, occupying all the left bank of the Po; so that the Austro-Russian army advanced, deploying eighty thousand men, with a front of eighteen leagues.

At the sight of the forces who were advancing, and who were treble his own, Scherer, ordering a retreat throughout his whole line, had caused the bridges over the Adda to be destroyed, not hoping to be able to defend them, and had transported his headquarters to Milan, waiting in that city an answer to the letter he had addressed to the Directory, in which, tacitly acknowledging his incapacity, he sent in his resignation; but, as his successor delayed arriving, and as Suvaroff continued to advance, Scherer, shrinking more and more from the responsibility which pressed upon him, made over the command to one of his ablest generals; this general was Moreau, who was going once more to combat those same Russians, in whose ranks he was destined to die.

His unexpected nomination was proclaimed amidst the shouts of joy from the soldiers. He, who by his magnificent campaign on the Rhine had gained the name of the French Fabius, surveyed the whole line of his army, saluted by the successive acclamations of its different divisions, who shouted, "Long live Moreau! Long live the saviour of the army of Italy!"

But this enthusiasm, however great, did not blind Moreau to his perilous position. To prevent being outflanked, he was forced to present a parallel line to that of the Russian army; so that, in order to show a front to his enemy, he was obliged to extend it from the lake of Lecco to Pizzighitone; that is to say, over a line of twenty leagues. He might, indeed, retire toward Piedmont, concentrate his troops on Alexandria, and wait there the reinforcements the Directory promised to send him; but in these operations he would compromise the safety of the army of Naples, by abandoning it isolated to the enemy; he resolved, then, to defend the passage

of the Adda as long as possible, so as to give the division of Dessolles, which Massena was to send him, time to arrive to defend his left, while the division of Gauthier, to whom orders had been given to evacuate Tuscany, would arrive by forced marches to join his right. As for himself, he remained in the centre to defend personally the fortified bridge of Cassano; the head of which was covered by the Ritorto canal, which was occupied by the intrenched advanced posts, with a numerous artillery. Then, always as prudent as brave, he took measures to insure, in case of check, his retreat toward the Apennines and the coast of Genoa.

His dispositions were hardly terminated when the indefatigable Suvaroff entered Triveglio. At the same time with the arrival of the Russian commander-in-chief in this last town, Moreau learnt the reduction of Bergamo and its castle; and on the 23rd of April he perceived the heads of the columns of the allied army.

The same day the Russian general divided his troops into three strong columns, corresponding to the three principal points of the French line, but each comprising more than double the number of those they were to combat. The right column, led by General Wukassowich, advanced toward the lake of Lecco, where General Serrurier waited his coming; the left column, under the command of Melas, placed itself before the intrenchments of Cassano; and lastly, the Austrian divisions of Generals Topf and Ott, which formed the centre, concentrated themselves at Canonia, to be ready at the given moment to seize on Vaprio. The Austrian and Russian troops bivouacked within range of the cannon of the French advanced guard.

The same evening Fœdor, who with his regiment made part of Chasteler's division, wrote to General

Tchernayloff: "We are at last front to front with the French; a great battle must take place to-morrow morning; to-morrow night I shall be a lieutenant or dead."

Next day, which was the 26th of April, cannon were heard at break of day from the extremities of the lines. At the extreme left of our line, the Prince Bagration's grenadiers made the attack; at our extreme right, it was General Seckendorff, who, detached from the camp of Triveglio, marched upon Crema.

The two attacks took place with very different success. Bagration's grenadiers were repulsed with dreadful slaughter; while Seckendorff, on the contrary, drove the French out of Crema, and pushed on as far as the bridge of Lodi.

The predictions of Fœdor were not accomplished, his division was not in the affair, and his regiment remained motionless, waiting for orders which did not arrive.

During this night, Moreau, having learnt the advantages gained by Seckendorff on his extreme right, had sent orders to Serrurier to leave at Lecco, which was a post easy to defend, only the eighteenth light demi-brigade and a detachment of dragoons, and to fall back on the centre with the rest of his troops. Serrurier received the order about two in the morning and immediately executed it.

The Russians, on their side, had not lost time. Profiting by the darkness of the night, General Wukassowich had caused the bridge which had been destroyed by the French at Brevio to be rebuilt, whilst General Chasteler was constructing a new one two miles below the castle of Trezzo. These two bridges had been, the one repaired, and the other constructed, without the French advanced posts having the least suspicion. Surprised at four o'clock in the morning by the two Austrian

divisions, which, masked by the village of San Gervasio, had reached the right bank of the river without being perceived, the soldiers charged to defend the castle of Trezzo abandoned it and hastily retreated. The Austrians pursued them as far as Pozzo; but there the French halted suddenly and turned round on their pursuers; for General Serrurier and the soldiers he had brought from Lecco had arrived there, and hearing behind him the cannonade, he had stopped an instant, and, obeying the first law of war, had marched toward the noise and smoke. It was he, then, who rallied the garrison of Trezzo, and who resumed the offensive, sending one of his aids to Moreau to inform him of the manœuvre he had thought it proper to make.

The battle then raged between the French and Austrian troops with incredible fury. The old soldiers of Bonaparte had acquired, in their first Italian campaigns, a custom which they could not renounce; it was to beat the subjects of his Imperial Majesty wherever they met them. Nevertheless, the superiority of numbers was such that the French began to give way, when loud shouts, heard from the rear, announced a reinforcement; this was General Grenier, who, sent by Moreau, arrived with his division at the moment when his presence was most necessary.

One part of this new division reinforced the French columns, doubling the masses in the centre, while the other extended itself on the left, to surround the hostile generals; again the drum was beat over all the line, and the grenadiers began to reconquer this battle-field, already twice taken and retaken. But at this moment a reinforcement arrived to the Austrians; this was the Marquis of Chasteler and his division. The advantage of numbers was again on the enemy's side. Grenier immedi-

ately threw back his wing to reinforce his centre; and Serrurier, making good his retreat, fell back on Pozzo, where he awaited the enemy.

It was on this point that the fury of the battle concentrated itself. Three times was the village of Pozzo taken and retaken, until at last, attacked a fourth time by forces double theirs, the French were obliged to evacuate it. In this last attack an Austrian colonel was mortally wounded; but, on the other side, General Beker, who commanded the rearguard, refusing to beat a retreat with his soldiers, was surrounded with a few men, and after seeing them fall one after another round him, was forced to yield his sword to a young Russian officer, of the regiment of Semenofskoi, who gave his prisoner to the soldiers who followed him, and returned immediately to the combat.

The two French generals had taken for their rallying-point the village of Vaprio; but in the first moment of disorder into which the evacuation of Pozzo had thrown our troops, so terrible a charge had been made by the Austrian cavalry that Serrurier was separated from his colleague, and forced to retire with two thousand five hundred men on Verderio; while Grenier alone reached the appointed spot and halted at Vaprio, to make head anew against the enemy.

Meanwhile a terrible combat was raging in the centre. Melas with eighteen or twenty thousand men had attacked the fortified posts, which were situated, as we have said, at the head of the bridge of Cassano and of the Ritorto canal. At seven in the morning, Melas, leading in person three battalions of Austrian grenadiers, attacked the advanced works there, and for two hours a dreadful carnage ensued. Repulsed three times, and leaving more than fifteen hundred men under the fortifi-

cations, the Austrians had thrice returned to the charge, each time reinforced by fresh troops, and always led on and encouraged by Melas, who had his former defeats to avenge. At last, attacked a fourth time, their intrenchments carried, disputing the ground foot by foot, the French retreated behind their second barrier, which defended the entrance of the bridge itself, where Moreau commanded in person. There, for two hours more, they fought man to man, whilst a devastating artillery sent death around.

Finally the Austrians rallied a last time, advanced at the point of the bayonet, and, for want of ladders or breach, piled against the walls the bodies of their dead comrades, and succeeded in scaling the parapet. There was not an instant to lose; Moreau ordered a retreat, and whilst the French recrossed the Adda, he protected, in person, their passage with a single battalion of grenadiers, of which at the end of half an hour, there did not survive more than a hundred and twenty men. Three of his aids were killed at his side. But the retreat was effected without disorder; he then retired also, always fronting the enemy, who arrived at the bridge as he reached the other bank. The Austrians rushed forward in pursuit; but suddenly a dreadful noise was heard, louder than that of the artillery. The second arch of the bridge was blown up with all who were upon it; each party recoiled to his own side, while, in the vacant space, the remains of men, and broken fragments, fell like a shower of rain.

But at the moment when Moreau had put a momentary obstacle between him and Melas, General Grenier's corps, which had been forced to evacuate Vaprio, and had fled, pursued by the Austro-Russian army of Topf, Ott, and Chasteler, arrived in confusion. Moreau ordered

a change of front, and showing face to the new enemy, who fell upon him the moment he least expected them, he succeeded in rallying Grenier's troops, and in re-establishing the battle. But in the mean time Melas repaired the bridge, and in his turn passed the river. Moreau found himself thus attacked in front and on his two flanks by forces treble his own. All the officers who surrounded him besought him to take care of his retreat; for on the safety of his person France depended for the preservation of Italy. Moreau resisted long, for he understood the terrible consequences of the battle he had lost, and which he did not wish to survive, although it was impossible for him to regain it; but a chosen band surrounded him, and, forming a square, retreated, whilst the rest of the troops devoted themselves to death, in order to cover the retreat of him whose genius was regarded as the sole hope of the army.

The battle lasted nearly three hours more, during which the rearguard performed prodigies of valour. At last, Melas, seeing that his enemy had escaped him, and feeling that his troops, fatigued by so obstinate a struggle, had need of repose, ordered the combat to cease, and halted on the left bank of the Adda, encamping in the villages of Imago, Gorgonzola, and Cassano, — thus remaining master of the field of battle, on which the French left two thousand five hundred dead, a hundred pieces of cannon, and twenty howitzers.

In the evening, Suvaroff having invited General Beker to sup with him, asked him who it was that made him prisoner. Beker answered that it was a young officer of the regiment which had first entered Pozzo. Suvaroff immediately made inquiries what regiment this was; he was told it was that of Semenofskoi; the commander-in-chief ordered inquiries to be made for the

name of this young man. An instant afterwards, sub-lieutenant Fœdor Romayloff was announced. He came to give Suvaroff General Beker's sword. Suvaroff kept him to supper along with his prisoner.

The next day Fœdor wrote to his protector: "I have kept my word. I am a lieutenant, and Field-Marshal Suvaroff has asked for me, of his Majesty the emperor, the order of Saint Vladimir."

On the 28th of April Suvaroff entered Milan, which Moreau had abandoned, to retire behind Tesino, and ordered the walls of that capital to be placarded with the following proclamation, which admirably paints the spirit of the Muscovite hero: —

"The victorious army of the Apostolical and Roman Emperor is here! It fights only for the re-establishment of the holy religion, the clergy, the nobility, and the ancient government of Italy.

"People, join with us, for God and for the faith; for we have arrived with an army at Milan and Plasencia to succour you."

The dearly bought victories of Trebia and Novi succeeded that of Cassano, and left Suvaroff so weakened that he could not profit by his advantages. Besides, at the moment when the Russian general was going to resume his march, a new plan arrived, sent by the Aulic Council of Vienna. The allied powers had agreed on the invasion of France, and, allotting to each general the route he was to follow, had decided that Suvaroff should enter France by Switzerland, and that the archduke should yield him his positions and descend on the Lower Rhine. The troops with which Suvaroff, leaving Moreau and Macdonald before the Austrians, was henceforth to operate against Massena, were thirty thousand Russians whom he had with him under arms; thirty

thousand more, detached from the army of reserve which Count Tolstoy commanded in Galicia, which were to be led into Switzerland by General Korsakoff; from twenty-five to thirty thousand Austrians, commanded by General Hotze; and, lastly, five or six thousand French emigrants, under the Prince de Condé, — in all, ninety to ninety-five thousand men.

Fœdor had been wounded in entering Novi; but Suvaroff had covered his wound with a second cross, and the rank of captain had hastened his convalescence, so that the young officer, more happy than proud of the new military grade he had achieved, was in a condition to follow the army, when, on the 18th of September, it commenced its movement toward Salvedra, and began to penetrate into the valley of Tesino.

All had gone well as yet; and while they remained in the rich and beautiful plains of Italy, Suvaroff had every reason to be pleased with the courage and devotion of his soldiers. But when, to the fertile fields of Lombardy, watered by beautiful rivers with soft names, succeeded the rough paths of the Levantine; and when, covered with eternal snows, the lofty summits of Saint Gothard rose before them, — then their enthusiasm abated, their energy disappeared, and gloomy forebodings filled the hearts of those rude children of the North. Unexpected murmurs rose over the whole line, and suddenly the advanced guard halted, declaring it would not advance further. In vain Fœdor, who commanded a company, entreated and supplicated his soldiers to leave their comrades, and set the example by marching first; Fœdor's soldiers grounded their arms and lay down beside them. At the moment they gave this proof of their insubordination, new murmurs were heard from the rear of the army, approaching like a tempest; it was Suva-

roff, who was passing from the rear to the advanced guard, and who arrived, attended by this terrible proof of mutiny, which rose from the whole line as he passed along. When he reached the head of the column, these murmurs became imprecations.

Suvaroff addressed his soldiers with that rude eloquence to which he owed the miracles he had effected with them. But the shouts of "Retreat! retreat!" drowned his voice. He picked out the most mutinous, and had them beaten till they sunk under this degrading punishment. But chastisement had no more influence than exhortation, and the cries continued. Suvaroff saw that all was lost if he did not employ some powerful and unexpected remedy. He advanced toward Fœdor.

"Captain," said he, "leave those fellows; take eight subalterns and dig a grave."

Fœdor, astonished, gazed at his general, as if to ask an explanation of this strange order.

"Do what I command," said Suvaroff. Fœdor obeyed, the eight subalterns set to work, and ten minutes afterward the grave was dug, to the great astonishment of the whole army, who were drawn up in a semicircle on the slope of the two hills, which bounded the road, as if upon the steps of a vast amphitheatre.

Then Suvaroff dismounted from his horse, drew his sabre, and threw it into the grave; he took off one after the other his epaulets, and threw them after his sabre; then he tore off the decorations which covered his breast; and at last, stripping himself naked, he lay down in it, crying in a loud voice, —

"Cover me with earth! leave your general here! You are no longer my children! I am no longer your father! It only remains for me to die!"

These strange words were pronounced in a voice so pow-

erful that they were heard by the whole army. The Russian grenadiers threw themselves weeping into the grave, and, lifting up their general in their arms, begged his forgiveness, and besought him to lead them to the enemy.

"Now," cried Suvaroff, "I know my children again. To the enemy! to the enemy!"

Deafening shouts answered this speech. Suvaroff dressed himself again; and while he was doing so, the most mutinous, crawling in the dust, came to kiss his feet. When his epaulets were rebuttoned to his shoulders, and his brilliant crosses once more fastened to his breast, he remounted his horse, followed by the army, the soldiers swearing, with one voice, to die to the last man rather than abandon their father.

The same day, Suvaroff attacked Aerola. But the evil days were come, and the conqueror of Cassano, of Trebia, and of Novi, had left his good fortune in the plains of Italy. For twelve hours, six hundred French arrested three thousand Russian grenadiers under the walls of the town, so that night arrived and still Suvaroff was unable to drive them out. Next day, he made all his troops surround the handful of heroes; but the sky became overcast, and the wind began to blow a cold rain in the faces of the Russians. The French profited by this circumstance to retreat, evacuating the valley of Ursuren, passing the Reuss, and placed themselves in battle-array on the heights of Fourca and Grimsel. But a part of the object of the Russian army was attained, — Saint Gothard was theirs. It was true that immediately on their leaving it behind, the French would retake it and cut off their retreat. But what was that to Suvaroff? Was he not always accustomed to march forward? He marched on, then, without disquieting himself about

what he left behind him, and at last found Lecombe guarding with fifteen hundred men the defiles of the Pont-au-Diable.

There the struggle recommenced; for three days fifteen hundred French stopped the progress of thirty thousand Russians. Suvaroff raged like a lion caught in a net; he could not comprehend this change of fortune. At last, on the fourth day, he learnt that General Korsakoff, who had preceded him, and whom he was to join, had been defeated by Molitor, and that Massena had retaken Zurich, and occupied the canton of Glaris. He then gave up his route by the valley of Reuss, and wrote to Korsakoff and Jallachieh: "I hasten to repair your faults; be firm as rocks; you shall answer to me with your heads for every step you make to the rear." The aide-de-camp, besides, was charged to communicate to the Russian and Austrian generals a verbal plan of battle: Generals Linsken and Jallachieh were ordered to attack the French troops separately, and to effect their junction in the valley of Glaris, into which Suvaroff himself was to descend by the Klon-Thal, to shut up Molitor between two walls of steel.

Suvaroff was so sure that this plan would succeed that, on his arrival at the banks of the lake of Klon-Thal, he sent a summons to Molitor to surrender, seeing that, as he said, he was surrounded on all sides. Molitor answered that the meeting appointed by Suvaroff with his generals had failed, as he had beaten them one after the other, and driven them into the Grisons; but that, on the contrary, as Massena was advancing by Muotta, it was he, Suvaroff, who was between two fires; consequently, Molitor summoned him to lay down his arms.

When he heard this strange answer, Suvaroff thought he was in a dream; but, recovering himself, and compre-

hending the danger of remaining in the defiles in which he then was, he precipitated himself on General Molitor, who received him at the point of the bayonet; and then, closing up the defiles, with twelve hundred men he confined eighteen thousand Russians. At last, night coming on, Molitor evacuated the Klon-Thal, and retired on the Linth to defend the bridges of Nœfels and Mollis. The old marshal rushed like a torrent on Glaris and Mitlodi, and there he learnt that Molitor had told him the truth, — that Jallachieh and Linsken had been beaten and dispersed; that Massena was advancing on Schwitz, and that General Rosemberg, to whom he had confided the defence of the bridge of Muotta, had been forced to fall back; so that he was really in the same position in which he believed he had placed Molitor.

There was no time to lose in beating a retreat. Suvaroff threw himself into the defiles of Engi, of Schwauden, and of Elm, so hastening his march that he abandoned his wounded and a part of his artillery. The French immediately rushed in pursuit, amidst mountains and precipices. Whole armies were seen passing where chamois-hunters were obliged to take their shoes from their feet.

At last, Suvaroff succeeded in rallying his troops in the environs of Lindau, and recalled Korsakoff, who still occupied the post of Bregenz; but all his troops united did not amount to more than thirty thousand men. These were the remains of the eighty thousand that Paul I. had furnished as his contingent in the coalition. In fifteen days three divisions of the army, each of which were more numerous than the whole army of Massena, had been beaten by that army. Suvaroff, furious at having been beaten by these republicans whose extermination he had announced, threw upon the Austrians the blame of his defeat, and declared that he would wait,

before undertaking anything for the coalition, the orders of the emperor, whom he had made aware of the treachery of his allies.

The emperor's answer was that he was to take, with his soldiers, the road to Russia, and himself to return as quickly as possible to St. Petersburg, where a triumphal entry awaited him. The same ukase bore that Suvaroff should be lodged for the rest of his life in the imperial palace, and that also a monument should be raised to him in one of the public places of St. Petersburg.

Fœdor was now to see Vaninka once more. Wherever there had been danger to be encountered, in the plains of Italy, in the defiles of Tesino, on the glaciers of Mount Pragel, he had been among the foremost; and, among the names mentioned as worthy of recompense, his was always found. He returned, then, as he had promised, worthy of the friendship of his noble protector, and, who knows, perhaps of the love of Vaninka. Besides, the marshal had conceived a regard for him, and nobody could know to what the friendship of Suvaroff might lead, whom Paul I. honoured like one of the ancient warriors.

But nobody could depend on Paul I., whose character was a compound of extreme impulses. Without having done anything to offend his master, without knowing whence the disgrace came, Suvaroff received, on arriving at Riga, a letter from court, signifying to him, in the name of the emperor, that, since he had tolerated among his soldiers an infraction of a law of discipline, the emperor deprived him of all the honours with which he had invested him, and forbade him to appear before him.

This was a thunderbolt to the old warrior, already nearly heart-broken by the reverses he had experienced. He assembled all his officers in the market-place of Riga, and took a sorrowful farewell of them, like a father quit-

ting his family. Throwing himself into a sledge, and travelling day and night, he arrived incognito in the capital, which he was to have entered in triumph, retired to the house of one of his nieces, in a distant quarter, where, a fortnight afterward, he died of a broken heart.

Fœdor had, on his part, travelled nearly as rapidly as his general, and, like him, entered St. Petersburg without having announced his approach. As he had no relative in the capital, and, besides, as his whole existence was concentrated in one person, he drove straight to the general's house. He leaped from the carriage, flew into the courtyard, bounded up the steps, opened the door of the antechamber, and, coming unexpectedly into the midst of the servants and inferior officers of the household, who uttered a cry of surprise on perceiving who it was, asked where the general was. They answered by pointing to the door of the dining-room; he was there at breakfast with his daughter.

By a strange reaction, Fœdor felt his limbs fail him, and leaned against the wall to support himself. At the moment when he was to see Vaninka again, that life of his life, for whom alone he had done so much, he trembled lest he should not find her as he had quitted her. But the door of the room opened, and Vaninka appeared. Perceiving the young man, she uttered a cry, and, turning back toward the general, —

"Father! it is Fœdor!" said she, with an expression which left no doubt of the sentiment which inspired it.

"Fœdor!" cried the general, rushing out and extending his arms.

Foedor did not know whether to throw himself at the feet of Vaninka or on the bosom of her father; but, feeling that the first moment ought to be devoted to respect and gratitude, he threw himself into the general's

arms. To do otherwise was to avow his love; and had he the right to avow it without knowing if it was returned?

Fœdor then turned, and, as at parting, bent his knee before Vaninka; but a moment had sufficed for the haughty young maiden to calm the feelings she had experienced; the crimson blush that had passed over her face had disappeared, and she had become again cold and haughty like an alabaster statue. Fœdor kissed her hand; it was trembling and cold; Fœdor's heart failed, and the faintness of death came over him.

"Well, Vaninka," said the general, "why are you so cold to a friend who has given us so much terror and so much joy? Come, Fœdor, embrace my daughter."

Fœdor looked beseechingly, but remained motionless, waiting for another permission to confirm that of the general.

"Did you not hear my father?" said Vaninka, smiling, but unable to control the emotion which made her voice tremble.

Fœdor approached his lips to the cheek of Vaninka, and, as he held her hand, it appeared to him as if, by a nervous and involuntary movement, that hand had lightly pressed his own. A feeble cry of joy was nearly escaping his lips, when, casting his eyes upon Vaninka, he was in his turn frightened by her paleness; her lips were blanched like those of a corpse.

The general made Fœdor sit down at table. Vaninka resumed her place; and as by chance the light was behind her, the general, who had no suspicion, remarked nothing.

Breakfast, as may be imagined, passed in relating and hearing the details of the strange campaign, which had commenced under the burning sun of Italy, and had ended among the glaciers of Switzerland. As there are

no journals at St. Petersburg which say anything more than the emperor allows them, they had been apprised of the successes of Suvaroff, but had remained ignorant of his reverses. Fœdor related the former with modesty, and the latter with frankness.

We may imagine the immense interest the general took in Fœdor's narrative. His captain's epaulets, his breast covered with decorations, proved that the young man was modestly forgetting himself in the recital he had made; but the general, too generous to fear partaking the disgrace of Suvaroff, had already made a visit to the dying field-marshal, and had learned from him with what courage his young protégé had conducted himself.

Fœdor's narration being finished, it was the general's turn to enumerate all the good he had heard of Fœdor, in a campaign of less than a year; he added that the next day he would go and ask the emperor's permission to take the young captain as his aide-de-camp. Fœdor, at these words, wished to throw himself at the general's knees; but the general again received him in his arms, and, to give him a proof of his certainty of success, showed him, the same day, the apartment he was to occupy in the house.

Next day the general returned from the palace of St. Michael, announcing the joyful news that his request had been granted.

Fœdor was at the height of happiness; from this time he was to make part of the general's family, — to live under the same roof with Vaninka, to see her every hour, to meet her every instant, to be twice a day with her at the same table. This was more than Fœdor had ever dared to hope; he felt for a time that he had attained the fulness of bliss.

For her part, Vaninka, proud as she was, had con-

ceived a lively interest for Fœdor. He had departed leaving her the certainty that he loved her, and during his absence her female pride was gratified by the glory the young officer had acquired in the hope of removing the distance which separated him from her; so that when she had seen him return, with the distance between them thus lessened, she had felt by the beating of her heart that her satisfied pride was changing into a more tender feeling. Still, however, she concealed these sentiments under the appearance of haughty indifference.

Things remained in this state for some months; and this condition, which had first appeared to Fœdor the height of happiness, soon became an intolerable torture. To love, and to feel his heart always on the point of avowing his love; to be morning and evening in her company, to sit by her side at table, to touch her robe in a narrow corridor, to feel her leaning on his arm in entering a salon or leaving a ball-room, and to be constantly obliged to constrain every word, look, or movement which might betray the emotions of his heart, was a trial too much for human strength. Vaninka saw well that Fœdor would not long have the resolution to keep his secret, and she determined to be beforehand with him in an avowal which she saw was every moment on the point of escaping from his heart.

One day when they were alone, and when she saw the vain efforts which the young man made to hide his feelings from her, she went straight up to him, and, looking at him tenderly, said: —

"You love me, Fœdor?"

"Pardon! pardon!" cried the young man, clasping his hands.

"Why do you ask my pardon, Fœdor, — is not your love pure?"

"Oh! yes! yes! my love is pure, — the more so as it is hopeless."

"And why hopeless?" said Vaninka; "does not my father love you as a son?"

"Oh! do you tell me so?" cried Fœdor. "If your father would grant me your hand, would you then consent?"

"Are you not noble in heart and birth, Fœdor? You have no fortune, it is true, but I am rich enough for both."

"Am I, then, not indifferent to you?"

"At least, I prefer you to any one I have seen."

"Vaninka!" The young lady made a movement of pride. "Forgive me," said Fœdor. "What was I doing? Command me; I have no will but yours; I fear to offend you, — guide me, I will obey."

"What you have to do, Fœdor, is to demand the consent of my father."

"What! you authorise me to do so?"

"Yes, but on one condition."

"What is it? Speak! oh, speak!"

"It is, that my father, whatever his answer may be, shall never learn that you present yourself before him with my authority; that nobody shall know that you follow instructions I have given you; that the whole world shall remain ignorant of the confession I have made you; and lastly, that you will not ask me, whatever happens, to second you, otherwise than by my wishes."

"Whatever you please," cried Fœdor. "Oh, yes, I will do whatever you wish! Have you not given me a thousand times more than I dared hope? And should your father refuse me, — well, do I not know that you will share my grief?"

"Yes, but it will not be so, I hope," said Vaninka, holding out her hand to the young officer, which he kissed ardently. "Come, then, have hope and courage."

And so Vaninka departed, leaving, woman though she was, the young officer a hundred times more trembling and agitated than herself.

The same day Fœdor requested an interview with the general.

The general received his aide-de-camp, as he was accustomed to do, with an open and smiling countenance; but at the first words that Fœdor pronounced, his brow darkened. Nevertheless, at the picture of his love, so true, so constant, and so impassioned, which the young man felt for his daughter, the general, much moved, held out his hand to him, and told him that, during his absence, ignorant of the love he had carried away with him, and of which he had seen no sign in Vaninka, he had, at the emperor's desire, pledged his word to the son of the privy councillor. The only thing the general had asked was, not to be separated from his daughter until she had attained the age of eighteen. Vaninka, therefore, still had more than five months to remain under the paternal roof.

In Russia the emperor's desire is an order, and the moment it is expressed, nobody dreams of opposing it. But this refusal had imprinted such despair on the face of the young man that the general, touched by this silent and resigned sorrow, held out his arms to him. Fœdor, sobbing, threw himself into them. The general then questioned him about his daughter; but Fœdor answered, as he had promised, that the proposal came from him alone, without Vaninka's knowledge. This assurance made the general a little calmer; it relieved him of the dread of causing the misery of both.

At the dinner-hour Vaninka came down and found her father alone. Fœdor had not had the courage, at the moment he had just lost all hope, to meet the general and his daughter; he had taken a sledge and driven to the environs of the city. During the dinner, the general and his daughter hardly exchanged a word; but however expressive this silence was, Vaninka commanded her countenance with her habitual power, and the general alone appeared sad and dejected.

In the evening, as she was going down, tea was brought up to her room, with a message that the general, feeling himself fatigued, had retired to his apartment. Vaninka asked some questions about his indisposition; and having learned that it was not of consequence, she desired the servant who brought the message to convey to her father the expression of her respect, and to say that she put herself under his orders, if he had need of anything. The general sent word that he thanked her, but had needed nothing but a little repose. Vaninka said she also was going to retire to rest, and the servant retired. Hardly was he gone when Vaninka gave orders to Annouschka, her foster-sister, who acted as her attendant, to watch Fœdor's return, and to come and let her know as soon as he came home.

At eleven o'clock at night Fœdor returned, and immediately went up to his room, where he threw himself on a sofa, oppressed by the weight of his own thoughts. In a few minutes, he heard a knock at the door. He got up surprised, and opened it. It was Annouschka, who came to tell him from her mistress that she wished to see him for a moment. However astonished he was by this message, which he was far from expecting, Fœdor obeyed.

He found Vaninka seated, and dressed in a white

robe; and, as she was paler than usual, Fœdor stopped at the door, for it appeared to him he saw a marble statue.

"Come in," said Vaninka, in a voice in which it was impossible to discover the least emotion.

Fœdor approached; Annouschka closed the door behind him.

"Well!" said Vaninka, "how did my father answer you?"

Fœdor related all that had passed; the young maiden heard the recital with an unmoved countenance; her lips only became pale as the robe she wore. As to Fœdor, he was, on the contrary, consumed by fever, and appeared almost out of his senses.

"Well, what is your intention?" said Vaninka, in the same cold tone.

"You ask me, what is my intention, Vaninka! What do you wish me to do? What remains for me to do, unless it is, in order not to requite the kindness of my protector by some infamous baseness, to fly from St. Petersburg, and meet my death in the first corner of Russia where war breaks out?"

"You are a fool!" said Vaninka, with a smile, in which a singular mixture of triumph and contempt was observable; for, from this moment, she felt her superiority over Fœdor, and saw that she could govern him like a queen for the rest of his life.

"Then," cried the young officer, "guide me, command me; am not I your slave?"

"You must remain," said Vaninka.

"Remain!"

"Yes, it is womanly or childish to confess one's self vanquished the first blow; a man — if he really deserves the name — a man will strive."

"Strive! and against whom? — against your father? Never!"

"Who speaks of striving against my father? It is against events we must strive, for the generality of men do not govern events, but, on the contrary, are hurried away by them. Have the air before my father of contending with your love, that he may believe you have overcome it. As I am supposed to be ignorant of your proposal, I shall not be suspected. I will ask two years, and shall obtain them. Who knows what may happen in two years? The emperor may die; he for whom I am destined may die; my father himself — and may God protect him — my father himself may die!"

"But if they insist?"

"If they insist!" interrupted Vaninka, a vivid blush mantling to her cheeks, and disappearing immediately; "and who then would insist on anything with me? My father loves me too much for that; the emperor has disquiet enough in his own family, — besides, there will always remain a last resource when all others fail; the Neva is at hand, and its waters are deep."

Fœdor uttered a cry; for, in the knit brows and compressed lips of the young maiden, there was such an expression of resolution that he saw she might be broken, but never bent.

However, Fœdor's heart was too much in harmony with Vaninka's sentiments to seek for new objections. Besides, had he had the courage to do so, Vaninka's promise to indemnify him in secret for the dissimulation he was obliged to practise in public, would have vanquished his last scruples. Vaninka, moreover, by her firm character, strengthened by her education, had an unbounded influence on all that surrounded her. Fœdor submitted like a child to all she desired, and the young

girl's love was increased by the feeling of gratified pride.

It was some days after this nocturnal decision, resolved on in Vaninka's chamber, that Gregory underwent the punishment already described, for some trifling fault, on a complaint made by Vaninka to her father.

Fœdor, who, in his capacity of aide-de-camp, had the duty of presiding at the punishment of Gregory, had paid no attention to the threatening language which the slave had uttered on retiring. The coachman, Ivan, who, after being executioner, had become surgeon, had made the usual application of salt and water to the patient's shoulders. Gregory remained in the infirmary three days, during which he had turned in his mind every possible means of vengeance; then, as at the expiration of three days he was cured, he had resumed his service, and every one except himself soon forgot what had passed. Had Gregory been a true Russian, he also would have soon forgotten this punishment, too familiar to the rude children of Muscovy for them to regard it with a long and rancorous remembrance. But Gregory had Greek blood in his veins; he dissembled and remembered.

Although Gregory was a slave, the functions he fulfilled for the general had gradually led to a greater familiarity than the other servants enjoyed; besides, in every country of the world, the barbers are privileged by those they shave. Gregory, then, enjoyed the immunities of his profession, and it almost always happened that the barber's daily operation on the general's chin gave rise to a conversation in which he bore the chief part.

One day, when the general was going to a review, he had called Gregory before daybreak; and, as he was

passing, as softly as possible, the razor over his cheek, the conversation fell, or more likely was led, on Fœdor, on whom the barber bestowed the greatest praise. This naturally led his master, who remembered the correction which he had made the young aide-de-camp administer to him, ask, if he could not find in this model of perfection some slight fault, which might counterbalance so many good qualities.

Gregory answered, that, with the exception of pride, he believed Fœdor irreproachable.

"Pride?" asked the general, astonished; "that is the vice from which I believed him most exempt."

"I should have said ambition," replied Gregory.

"How, ambition?" continued the general; "but it appears to me that he has not given any proof of his ambition in entering my service; for after the manner he conducted himself in the last campaign, he might easily have aspired to the honour of making part of the emperor's household."

"Oh! there is more than one kind of ambition," said Gregory, smiling: "some have ambition for high station, others for illustrious alliances; some wish to do everything for themselves, others hope to make a footstool of their wives; and then they raise their eyes higher than they ought to do."

"What do you mean?" cried the general, beginning to see what Gregory was aiming at.

"I mean, your Excellency," said Gregory, "that there are many people whom the kindness shown them encourages to forget their position, — to aspire to a station more elevated, although they are already placed high enough to turn their heads."

"Gregory!" cried the general, "you are getting, believe me, into a bad scrape; for it is an accusation

you make, and if I receive it as such, you will have to prove what you advance."

"By Saint Basilius! general, the scrape is not so bad when we have truth on our side; besides, I have said nothing that I am not ready to prove."

"So!" cried the general, "you persist in asserting that Fœdor loves my daughter?"

"Ah!" said Gregory, with the duplicity of his nation, "it is not I who say so; it is your Excellency. I did not name the Lady Vaninka."

"But that is what you meant, is it not? Come, contrary to your custom, answer frankly."

"It is true, your Excellency, it is what I meant."

"And, according to you, my daughter returns his love?"

"I fear it, for her sake and yours, your Excellency."

"And what makes you think so? Speak."

"First, Mr. Fœdor never lets an occasion pass to speak with the Lady Vaninka."

"He is in the same house with her; would you have him avoid her?"

"When the Lady Vaninka comes home late, and if, by chance, Mr. Fœdor has not accompanied you, whatever hour it may be, Mr. Fœdor is there to give her his arm to conduct her from the carriage."

"Fœdor waits for me, and it is his duty," said the general, beginning to believe that the suspicions of the slave were founded on light appearances; "he waits for me, because, at any hour of the day or night, when I return, I may have orders to give him."

"There does not a day pass but Mr. Fœdor goes into Lady Vaninka's room, although such a favour is not usually granted to a young man in a house like that of your Excellency."

"Mostly it is I who send him," said the general.

"Yes, in the day," answered Gregory; "but — the night?"

"The night!" cried the general, starting up, and turning so pale that he was forced to lean on a table for support.

"Yes, the night, your Excellency," answered Gregory, quietly; "and since I have got, as you say, into a bad affair, I must go on with it; besides, I ought to suffer a worse punishment than what I received, if I suffered so good a master to be longer deceived."

"Pay attention to what I am going to say, slave; for I know your nation; and take care, if the accusation you make from revenge does not rest on visible proofs, palpable and positive, you shall be punished like an infamous calumniator."

"I agree to it," answered Gregory.

"And you say you have seen Fœdor enter my daughter's chamber by night?"

"I do not say that I have seen him enter it, your Excellency; I say that I have seen him come out of it."

"And when?"

"About a quarter of an hour ago, on my way to your Excellency."

"You lie!" said the general, raising his fist.

"That is not our agreement, your Excellency," replied the slave, drawing back, "I am not to be punished, unless I fail in my proofs."

"But your proofs, what are they?"

"I have told you."

"And you expect me to believe your word?"

"No! but I expect you to believe your eyes."

"And how?"

"The first time Mr. Fœdor is in your daughter's

room after midnight, I will come and seek your Excellency, and then you can judge for yourself if I lie; but at present, your Excellency, all the conditions of the service that I am to render you are to my disadvantage."

"How?"

"Why, if I cannot give proofs, I am to be treated as an infamous calumniator, — so far well; but if I give them, what advantage shall I gain?"

"A thousand rubles, and your freedom."

"It is a bargain, your Excellency," answered Gregory, calmly replacing the razors in the general's toilet-table as he spoke; "and I trust that within one week you will do me more justice than you do me now."

So saying, he left the room, leaving the general under the conviction that he was threatened by some terrible misfortune.

Our readers will readily believe that from this moment the general listened to every word, and watched every gesture, which passed between Vaninka and Fœdor; but neither from the aide-de-camp, nor from his daughter, could anything be discovered tending to confirm his suspicions; on the contrary, Vaninka seemed to be colder and more reserved than ever.

In this manner the week passed. About two o'clock in the morning of the ninth day, the general was awoke by some one knocking at his door; it was Gregory.

"If your Excellency will go to your daughter's room," said he, "Mr. Fœdor will be found with her."

The general turned pale, dressed himself without speaking a word, followed the slave as far as Vaninka's door, and dismissed him with a motion of his hand. Instead of retiring, however, in obedience to his master's mute command, he hid himself in a corner of the corridor.

As soon as the general thought himself alone, he knocked once at the door, but all remained silent; this silence, however, indicated nothing, for Vaninka might be asleep. He knocked again, and the calm voice of the young girl was heard inquiring, —

"Who is there?"

"It is I," said the general, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Annouschka," said the girl, speaking to her foster-sister, who slept in the adjoining room, "open the door to my father. Forgive me," she added; "but Annouschka is dressing, and will admit you immediately."

The general waited patiently; for he could discover no trace of emotion in his daughter's voice, and he trusted that Gregory was mistaken.

In a few moments the door was opened, and the general, casting a long and eager look around him, entered the room; there was no person in the first apartment.

Vaninka lay, paler perhaps than usual, but perfectly calm, and having the filial smile upon her lips with which she always received her father.

"To what fortunate circumstance," inquired the young girl, in her softest tones, "am I indebted for the pleasure of seeing you at so late an hour of the night?"

"I wish to speak to you upon a matter of importance," said the general, "and whatever the time, I believed that you would forgive me for disturbing you."

"My father will be always welcome in his daughter's room, at whatever hour of the day or night he thinks proper to be admitted."

The general cast another searching look around him, and was convinced of the impossibility of a man's being concealed in the first room; but the second still remained.

"I listen to you," said Vaninka, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, but we are not alone," replied the general; "and it is of importance that no other ears but yours should hear that which I have to say."

"Annouschka is, as you know, my foster-sister," said Vaninka.

"No matter," replied the general; and, taking a light in his hand, he passed into the next room, which was considerably smaller than his daughter's.

"Annouschka," said he, "wait in the passage, and see that no one overhears us."

While saying these words, the general's eyes were wandering eagerly round the room; but so far, all was well, the young girl being the sole tenant of the room. Annouschka obeyed, and the general, after casting a last look around him, re-entered his daughter's room, and seated himself upon the foot of her bed; as to Annouschka, upon a sign which her mistress made to her, she left her alone with her father. The general held out his hand to Vaninka, which she took without hesitation.

"My child," said the general, "I have something of importance to say to you."

"What is it, my father?" inquired Vaninka.

"You are now almost eighteen," continued the general, "at which age the daughters of the Russian nobility are usually married." The general paused a moment, to watch what effect these words would have upon Vaninka; but her hand remained motionless in his. "Your hand has been engaged for the last twelve months," he added.

"May I know to whom?" inquired Vaninka, coldly.

"To the son of ——," replied the general. "What is your opinion of him?"

"He is a noble and worthy young man, as I am informed," said Vaninka; "but I can form no other opinion than from what others have told me. Has he not been in garrison at Moscow the last three months?"

"Yes," said the general; "but in three more he will return."

Vaninka remained silent.

"Have you no answer to make me?" inquired the general.

"No, my father, but I have a boon to beg of you."

"What is it?"

"That I am not asked in marriage until I shall have attained the age of twenty."

"And why?"

"I have taken a vow to that effect."

"But if circumstances demanded that this vow should be broken, and rendered the immediate celebration of the marriage imperatively necessary?"

"What circumstances do you speak of?" inquired Vaninka.

"Fœdor loves you," said the general, gazing earnestly at her.

"I know it," answered the young girl, with as much tranquillity as if the question had not concerned her.

"You know it?" cried the general.

"Yes; he told me so."

"And when?"

"Last night."

"And you answered him — "

"That he must immediately leave this place."

"And did he consent?"

"He did, my father."

"When does he go?"

"He is gone."

"How can that be," said the general, "when he only left me at ten o'clock."

"He left me, my father, at midnight."

"Ah!" ejaculated the general, breathing for the first time, "you are a good child, Vaninka, and I grant you what you ask. But remember, that this marriage was decided upon by the emperor."

"My father will do me the justice to believe that I am too submissive a daughter to prove a rebellious subject."

"Excellent! Vaninka, excellent!" said the general. "So, then, poor Fœdor has told you all."

"Yes," said Vaninka.

"You knew, then, that he applied to me, in the first instance?"

"I knew it."

"It was from him, then, that you learned that your hand was engaged?"

"True; it was from him."

"And he consented to go? He is a good and noble young man, and my protection shall follow him wherever he goes. Oh! had not my word been passed, I should love him so well," continued the general "that, supposing you to have no repugnance to him, upon my honour, I should have given him your hand."

"And cannot your word be recalled?" inquired Vaninka.

"Impossible," said the general.

"Well, then, I must submit to my father's will."

"That is spoken like my daughter," said the general, embracing her. "Adieu! Vaninka. I do not ask you if you love him. You have done your duty to both, and I have nothing more to exact."

So saying, he rose and left the room. Annouschka

was waiting in the passage; the general made a sign to her that she might go in, and went on. He found Gregory waiting for him at the door of his room.

"Well, your Excellency?" inquired the slave.

"Well," said the general, "you are both right and wrong: Fœdor loves my daughter, but my daughter loves not him. Fœdor was with my daughter at eleven o'clock, but at midnight he left her for ever. No matter; come to me to-morrow, and you shall have your thousand rubles and your liberty."

Gregory went away stupefied.

During this time Annouschka had re-entered her mistress's room, and closed the door carefully behind her. Vaninka immediately leapt out of bed, and, approaching this door, she listened to the general's retreating steps until they ceased to be heard. She then ran into Annouschka's room, and both began throwing aside a large bundle of wool, which had been thrown, as if by accident, into the embrasure of a window. Beneath this wool was a large chest, which Annouschka unfastened, and Vaninka raised the cover. The two women immediately uttered a loud shriek: the chest was now a coffin; for the young officer, stifled for want of air, lay dead within.

For a long time they hoped he had but swooned. Annouschka sprinkled his face with water, while Vaninka put salts to his nose. All was in vain. During the long conversation which the general had had with his daughter, and which had lasted upwards of half an hour, Fœdor, unable to get out of the chest, owing to its being locked, had died, as we have said, for want of air.

The position of the two unhappy girls, shut up with a corpse, was frightful. Annouschka had visions of

Siberia in perspective; Vaninka, to do her justice, thought of nothing but Fœdor.

Both of them were, of course, in despair. Nevertheless, the despair of the waiting-woman being more selfish than that of the mistress, it was Annouschka who first thought of a plan of escaping from the situation in which both were placed.

"My lady!" she suddenly cried, "we are saved!"

Vaninka raised her head, and gazed at her attendant with tearful eyes.

"Saved!" cried she, "saved! we perhaps may be so; but Fœdor —"

"Listen," said Annouschka; "your situation is terrible, and I confess that your misfortune is great; but both your misfortune and your situation may be much worse. If the general should know of this —"

"And what matters it to me?" said Vaninka: "I have now nothing left but to weep."

"Yes; but you will be dishonoured! To-morrow your slaves, and, the day after, all St. Petersburg, will know that a man died of suffocation while concealed in your sleeping-room. Reflect, my lady, your honour is also that of your father, and of your family."

"You are right," said Vaninka, shaking her head, as if to dissipate the gloomy reflections which burdened it; "you are right; what must we do?"

"You know my brother, Ivan."

"Yes."

"He must be told all."

"Of what are you thinking?" cried Vaninka, "confide in a man! — a serf, a slave!"

"The lower the man," replied the attendant, "the safer is our secret, since he will gain only by its preservation."

"Your brother is a drunkard," said Vaninka, with fear mingled with disgust.

"It is true," answered Annouschka; "but where will you find a bearded man who is not? My brother is better than most of them; he is therefore better to be trusted than the others; besides, in the situation in which we are, some risk must be run."

"You are right," replied Vaninka, recovering her resolution; "go for your brother."

"Nothing can be done this morning," said Annouschka, drawing aside one of the window-curtains; "look, the day is breaking."

"But what is to be done with this unfortunate man's body?" cried Vaninka.

"It must remain concealed where it is during the day; and this evening, while you are absent at the court entertainment, my brother shall convey it hence."

"True, true," murmured Vaninka, wildly, "I must go to the court this evening; to stay would excite suspicion. Oh! my God! my God! — "

"Assist me, my lady," said Annouschka; "my single strength is not sufficient."

Vaninka grew deadly pale; but knowing the necessity of resolution, she walked firmly to her lover's corpse; and, taking it up by the shoulders while the attendant raised it by the legs, it was once more placed in the chest. The cover was closed, the chest locked, and Annouschka deposited the key in her bosom.

The wool which had hidden the chest from the general's view was again thrown over it, and no outward signs remained of the frightful catastrophe which had taken place.

It will be believed that no sleep visited Vaninka upon that morning. She came down, however, at the

breakfast-hour, that her father might not have reason to suspect that anything was amiss. Nevertheless, from her deadly paleness, she might have been supposed to have risen from the grave; but the general attributed this circumstance to the disturbance of her slumbers of which he had been the cause.

Chance had been of great service to Vaninka, in making her assert that Fœdor was already gone; for not only did the general feel no surprise at his not making his appearance, but his very absence was a proof of his daughter's innocence. The general gave a reason for his aide's absence by saying that he had sent him upon a mission. As to Vaninka, she kept out of her room until it was time to dress. Eight hours before, she had been at the court entertainment with Fœdor.

Vaninka might have excused herself from accompanying her father by feigning indisposition; but she had two reasons for fearing to make such an excuse: the first was the dread of making the general anxious, and perhaps keeping him also at home, which would have rendered the removal of the corpse much more difficult; the second, the fear of meeting Ivan, and being forced to blush before a slave. She therefore preferred making the effort, great as it was; and, going up into her room, accompanied by her faithful Annouschka, she began to prepare herself for going to court, with as much care as if her heart had been filled with joy.

When this dreadful task was finished, she ordered Annouschka to shut the door; for she wished once more to see Fœdor, and to take a last farewell of him who had been her betrothed. Annouschka obeyed, and Vaninka, her hair covered with flowers, her bosom decorated with pearls and precious stones, but under all, colder and more icy than a statue, advanced like a

phantom toward the chamber of her attendant. Annouschka again opened the chest; and Vaninka, without dropping a tear or uttering a sigh, but with the quiet and profound calmness of despair, leant down toward Fœdor, took a plain ring that the young man had on his finger, and placed it on her own; then imprinting a kiss on his forehead, she said, " Adieu, my betrothed."

At this moment she heard steps approaching. A valet-de-chambre came from the general to inquire if she was ready. Annouschka let the lid of the chest fall, and Vaninka followed the messenger, whilst, confiding in her foster-sister, she left her to accomplish the dark and terrible task with which she was charged.

An instant after, Annouschka saw the carriage which contained the general and his daughter leave the gate of the hôtel. She let half an hour pass, and then went down to seek Ivan. She found him drinking with Gregory, with whom the general had kept his word, and who had received the same day a thousand rubles, and his liberty. Happily the revellers had not gone far in their jollity, and Ivan's head was clear enough not to make his sister hesitate to trust him with her secret.

Ivan followed Annouschka to the chamber of her mistress; there she reminded him of all that Vaninka, generous though haughty, had permitted her to do for him. The few glasses of *eau-de-vie* that Ivan had already swallowed had predisposed him to gratitude, — the drunkenness of the Russians is essentially tender. Ivan protested his devotion so warmly that Annouschka did not hesitate longer, and, raising the lid of the chest, showed him the corpse of Fœdor.

At this terrible apparition Ivan remained an instant motionless, but soon began to calculate how much gold

and how many benefits the knowledge of such a secret would bring him. He therefore swore the most solemn oaths never to betray his mistress, and, as Annouschka had hoped, offered to conceal the body of the unfortunate aide-de-camp.

The thing was easy; instead of returning to drink with Gregory and his comrade, Ivan went and prepared a sledge, filled it with straw, concealed a crowbar in the bottom of it, brought it to the gate, and, being assured that he was observed by no one, he carried in his arms the dead man's body, hid it under the straw, sat down above it, caused the gate of the hôtel to be opened, drove his sledge to the Neva, and stopped in the middle of the frozen river, in front of the deserted church of St. Madeleine. He then, favoured by the darkness, and concealed behind the sledge, began with his bar to attack the ice, eighteen inches thick, and when a large opening had been made, and after he had searched Fœdor, and possessed himself of the money that was about him, he slipped him head foremost under the ice, and took the road back to the hôtel, while the current of the Neva carried the corpse toward the Gulf of Finland.

An hour after, the wind had formed a new crust of ice, and there did not even remain a trace of the opening which Ivan had made.

At midnight Vaninka returned with her father. A hidden fever had preyed upon her all the evening; so that she had never appeared so beautiful, and she had been incessantly besieged with the homage of the most distinguished and gallant noblemen of the court.

She found Annouschka in the vestibule. She waited to take off her mistress's cloak. Vaninka questioned her with a look.

"It is done," said the girl, in a low voice.

Vaninka breathed as if a mountain had been removed from her breast.

Whatever power Vaninka had over herself she could not longer bear the presence of her father, and excused herself from supping with him, under the pretence of fatigue.

Vaninka was no sooner in her room and the door closed, than she tore the flowers from her hair, the necklace from her throat, cut with scissors the corset which suffocated her, and, throwing herself on her bed, gave vent to her agony. Annouschka thanked God for this burst of feeling; her mistress's calmness had frightened her more than her despair.

This first crisis past, Vaninka could pray.

She passed an hour on her knees, and then, at the request of her faithful attendant, went to bed. Annouschka sat down at the foot of the bed; neither slept, but at least, when day came, Vaninka's tears had calmed her.

Annouschka was charged to recompense her brother. Too large a sum given at once to a slave would have been remarked. Annouschka, therefore, contented herself with saying to him that when he had need of money, he had only to ask her for it.

Gregory, profiting by his liberty, and wishing to turn his thousand rubles to account, bought a little tavern, where, thanks to his address, and to the acquaintance he had among the servants of the first families of St. Petersburg, he began to carry on an excellent business; so that in time the Red House, for that was the name and the colour of Gregory's establishment, got into great repute. Another slave fulfilled his duties at the general's, and, but for the absence of Fœdor, all went on in the usual order at Count Tchermayloff's.

Two months had elapsed without anybody conceiving the least suspicion of what had happened; when one morning, before the usual breakfast-hour, the general sent a request to his daughter to come down to him. Vaninka trembled with fear, for since that fatal night everything had become the subject of terror to her. She obeyed her father, however, and, collecting all her strength, she went to his cabinet. The count was alone, but at the first glance, Vaninka saw she had nothing to fear in this interview; the general was waiting for her with that paternal smile which his countenance always wore when with his daughter. She approached, therefore, with her habitual calmness, and, stooping down toward the general, gave him her forehead to kiss.

He told her to sit down, and presented her with an open letter. Vaninka, surprised, looked at him for an instant, and then turned her eyes to the letter: it contained the news of the death of the man to whom she had been engaged. He had been killed in a duel.

The general watched the effect of the letter on the face of his daughter, and, however much power Vaninka had over herself, so many different thoughts, such bitter regret, such poignant remorse, assailed her on learning that she was free, that she could not dissemble her emotion. The general perceived, and attributed it to the love which he long since suspected his daughter felt for the young aide-de-camp.

"Well," said he, smiling, "I see that all is for the best."

"How, my father?" asked Vaninka.

"Doubtless," said the general, "has not Fœdor banished himself because he loves you?"

"Yes," murmured the young girl.

"Well; now he must return," said the general.

Vaninka remained mute, her eyes fixed, and her lips trembling.

"Return!" said she, after an instant's silence.

"Certainly, return! We shall either have very bad luck," continued the general, smiling, "or we shall soon find some one in the house who knows where he is hid. Tell me, then, Vaninka, tell me the place of his exile, and I take upon myself to do the rest."

"Nobody knows where Fœdor is," murmured Vaninka, in a hollow voice; "nobody, but God — nobody."

"What!" cried the general, "has he sent no account of himself since the day he disappeared?"

Vaninka shook her head, in sign of denial; her heart was so crushed that she could not speak. The general became grave in his turn.

"Do you fear some misfortune, then?" said he.

"I fear there is no more happiness for me on this earth," cried Vaninka, giving way to the violence of her grief. "Let me withdraw, my father," continued she; "I am ashamed of what I have said."

The general, who saw in the exclamation of Vaninka only the regret of having let the avowal of her love escape her, kissed his daughter's forehead, and allowed her to retire, hoping, in spite of the gloomy air with which Vaninka had spoken of Fœdor, that it was possible to find him. The same day the general went to the emperor, told him of the love of Fœdor for his daughter, and requested, since death had freed her of her first engagement, that he might dispose of her hand. The emperor consented; and the general then solicited a new favour. Paul was in one of his fits of benevolence, and showed himself disposed to grant it. The general said that for two months Fœdor had disappeared, and that nobody, not even his daughter, knew where he

was, and besought the emperor to order search to be made for him. The emperor sent for the chief of the police, and gave the necessary orders.

Six weeks passed by without leading to any result. Vaninka, since the day of the letter, was more melancholy and gloomy than ever; vainly from time to time did the general endeavour to inspire her with some hope; Vaninka only shook her head and retired. The general ceased to speak of Fœdor.

But it was not so in the house. The young officer was beloved by the domestics; and when they learned that he had not been sent on a mission by the general, but had disappeared, the matter became the constant subject of conversation in the antechamber, the kitchen, and the stables. There was also another place where it was much discussed, — the Red House.

Since the day when he had heard of this mysterious departure, Gregory had his suspicions. He was sure of having seen Fœdor enter Vaninka's chamber, and, unless he had gone out when he went to seek the general, he could not comprehend how it happened that the general had not found him with his daughter. One thing also appeared to him to have perhaps a coincidence with this event; the expenses, namely, that Ivan had incurred since that time, — expenses which were very extraordinary in a slave. But this slave was the brother of Vaninka's cherished foster-sister; so that, without being sure, Gregory suspected the source whence the money came. Another thing confirmed him in his suspicions, which was that Ivan, who had remained not only his faithful friend, but even one of his best customers, never spoke of Fœdor, remained silent when others spoke of him before him, and, if he was questioned, never made other reply, however pressing the

question might be, than this laconic one: "Let us speak of something else."

In the mean time the Feast of Kings arrived. This is a great day in St. Petersburg, for it is also the day of the blessing of the waters. As Vaninka had been present at the ceremony, and was fatigued with standing for two hours on the Neva, the general did not go out that evening, and gave Ivan leave to do so; Ivan profited by the permission to go to the Red House.

There was much company at Gregory's, and Ivan was most welcome to the worshipful society, — for they knew that he generally came with full pockets; and this time he did not belie his custom.

The conversation turned on slavery, and some of these unfortunate people, who hardly had four days in the year to rest from their eternal labour, talked of the happiness that Gregory enjoyed since he had obtained his freedom.

"Bah!" said Ivan, on whom the brandy had begun to take effect, "there are some slaves who are freer than their masters."

"What do you mean by that?" said Gregory, handing him another glass.

"I mean happier," replied Ivan, warmly.

"That is difficult to prove," said Gregory, doubtingly.

"Why so? Our masters — no sooner is one of them born than he is put into the hands of two or three pedants, — one French, another German, a third English; whether he likes them or not, he must remain in their society till seventeen, and must learn three barbarous languages at the expense of our noble Russian tongue, which is sometimes completely forgotten before the others are acquired. Then, if he wishes to be anybody, he must become a soldier; if he is sub-lieutenant

he is slave to the lieutenant; if he is lieutenant, he is slave to the captain; if he is captain, he is slave to the major; and that goes on until you come to the emperor, who is slave to nobody, but whom, one fine day, they surprise at table, at his walk, or in his bed, and then they poison, poniard, or strangle him. If he become a civilian, it is much the same thing: he marries a wife and does not love her; children come to him he does not know how, whom he must take care of; he must struggle incessantly, if poor, to support his family; if rich, to prevent being robbed by his agent, and cheated by his tenants. A pretty life! As to us, why, we are born, and that is the only pain we cost our mother; the rest concerns the master. It is he who feeds us; it is he who chooses our calling, always easy enough to learn, if we are not quite idiots. Are we ill? his doctor attends us gratis; for it would be a loss to him if we were to die. Are we well? we have our four meals a day. In short, we have everything we want; and you 'll find very few great lords as happy as their slaves."

"Yes, yes," said Gregory, pouring him out another glass; "but, after all, you are not free."

"Free to do what?"

"Free to go where you will and when you will."

"I am free as air," answered Ivan.

"Nonsense!" said Gregory.

"Free as air, I tell thee; for I have good masters, and, above all, a good mistress," continued Ivan, with a mysterious smile; "and what is more, I have only to demand, and it is done."

"What is done? If, after having got drunk here to-day, you asked to come back and get drunk here to-morrow," replied Gregory, who did not forget his own interests; "if you asked that — "

"I should come back," said Ivan.

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow — next day — every day if I liked."

"The fact is, Ivan is the young lady's favourite," said another of the count's slaves, who was present.

"That's all one," said Gregory: "supposing that they did give you leave, your cash would soon run short."

"Never!" said Ivan, swallowing another glass of spirits; "Ivan will never want money while there is a kopeck in my young lady's purse."

"I did not think her so liberal," said Gregory, sharply.

"Oh! you forget, friend! for you know well she does not reckon with her friends; witness the strokes of the knout."

"I was not talking about that," replied Gregory. "Of blows, I know well she is liberal enough; but her money is another thing; for I have never even seen the colour of it."

"Well! would you like to see the colour of mine?" said Ivan, becoming more and more fuddled; "there! here are kopecks, here are sorok-kopecks, here are blue notes worth five rubles, here are red notes worth five-and-twenty; and to-morrow, if you will, I shall show you white notes worth fifty. To the health of my Lady Vaninka!" and Ivan held out his glass again, which Gregory filled to the brim.

"But money," said Gregory, "does money make up for scorn?"

"Scorn!" said Ivan; "scorn! who scorns me? It is you, because you are free! Fine freedom! I would rather be a comfortable slave than a free man starving."

"I meant the scorn of our masters," replied Gregory.

"The scorn of our masters! Ask Alexis, ask Daniel, there, if my lady scorns me."

"The fact is," said the two slaves, who were both of the general's household, "Ivan must have a charm; for he is never spoken to but like a nobleman."

"Because he is Annouschka's brother, and Annouschka is the lady's foster-sister."

"It may be so," said the two slaves.

"Either for that or something else," said Ivan; "but, in short, that is the case."

"Yes; but if your sister should die?" said Gregory. "Ah!"

"If my sister should die!" replied Ivan; "that would be a pity, because she is a good girl. My sister's health! But if she should die, that would make no difference. I am respected for myself; some folks respect me because they are afraid of me. There!"

"Afraid of Master Ivan?" said Gregory, with a loud laugh. "It follows, then, if Master Ivan were weary of receiving orders, and wanted to give them in his turn, Master Ivan would be obeyed."

"Perhaps!" said Ivan.

"He says, perhaps!" repeated Gregory, laughing more and more; "he says, perhaps! Did you hear him?"

"Yes," said the slaves, who had drunk so much that they could only answer in monosyllables.

"Well! I won't say perhaps any more; I now say — for certain!"

"Ah! I should like to see that," said Gregory; "I would give something to see that."

"Well, send away those fellows, who are drinking like swine, and you shall see it for nothing."

"For nothing?" said Gregory; "you jest! Do you think I give them drink for nothing?"

"Well! we shall see; how much would be their score for your villanous brandy, if they were to drink till midnight, when you must shut up your house?"

"Not much less than twenty rubles."

"There are thirty; turn them out, and let us remain by ourselves."

"My friends," said Gregory, pulling out his watch, "it is just upon midnight, and you know the governor's orders, therefore you must go."

The Russians, accustomed to passive obedience, retired without a murmur, and Gregory was alone with Ivan and the two other slaves of the general.

"Well, now we are alone," said Gregory, "what do you mean to do?"

"Why, what would you say," replied Ivan, "if, in spite of the late hour, in spite of the cold, and, although we are only slaves, my lady should quit her father's house, and come and drink our healths?"

"I would say that you ought to profit by it," answered Gregory, shrugging his shoulders; "and tell her to bring, at the same time a bottle of brandy; there is probably better in the general's cellar than in mine."

"There is better," said Ivan, as if he was perfectly sure of it; "and she shall bring you a bottle."

"You are drunk!" said Gregory.

"He is drunk!" repeated the two slaves, mechanically.

"Ah! I am drunk!" said Ivan; "well, will you bet?"

"What will you bet?"

"Two hundred rubles against a year's drinking here at discretion."

"Done!" said Gregory.

The two betters shook hands, and the affair was concluded. Ivan then took his furred cloak, wrapped himself in it, and went away. In half an hour he reappeared.

"Well?" cried Gregory and the slaves at once.

"She follows me," said Ivan.

The three drinkers looked at each other in amazement, but Ivan quietly sat down, and filling a fresh bumper, and raising his glass, —

"My lady's health," he said; "it is the least we can do for her complaisance in coming to join us in so cold a night, and when the snow falls so fast."

"Annouschka," said a voice outside, "knock at that door, and ask Gregory if he has not some of our people with him?"

Gregory and the two slaves looked at each other stupefied; they knew Vaninka's voice; as for Ivan, he threw himself back in his chair with an air of self-satisfied importance. Annouschka opened the door, and they could see, as Ivan had said, the snow falling in huge flakes.

"Yes, madame," said the girl; "there is my brother, and Daniel, and Alexis."

Vaninka entered.

"My friends," she said, with a strange smile, "I am told you have been drinking my health, and I bring you something to enable you to drink it again. Here is a bottle of old French brandy, which I have taken for you from my father's cellar. Let me fill your glasses."

Gregory and the two slaves obeyed with the slowness and hesitation of astonishment, while Ivan put forward his glass with the utmost effrontery. Vaninka filled them herself to the brim, and, as they hesitated to drink, —

"Come, drink to my health, my friends!" said she.

"Hurrah!" cried the revellers, and, reassured by the noble visitor's gentle and familiar tone, they emptied their glasses.

Vaninka poured them out each another glass, and placed the bottle on the table.

"Empty that bottle, my friends," said she, "and do not mind me; Annouschka and I will sit by the stove until the storm is over."

Gregory endeavoured to rise to place stools by the stove, but fell back on the bench, attempting, but in vain, to stammer out an excuse.

"Never mind, never mind," said Vaninka; "let no one disturb himself. Drink, my friends, drink."

The revellers profited by this permission, and each emptied the contents of his glass. Hardly had Gregory drained his when he fell forward on the table.

"'T is well," said Vaninka, in a low voice to her attendant; "the opium has done its work."

"But what do you mean to do?" asked Annouschka.

"You will see immediately."

The two slaves lost no time in following the example of the master of the house, and fell, side by side, upon the ground. Ivan was the last who remained awake, endeavouring to sing a drinking song, but, in a short time, his tongue refused its office; his eyes closed in spite of his efforts to keep them open, and, while seeking to remember the tune which he had been singing, and muttering words which he could not pronounce, he fell fast asleep by the side of his comrades.

Vaninka rose, and looked at them with fixed and flashing eyes. She called them, one after the other, by their names, but without receiving any answer. Then, clapping her hands together exultingly, —

"The moment is come," she said; and going four times to the bottom of the room, she took up, each time, an armful of straw, which she deposited at the corners of the apartment, and, drawing a burning log from the

stove, she set fire successively to the four corners of the room.

"What are you doing?" cried Annouschka, in the greatest terror, and endeavouring to stop her hand.

"I am burying our secret beneath the ashes of this house," cried Vaninka.

"But my brother! my poor brother!" cried the girl.

"Your brother is a wretch, who would have betrayed us; and we are lost if we do not destroy him."

"Oh, my brother! my poor brother!"

"You can die with him if you like," said Vaninka, accompanying this proposition with a smile which showed that she would not have been sorry had Annouschka carried her sisterly love to that extremity.

"But the house is on fire, madame! the house is on fire!"

"Let us go, then," said Vaninka; and, drawing away the weeping girl, she locked the door behind her, and threw the key as far as she could into the snow.

"In the name of Heaven, let us get home quietly," cried Annouschka. "Oh! I cannot look upon this fearful sight!"

"Let us stay where we are," said Vaninka, holding back her attendant with an almost masculine grasp, "let us stay until that house falls in upon them, so that we may be certain that none of them escape."

"O my God!" cried Annouschka, falling upon her knees, "have pity upon my poor brother, who is hurried so unprepared into thy presence!"

"Yes, yes, pray; that is right," said Vaninka; "it is their bodies only I would destroy, not their souls. Pray; I permit you."

And Vaninka stood motionless, with her arms crossed,

gazing on the blaze of the burning house, while her attendant knelt and prayed.

The conflagration did not last long: the house was of wood, like those of all the Russian peasantry; so that the flames appeared at the four corners, and spread rapidly to all parts of the building. Vaninka looked upon the progress of the destroying element with an anxious eye, trembling in the constant expectation of seeing some half-burnt spectre rush out of the flames. At last the roof fell in, and Vaninka, relieved from all fear, retraced her way to the general's house, into which, from the power which Annouschka possessed of going out at all hours, the two women entered without being observed.

The next day St. Petersburg was filled with the report of the burning of the Red House. Four half-consumed corpses had been dug from the ruins, and, as three of the general's slaves were missing, no doubt existed in his mind that three of these corpses were those of Ivan, Daniel, and Alexis; as to the fourth, he was certain that it was that of Gregory.

The causes of the fire remained a secret to every one. The house was solitary, and the snow drifted so violently that, upon the deserted road, no one had met the two women. Vaninka was sure of her attendant. Her secret had died with Ivan. But now remorse took the place of fear. The young girl, so inflexible in the execution of the deed, quailed before its remembrance; she reflected that by revealing the secret of her crime to the priest she would be lightened of her frightful burden. She resorted to an ecclesiastic, highly respected for his piety and charity, and related to him, under the seal of confession, all that had passed.

The priest was horrified at the recital. Divine mercy

is boundless, but human forgiveness has its limits. The priest refused Vaninka the absolution she prayed for.

This refusal was terrible, — it banished Vaninka from the holy table; this absence would be remarked, and it could only be attributed to some unheard of and secret guilt.

Vaninka fell at the feet of the priest, and in the name of her father, upon whom her shame would bring misery and dishonour, besought him to mitigate the rigour of this sentence.

The priest reflected profoundly, and thought he had found a means to prevent such consequences; this was, that Vaninka should approach the holy table with the other young maidens, the priest stopping before her as the others, but only to say to her, "Pray, and weep." And the persons present, deceived by this demonstration, would believe that she, like her companions, had received the sacrament. This was all Vaninka could obtain.

This confession took place at seven in the evening; and the solitude of the church, joined to the darkness of the night, had even heightened its frightful character. The priest came home pale and trembling, and his wife, Elizabeth, waited for him alone; she had put her little daughter Arina, eight years old, to bed in the adjoining room.

On seeing her husband, the wife uttered a cry of terror, so changed and haggard was his appearance. He endeavoured to make her believe that there was nothing wrong, but the trembling of his voice only served to increase her fears. She asked the cause of his agitation; but he refused to tell her. Elizabeth had been apprised the evening before of the illness of her mother, and she

believed her husband to have heard some bad news; the day was Monday, which is considered an unlucky one by the Russians; and in going out in the morning, she had met a man in mourning; these were too strong presages not to announce a misfortune.

Elizabeth burst into tears, crying, "My mother is dead!"

The priest endeavoured in vain to comfort her by assuring her that his trouble did not proceed from that. The poor woman, preoccupied by this one idea, only answered these protestations by continually crying, "My mother is dead!" At last, to bring her to reason, the priest confessed that his emotion proceeded from the recital of a crime he had just heard in the confessional. But Elizabeth shook her head. It was an artifice, she said, to conceal from her the misfortune he had learnt. The crisis, instead of calming, became more violent; her tears ceased, and were succeeded by violent hysterics. The priest made her swear to keep the secret, and the sanctity of the confessional was violated.

The little Arina, awakened by her mother's cries, and anxious to know what was passing between her parents, got up, listened at the door, and heard all.

The communion day arrived, and the church of St. Simeon was crowded. Vaninka was kneeling before the balustrade of the choir; behind her were her father and his aide-de-camp, and behind them their domestics.

Arina was also in the church with her mother. The curious child wished to see Vaninka, whose name she had heard pronounced that terrible night when her father violated the most sacred duty imposed on a priest. Whilst her mother was praying, she quitted her chair and glided among the communicants, nearly as far as the balustrade. Arrived there, she was stopped by the

group of the general's domestics. But Arina had not come so far to be stopped so easily: she endeavoured to pass through them; they opposed her; she persisted, and one of them repulsed her so roughly that the child was thrown down, and struck her head against a bench. She got up, her head bleeding, and crying: —

"You are very proud for a slave! is it because you belong to the great lady who burned the Red House?"

These words, pronounced in a loud voice and in the midst of the silence which preceded the sacred ceremony, were heard by everybody. They were answered by a shriek; Vaninka had fainted.

The next day the general was at the emperor's feet, and told him, as his sovereign and judge, all this long and terrible history, which Vaninka, borne down by the long struggle she had sustained, had revealed to him during the night that had followed the scene in the church.

The emperor, after this strange confession, remained an instant thoughtful; then, rising from the chair in which he had sat during the unfortunate father's story, he went to a bureau and wrote the following sentence:

"The priest, having violated what ought to have been inviolable, — that is, the secrets of the confessional, — is exiled to Siberia, and deprived of his priest's office. His wife will accompany him; she is guilty in not having respected the character of a minister of the altar. The little girl will not leave her parents.

"Annouschka, the waiting-maid, will likewise go to Siberia, for not having made known to her master the conduct of his daughter.

"I preserve all my esteem for the general, and I lament the mortal blow that has struck him.

"As to Vaninka, I do not know any punishment that could be inflicted on her. I see in her only the daughter of a brave

soldier, whose life has been devoted to the service of his country. Besides, the extraordinary nature of the discovery of the crime places the culprit beyond the limits of my severity; I leave to herself her own punishment. If I comprehend her character right, if she still possess any feelings of dignity, her heart and her remorse will show her the course she ought to follow."

The emperor put this paper, open, into the general's hands, and ordered him to carry it to the Count de Dahler, governor of St. Petersburg.

The next day the emperor's orders were executed.

Vaninka entered a convent, where, toward the end of the same year, she died of shame and grief.

The general sought death, and found it, on the field of Austerlitz.[1]

[1] We have taken all the particulars of this tragical story, and the precise words of the judgment pronounced by the Emperor Paul, from the excellent work published some years ago by M. Dupré de Saint Maur, and entitled "L'Ermite en Russie."

URBAN GRANDIER.

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On Sunday, the 26th of November, 1631, there arose a great confusion in the little town of Loudun, particularly in the streets, between the abbey of Saint-Jouin de Marmes, and the church of Saint-Pierre, in the market-place. This excitement was occasioned by a personage whose merits and demerits had, for some time past, been the object of keen discussion among the inhabitants; it was easy to discover in the faces of the groups assembled at their doors, the different feelings with which they were about to receive this man, who had publicly announced his return upon that day to his friends and enemies.

About nine o'clock a great sensation was manifested throughout the crowd. "There he is! there he is!" circulated with electrical rapidity, from one end of the assembly to the other. Upon this intelligence, some proceeded to close their doors and windows, as upon days of public calamity, while others joyfully threw open their doors, and for some minutes a deep silence, arising from curiosity, succeeded to the noise and confusion which had prevailed previous to this announcement.

In the midst of this silence, a man was seen advancing, holding a branch of laurel in his hand, as a sign of triumph. His age seemed to be about thirty; his figure

was tall and well proportioned, his air noble, and his countenance very handsome, although its expression was a little haughty. He wore the ecclesiastical dress, and although he had come three leagues on foot to this town, his garments were remarkably neat and elegant. In this manner he walked with a slow and solemn step, and with his eyes fixed upon the sky, through the streets leading to the church in the market-place of Loudun, singing, with a melodious voice, a hymn of thanksgiving, without noticing any one by look, word, or gesture.

In this manner the object of all this excitement reached the porch of the church of Saint-Pierre. Kneeling upon the uppermost step, he repeated a prayer in a low voice; then rising, he touched with his laurel branch the gates of the church, which, immediately opening as if by enchantment, discovered the choir filled and illuminated, as upon the four great yearly festivals, with all the choristers, singers, and vergers in their places. Crossing the nave, the stranger entered the choir, and having knelt a second time at the foot of the altar, he placed his branch of laurel upon the table, threw round him a robe as white as snow, and, before an audience composed of all those who had followed him, he began the holy service of the Mass, concluding with a *Te Deum*.

The person who made this triumphal entry into Loudun was the priest Urban Grandier, who had, upon the preceding evening, appealed to and been absolved by M. d'Escoubleau de Sourdis, Archbishop of Bordeaux, from a sentence, by which he had been condemned to live upon bread and water every Wednesday for three months, and had been prohibited from the exercise of ecclesiastical functions in the diocese of Poitiers for five years, and in the town of Loudun for ever.

We shall now see why the accusation had been brought, and why, in the first instance, the sentence had been given against him.

Urban Grandier was born at Rivère, a little town on the lower Maine. After studying the sciences with his father Pierre, and his uncle Claude Grandier, who were addicted to astrology and alchemy, he was entered, at the age of twelve, as a member of the Jesuits' college, at Bordeaux, where his teachers remarked in him, besides great advancement in those things which he had already studied, an extraordinary aptitude in acquiring languages, and great eloquence; he was accordingly made to study Latin and Greek, and exercised in preaching, in order to develop his talent for oratory. The heads of the college, feeling great regard for a pupil who was likely to do them so much credit, presented him, as soon as his age would permit him to take ecclesiastical orders, with the curacy of Saint-Pierre, in the market-place of Loudun, of which they had the gift. Besides this curacy, he was, after some months, provided with a prebend in the college of Sainte-Croix.

The gift of two benefices to so young a man, not being an inhabitant of the province, appeared a usurpation of the rights and privileges of the people of the district, produced a great sensation in the little town of Loudun, and exposed the titulary to the envy of the other ecclesiastics. But this feeling was also occasioned by numerous other causes: Urban, as we have already said, was eminently handsome; the education which he had received from his father had given him the key to a multitude of things which remained a mystery to the ignorant. Besides, the liberal studies which he had pursued at the Jesuits' college had raised him far above the vulgar prejudices of the people, for which he could

not conceal his contempt; and finally his eloquence had drawn to his sermons almost all the congregations of the other religious communities, especially those of the mendicant orders, whose preaching had, up to that time, borne the palm at Loudun. This was more than cause enough to give rise to envy, and, in a short time, to convert jealousy into hatred.

The idle slander of small towns and the irritable contempt of the vulgar for all that is beyond them are well known. Urban, with his superior qualities, was born for a wider sphere, but. confined as he was to the limits of a little country town, all that would have promoted his advancement at Paris did but hasten his ruin at Loudun.

Unfortunately for Urban, his character, far from being such as to excuse his genius in the eyes of his enemies, only augmented the hate which he had inspired. Mild and agreeable among his friends, he was cold, haughty, and sarcastic toward his enemies. He was immovable in the resolutions which he had taken, and jealous of the rank to which he had attained, which he defended as a conquest. Untractable as to his interests when he had right upon his side, he repulsed attacks and injuries with a rigour which changed temporary adversaries into perpetual enemies.

The first example which Urban gave of this inflexibility was in 1620, when he commenced and gained a suit against a priest named Meunier. Although at that time scarcely established in his position, he enforced the sentence with so much severity that he aroused a resentment which burst out upon every opportunity.

A second action, which he had to sustain against the chapter of Sainte-Croix, concerning a house the possession of which this chapter disputed with him, in which

action, as in the former, he was successful, gave him another opportunity of displaying his rigid enforcement of his rights. The agent of this chapter, who will have an important place in this history, was a canon in the college of Sainte-Croix, and director of the Ursuline convent; he was a man of violent passions, and of a vindictive and ambitious disposition. His qualities, too commonplace for him ever to attain a high rank, yet made him too superior, even in their mediocrity, to all who surrounded him, to allow him to remain contented with the secondary position in which he was placed. As hypocritical as Urban was frank and open, he had managed to obtain, wherever his name was known, the reputation of a man of great piety, — to effect which, he had feigned to be as ascetic as an anchorite, and as rigid as a saint. Well versed, nevertheless, in ecclesiastical matters, he had regarded as a personal humiliation the loss of an action in which he was concerned, — an action, too, on the success of which he had confidently relied. It was therefore inevitable that when Urban triumphed, and made use of his advantages with the same severity as in the former case of Meunier the priest, he must reckon upon Mignon, from that day, as a second enemy, not only more bitter, but also more dangerous than the first.

In the mean time, it happened that a person named Barot, Mignon's uncle, had a dispute with Urban. As he was a man of no great talent, in order to crush him, Urban deemed he had but to let fall some of his cold and contemptuous retorts, which branded with disgrace those to whom they were addressed; but this man was very wealthy, had no children, and the town of Loudun was filled with his numerous relatives and connexions, all unceasingly endeavouring to curry favour with him,

in order to be mentioned in his will; so that these, taking part in his quarrel, swelled the number of Urban's adversaries.

About the same time a more serious occurrence took place. Among the most assiduous of his penitents, Urban had remarked a young and handsome girl, the daughter of Trinquant, the *procureur du roi*, who was another of Mignon, the canon's, uncles. It happened that this girl fell into a languid state of health, which eventually confined her to her room. She was nursed during this illness by one of her friends, a girl of the name of Marthe Pelletier, who, suddenly renouncing all her companions and pleasures, carried her devotion so far as to shut herself up with her sick friend; but when Julie Trinquant had recovered and reappeared in the world, it became known that during her seclusion Marthe Pelletier had been delivered of a child, which she had had baptised and put out to nurse. By one of those strange conclusions to which men frequently come, the public insisted that the real mother was not she who declared herself to be so, but that Marthe Pelletier had sold her reputation, for money, to her friend. As to the father, there was still less doubt upon that point; public rumour, actively circulated, laid the charge to Urban Grandier.

Upon the circulation of these reports, tending to throw dishonour upon his daughter's fame, Trinquant took upon himself, as *procureur du roi*, to have Marthe Pelletier arrested, and thrown into prison. She was there interrogated as to the birth of the child, which she continued to assert was her own, requesting permission to bring it up, and alleging that although she was culpable, she was not criminal. Trinquant was compelled to release her, without having gained anything

by this abuse of justice, but making the affair still more scandalous, and strengthening the conviction to which the public had come.

Thus, whether he owed it to good fortune or to his own superiority, all who had attacked Urban Grandier had been foiled; but each of his victories increased the number of his enemies, which in a short time was so great that any other man than Urban would have been terrified, and would have taken measures to pacify them, or, at any rate, to have prepared to defend himself against their attacks. But Urban, in his pride, or, perhaps, in his innocence, despised the advice of his sincerest friends, and continued to walk in the same path which he had followed from the beginning.

Up to this time the attacks made against Urban had been individual and separate; and his enemies, attributing their want of success to this cause, resolved to unite together in order to crush him. Accordingly, a meeting was held at Barot's house, which comprised Meunier, Trinquant, and Mignon; this last-mentioned person brought with him a man named Menuau, *avocat du roi*, his intimate friend, but whose assistance was gained to their side by another motive than that of friendship. Menuau was in love with a woman who steadfastly rejected his suit, and he took it into his head that the indifference and contempt with which she treated him was occasioned by a passion with which Urban had inspired her. The object of this union was to drive the common enemy out of Loudun.

Urban, however, maintained so strict a guard upon his conduct that no real charge could be brought against him, excepting the pleasure which he appeared to take in the society of women, who, upon their part, seeing a young, handsome, and eloquent preacher, gave him the

preference as their director. As this preference had given offence to numerous fathers and husbands of the town, it was resolved that upon this point, the only one upon which he seemed to be vulnerable, their attack upon Grandier should be commenced.

Accordingly, dating from the day upon which this plan of offence had been agreed upon, the vague rumours which for some time past had been spread about began to assume some consistency; it was said that a certain young lady of their town, notwithstanding his frequent infidelities to her, continued to be his favourite mistress. This young lady having, it was said, some scruples of conscience regarding their *liaison*, Grandier was accused of having appeased them by committing sacrilege; this sacrilege was a marriage, which he was said to have contracted with her during the night, and at which he acted at once the parts of the husband and the priest. The greater the absurdity of these reports, the more eagerly did they obtain credence, and in a short time no one in Loudun doubted the truth of the charge, although it was certainly an astonishing circumstance that in so small a town it was found impossible to give the name of the strange bride who had been rash enough to contract marriage with a priest already wedded to the Church.

Great as was Grandier's strength of mind, he could not conceal from himself that he was standing on slippery ground. He felt that calumny was busy around him. But according to his principles, to take one backward step would be an acknowledgment of his guilt; besides which, it was probably already too late to recede. He accordingly made no change in his conduct, but remained haughty, sarcastic, and inflexible as ever.

Among those who received with the greatest eagerness these rumours injurious to Urban's reputation was an important personage of the name of Duthibaut, the ruling spirit of the town, and the oracle of the vulgar. His designs, however, reached Urban's ear; he learnt at the Marquis de Bellay's that this man had spoken of him disrespectfully; and one day, as he was about to enter the church of Sainte-Croix, dressed in his sacerdotal robes, happening to meet him in the church porch, he reproached him for his calumnies with his accustomed haughtiness and contempt. Duthibaut, however, accustomed, from his wealth and influence, to say or do whatever he pleased with impunity, was unable to bear this public reprimand, and, lifting his cane, he struck Urban with it on the back.

The opportunity thus afforded to Grandier of revenging himself upon his enemies was too tempting to be lost; but, considering rightly that he would obtain no justice by addressing his complaint to the local authorities, although the respect due to religious worship had been compromised by this affair, he resolved to throw himself at the feet of Louis XIII.; who heard his accusation with attention, and wishing to punish the outrage offered to a minister of religion in his sacerdotal garments, he sent the affair to parliament to have the accusation against Duthibaut decided there.

Urban's enemies had now no time to lose. Profiting by his absence, they laid a complaint against him. Two wretches, named Cherbonneau and Bugrean, consented to be the informers before the officials at Poitiers; they accused Grandier of having debauched women and girls, of being impious and profane, of never reading his breviary, and of having converted the sanctuary into a place of debauchery and prostitution

The official received the complaint, appointed the lieutenant civil, Louis Chauvet, assisted by the deacon of Saint-Marcel and the Loudenois, to inquire into it; so that, at the same time that Urban was prosecuting his charge against Duthibaut at Paris, a complaint was made against himself at Loudun.

This inquiry was made with all the activity of religious revenge. Trinquant appeared as a witness, and was followed by several others; but the depositions, which were not given according to the wishes of the accusers, were either altered or dispensed with. The result was that the complaint, which consisted of the grave charges before mentioned, was sent to the Bishop of Poitiers, Grandier's accusers having powerful friends high in favour with that prelate. Besides which, the bishop had a personal quarrel with Urban, who, it appears, had, in an urgent case, granted a dispensation of the publication of a marriage; so that the bishop, already prejudiced against him, saw sufficient grounds in the accusation, superficial as it was, to warrant him in issuing a warrant for Grandier's arrest.

Grandier was, as we have before said, at Paris, urging his complaint before the parliament, when this warrant was issued against him. Duthibaut, having received it before Grandier had even heard of its existence, after defending himself by giving a description of the curate's scandalous conduct, produced the paper of which he was the bearer, as a proof of his assertions. The court, not knowing what to think of what was taking place before them, ordained that before deciding upon Grandier's complaint, he should appear before his bishop, and clear himself from the accusations which had been brought against him. Grandier instantly left Paris, arrived in Loudun, and immediately proceeded to inquire into the

affair. He then set out for Poitiers to prepare for his defence; but scarcely had he arrived when he was arrested by an officer, and taken to the prison of the bishopric.

This was on the 15th of November; his prison was cold and damp; nevertheless, Grandier could not obtain leave to be transferred to another. From this moment he saw that his enemies were more powerful than he had believed, and he resolved to be patient. He remained in confinement for two months, during which time even his best friends believed him to be lost. Duthibaut laughed openly at the complaint which had been made against him, and of which he thought himself already rid; and Barot had already applied, in favour of one of his heirs, named Ismaël Boulieau, for the benefices left vacant by Urban Grandier.

The costs of the action were raised by subscription, the wealthy paying for the poor; for as the trial was to take place in Poitiers, and all the witnesses resided at Loudun, the removal of so many persons from the one place to the other necessarily occasioned a considerable expenditure. But avarice was laid aside in the thirst for revenge; each one was taxed according to his means, and at the end of six months the preparations were completed.

Notwithstanding, however, the care which had been taken to make this action as fatal as possible to the object of their hatred, the principal accusation could not be proved. Urban was accused of having debauched women and girls; but no names were given, no complaining parties were produced. All the statements were those of public rumour, none were proved by facts; it was altogether one of the strangest actions which was ever tried. Nevertheless, sentence was given upon the

3rd of January, 1630, condemning Grandier to fast upon bread and water every Wednesday for three months, and prohibited *a divinis* in the diocese of Poitiers for five years, and in the town of Loudun for ever.

Both sides appealed from this sentence. Grandier appealed from it to the Archbishop of Bordeaux, and his adversaries appealed from it to the parliament of Paris. This last was done with the object of oppressing and crushing Grandier; but Grandier had in himself a strength proportioned to the attack. Without allowing himself to be discouraged, he had the appeal against him pleaded before the parliament, whilst he remained upon the spot, personally to pursue his appeal before the Archbishop of Bordeaux. But as it was necessary to hear the evidence of numerous witnesses, which, from the great distance between the two places, was nearly impossible, the court resigned the settlement of the question to the presidial court of Poitiers.

The lieutenant criminal recommenced the proceedings; but, as they were upon this occasion conducted with impartiality, the result was unfavourable to the accusing party. Contradictions were discovered in the evidence of the witnesses; some confessed that they had been bought, and others declared that their evidence had been forged. Amongst the latter was a priest named Méchin, and the same Ismaël Boulieau for whom Trinquant had exerted himself so eagerly to procure Urban Grandier's benefices.

Boulieau's declaration is lost; but that of Méchin has been preserved. It is dated the last day of October, 1630. Méchin solemnly declares, for the discharge of his conscience, that the contents of the deposition which he had been solicited to make against Grandier were totally false; that he had never seen Grandier commit

any of the acts mentioned in that deposition, or any blamable act whatever; and that anything which the deposition might contain to the contrary was against his conscience. He added that it had not been read to him when he signed it.

It was impossible, with such conclusive proofs of innocence, that the accusation should be sustained. Accordingly, upon the 25th of May, 1631, by a sentence of the presidial court, Grandier was acquitted of the charge made against him. He had still, nevertheless, to appear before the tribunal of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who was investigating his appeal, in order to obtain his justification. Grandier, profiting by the arrival of this prelate at his abbey of Saint-Jouin de Marmes, which was within three leagues of Loudun, pressed his suit before him. His enemies, discouraged by the loss of the action before the presidial court of Poitiers, defended themselves feebly, and the archbishop, after another investigation, which rendered the innocence of the accused still more apparent, pronounced a final sentence of acquittal.

Grandier's spirited defence in these affairs, under the eyes of his bishop, produced two important results. He proved himself innocent of the calumnious charges which had been circulated respecting him, and in the course of the investigations his great talents and the elevated qualities of his mind were brought out. Accordingly, the archbishop, having taken great interest in Urban, and seeing the persecutions to which he was exposed, advised him to exchange his livings, and to leave a town in which the principal inhabitants appeared to have sworn so deadly a hatred to him. But Urban's character did not allow even a capitulation with his rights; he declared to his superior that, strong in his protec-

tion and in the purity of his intentions, he would remain where God had placed him. To this the archbishop had no more to say; but, knowing that if Urban did one day fall, his ruin, like Satan's, would be occasioned by his pride, he inserted in the sentence a passage, in which he recommended him "to comport himself well and modestly in his duties according to the holy decrees and the canonical regulations." We have seen how well Urban, by his triumphal entry into Loudun, obeyed his superior's recommendations.

Urban Grandier was not contented with this triumphant demonstration, which was blamed even by his friends, but instead of allowing the hatred of his enemies to die away, or at any rate to slumber, by avoiding any recrimination upon the past, he took up his complaint against Duthibaut with renewed activity, and exerted himself so effectually that he obtained a decree from the Tournelle, whereby Duthibaut was sentenced to undergo, bareheaded, a reprimand, to pay a fine, to make reparation to the complainant, and to bear all the expenses of the action.

This adversary vanquished, Urban immediately turned upon the others, more indefatigable in his pursuit of justice than his enemies had been in their thirst for revenge. The Archbishop of Bordeaux, in his sentence, had given him recourse against his accusers for his damages and for the restitution of the profits of his livings; he, therefore, gave public notice that he would carry the reparation as far as the accusers had carried the offence, and immediately began to collect all the proofs requisite for the success of this new action. Vainly did his friends endeavour to persuade him that the reparation which he had already obtained was great and sufficient; vainly did they represent to him the

danger which he incurred by driving the vanquished to despair; Urban replied that he was ready to endure all the persecutions which his enemies might raise against him, but since he had right upon his side, it was in vain to endeavour to inspire him with terror.

When Grandier's adversaries were informed of the storm which was lowering above their heads, they at once understood that the question between them and this man was one of life or death. They had another meeting in the village of Pindardine, in a house belonging to Trinquant, which was attended by Mignon, Barot, Meunier, Duthibaut, Trinquant, and Menuau, to consider how the dangers which threatened them should be averted. Mignon had already formed the plan of a new intrigue, which he developed, and which was joyfully and unanimously adopted. We shall now see how this scheme was executed.

The canon, Mignon, was, as we have said, the director of the convent of Ursulines at Loudun. Although this community was composed almost entirely of young ladies of rank or good family, yet as these nuns had almost all adopted a monastic life from want of fortune, the community, rich as it was in noble names, was so poor in money that upon its first establishment they were compelled to take lodgings in a house belonging to a man named Moussaut du Frêne, whose brother was a priest; this brother naturally became a director of these nuns, but within a year after its establishment he died, leaving his office vacant.

The house inhabited by the Ursulines had been sold to them at a price considerably beneath its real value, owing to a report which was generally believed in the town that it was haunted. During the year in which they resided in the house, the ghosts seemed to have

entirely disappeared, — a fact which had contributed not a little to establishing their reputation for sanctity in the town; it was at the end of this year, as we have said, that their director died.

To the younger members of the nunnery, this death afforded a much wished-for opportunity for amusing themselves at the expense of the old nuns, who, owing to their stricter adherence to the rules, were disliked by them. They resolved to evoke the spirits who, it was believed, still lurked in the gloom of night about their dwelling. Accordingly, in a short time, dismal voices, resembling sighs and moans, were heard proceeding from the roof of the house. The phantoms soon ventured to penetrate into the garrets and attics, where they announced their presence by a great rattling of chains; and they became at last so familiar that they would frequently enter the sleeping-rooms, tumbling things about, and carrying off the clothes of the inmates.

These proceedings occasioned so much terror in the convent, and excited such a sensation in the town that the abbess summoned the most sagacious of the sisters to a consultation, and asked their advice as to what steps should be taken in the delicate circumstances in which she was placed. The unanimous opinion was that the deceased director should be replaced if possible by a still more holy man; and whether from his reputation for piety, or from some other motive, it was resolved that Urban Grandier should be applied to, which was accordingly done. He, however, declined their offer, alleging that having already to fulfil the duties of two livings, his time was too fully taken up for him to be able to keep an efficacious watch upon the flock who had proposed to him to become their shepherd, and advised the abbess to apply to some one more worthy and less occupied than himself.

This answer, it will be readily understood, wounded the pride of the community, who next turned their attention to Mignon, canon of the collegiate church of Sainte-Croix. He, though offended that the offer had not been made to him till after its refusal by Urban Grandier, accepted it nevertheless, retaining, however, the most deadly hatred toward the man who had been preferred to him.

The new director now learnt from the abbess with what enemies he had to deal. Instead of reassuring her by denying the existence of the phantoms who tormented the community, Mignon, who instantly saw that in their disappearance, which he trusted to bring about, he would have a good opportunity of confirming the character for sanctity to which he aspired, replied that the holy Scriptures allowed the existence of spirits, supporting what he said by referring to the case of the witch of Endor, by whose power the ghost of Samuel had appeared to Saul; but adding that the ritual pointed out the sure means for their expulsion, provided those who used them were pure in thought and action; and that he trusted fervently, with the help of God, that he should rid the community of these nocturnal visitants.

As a first step toward the desired end, he ordered a fast of three days, to be followed by a general confession of all the nuns. It will be understood that from the questions which he put to the nuns on this occasion, Mignon had no difficulty in discovering the secret. Those who represented the phantoms accused themselves, and implicated as their accomplice a young novice, named Marie Aubin, who confessed the whole truth. It appeared that it was she who rose at night and opened the door of the dormitory belonging to the more elderly nuns, which the most timid among them were very par-

ticular in locking every evening on the inside; this precaution, to their great terror, having no effect in preventing the entry of the spirits.

Mignon, under pretence of not wishing to expose the delinquents to the anger of the abbess, who might suspect something if the apparitions disappeared from the day of the confession, authorised them, from time to time, to renew their nocturnal racket, commanding them gradually to leave it off. Returning to the abbess, he informed her that he had found the breasts of all the members of the community so chaste and pure that he trusted that, with the assistance of his prayers, the convent would in a short time be freed from the apparitions which possessed it.

Things, of course, happened as the director had predicted, and the reputation of the holy man, who had watched and prayed for the deliverance of the good Ursulines, was wonderfully increased in the town of Loudun.

All continued perfectly tranquil in the convent up to the time when Mignon, Duthibaut, Menuau, Meunier, and Barot, after the loss of their cause before the Archbishop of Bordeaux, dreading the punishment as liars and slanderers with which Grandier threatened them, united themselves to resist this inflexible man, who, it was perfectly clear, would ruin them if they did not ruin him.

The result of this combination was a strange rumour, which after some time was widely circulated. It was said in Loudun that the spirits, after being driven away by the holy director, had returned to the attack in invisible and impalpable forms, and that several nuns had given evident proofs by their words as well as their actions that they were possessed by them.

These reports were communicated to Mignon, who, instead of contradicting them, raised his eyes to heaven, saying that God was certainly very great and very merciful; but that Satan was also very cunning, more especially when he was assisted by that black human art which was termed magic; that nevertheless, although these rumours were not entirely devoid of foundation, yet no certainty could be attached to the real place of possession, and that time alone could unfold the truth upon this point.

The effect which replies of this nature produced upon minds already disposed to believe the wildest rumours may be guessed. Mignon allowed them to circulate in this manner for several months, without suggesting any new remedy. At the end of this time he sent for the curate of Saint-Jacques de Chinon, informing him that things had come to such a pass in the Ursuline convent that he could no longer take upon himself the sole responsibility of these unfortunate women, and requesting him to come and visit them with him. This curate, whose name was Pierre Barré, was exactly the man to conduct such an affair as that for which Mignon required him; fanatical, melancholy, and visionary, he was ready to undertake everything that could increase his character for austerity and piety. Desiring to give to this visit all the solemnity which so solemn an occasion required, he arrived in Loudun at the head of his parishioners, having come in procession on foot, to give greater effect to the scene.

Mignon and Barré went into the convent, where they remained six hours closeted with the nuns. At the end of that time Barré came out alone, announcing to his parishioners that they might return to Chinon; but that, as for him, he would remain in Loudun to assist

the venerable director of the Ursulines in the holy task which he had undertaken.

This request, unaccompanied by any explanation, redoubled the general curiosity; it was said that it was not only one or two of the nuns, but the whole convent who were possessed, — the magician who was the cause of the charm, being Urban Grandier, whose pride was said to have delivered him into the power of Satan, with whom he had made a compact by which it was agreed that, at the price of his salvation, he should become the wisest man on earth; and, indeed, Urban's knowledge was so far superior to that of any other of the inhabitants of Loudun that few had any difficulty in believing this part of the story. Some indeed had the good sense to shrug their shoulders at all these absurdities, and to laugh at Mignon's and Barré's mummeries, of which, as yet, they saw only the ridiculous side.

Mignon and Barré continued their visits to the nunnery for ten or eleven successive days, staying upon each of these occasions, sometimes four, sometimes six hours, and once or twice remaining all day. They at length wrote to Messire Guillaume Cerisay de la Guerinière, seneschal of the district, and to Messire Louis Chauvet, lieutenant civil, requesting them to visit the Ursuline convent to see two nuns who were possessed by evil spirits, and witness the strange and almost incredible effects of their possession.

The two magistrates could not help acceding to this request; and, indeed, sharing, as they did, the general curiosity, they did not grudge the trouble of a personal visit to the convent, to convince themselves of the truth or falsehood of the rumours which, for some time past, had been agitating the town. They accordingly repaired

to the convent to be present at the exorcisms, and to decide whether the possession was real or pretended. When they reached the gate they were met by Mignon, in full canonicals, who informed them that the nuns for the last fortnight had been beset by spectres, and by fearful dreams, and that the lady abbess, and two other nuns, had been for eight or ten days visibly possessed by evil spirits, but that, finally, the demons had been expelled from their bodies, by the ministry of himself, Barré, and several other holy Carmelites, who had joined them against the common enemy. He added, however, that upon the night of Sunday, the preceding day, and the 10th of the month, the abbess, Jeanne de Belfield, and a lay sister of the name of Jeanne Dumagnoux, had been again tormented and possessed by the same spirits. He had discovered, from the exorcisms which he had commenced, that this second attack had been made by the agency of a new compact, of which the mark and symbol was a bunch of roses, as, in the first instance, it had been three thorns. He said, further, that the evil spirits had, during the first possession, shown great reluctance to give their names, but that, compelled by the power of his exorcisms, the one who had entered into the body of the abbess had been forced to confess that his name was Astaroth, one of God's greatest enemies; whilst the other, who tormented the lay sister, was a devil of an inferior order, named Sabulon. Unfortunately, said Mignon, the two possessed nuns were then asleep; he accordingly requested the seneschal and the civil lieutenant to repeat their visit at some other time.

The two magistrates were taking their leave, when a nun hastily announced to them that the two possessed sisters were again tormented by their persecutors; they

went up, with Mignon and the curate of Venier, into a room at the top of the house, furnished with seven small beds, only two of which were occupied, the one by the abbess and the other by the lay sister. The abbess, her possession being considered of the greatest importance, was surrounded by several Carmelites, by nuns belonging to the convent, Mathurin Rousseau, priest and canon of Sainte-Croix, and Mannouri, the surgeon of the town.

The two magistrates had no sooner entered the room than the abbess was seized with violent convulsions, making the strangest contortions, and uttering cries in exact imitation of those of a sucking pig. The magistrates looked on with the greatest astonishment, which was increased almost to stupefaction at seeing her plunge in and out of the bed, and this with such diabolical grimaces and gestures that, if they did not believe in the truth of her possession, they could not help admiring the manner in which she played her part. Mignon told the seneschal and the lieutenant civil that, although the abbess had no knowledge of Latin, yet, if they desired it, she would answer any questions they chose to put to her in that language. The magistrates replied that the object with which they had come was to decide upon the truth of the possession; and they accordingly requested him to exorcise the spirits, and to afford all possible proofs of their presence. Mignon then approached the abbess, commanded the deepest silence, and, after repeating all the exorcisms ordained in the ritual, he proceeded to the interrogation.

The following is literally what took place, with a literal translation: —

Q. "Propter quam causam ingressus es in corpus hujus virginis?" (Why have you entered the body of this young maiden?)

A. "Causâ animositatis." (On account of enmity.)

Q. "Per quod pactum?" (By what compact?)

A. "Per flores." (Flowers.)

Q. "Quales?" (What flowers?)

A. "Rosas." (Roses.)

Q. "Quis misit?" (Who sent you?)

At this question the two magistrates observed the movement of hesitation in the abbess; twice she opened her mouth to answer, without uttering a sound; the third time she replied, in a faint voice, —

A. "Urbanus." (Urban.)

Q. "Dic cognomen?" (What is his surname?)

Here, again, the possessed woman appeared in a state of hesitation, but, as if compelled by the power of the exorcist, she answered, —

A. "Grandier." (Grandier.)

Q. "Dic qualitatem?" (What is his profession?)

A. "Sacerdos." (A priest.)

Q. "Cujus ecclesiæ?" (Of what church?)

A. "Sancti Petri." (Of Saint Peter.)

Q. "Quæ persona attulit flores?" (What person has brought the flowers?)

A. "Diabolica." (A person sent by the devil.)

Immediately after replying to this last question the possessed woman was restored to her senses, prayed to God, and endeavoured to eat a bit of bread which was offered to her, but which was immediately rejected, as she observed that she could not swallow, owing to her excessive thirst. After taking some drink which was brought to her, she sat up and ate, although in small quantity, as her convulsions occasionally returned.

The two magistrates, seeing that this scene was over, withdrew into the embrasure of a window, and began conversing in a low voice. Mignon, fearing that they

were not yet sufficiently convinced, went to them, and said that in what they had just seen there was something resembling the story of Gaufredi, who had been executed some years before, by a decree issued by the parliament of Aix, in Provence.

This observation of Mignon's disclosed so visibly and clumsily the object at which he was aiming that neither the seneschal nor the lieutenant civil made any reply, excepting that the latter remarked to the exorcist that he was astonished that he had not pressed the abbess to explain the cause of the hatred of which she had spoken in her answers, and which was of such importance to inquire into. Mignon explained this by saying that he was not permitted to ask questions out of mere curiosity. The lieutenant civil was insisting upon this point, when the lay sister relieved Mignon from his embarrassment, by falling, in her turn, into convulsions. The two magistrates immediately placed themselves by her bedside, and requested Mignon to make the same inquiries to her as in the former case; but question as he would, the only answer which the exorcist could extract from her was, "Ask the other; ask the other!" Mignon explained this refusal by saying that the devil who possessed the lay sister was of an inferior order, and referred the exorcist to Astaroth, his superior. Good or bad, as this was all the answer which Mignon could or would give, the magistrates retired, and prepared a report, in which they abstained from all comments or reflections upon what they had seen and heard, and having signed it, they took their departure.

But the circumspection of the two magistrates was not imitated in the town, which was thrown by these proceedings into the greatest excitement. The superstitious believed, the hypocritical pretended to believe,

and the worldly, whose number was great, made no efforts to conceal their disbelief of the whole affair. They were astonished, and it must be confessed, not without reason, that the power of the exorcists had been able to expel the devils for only two days, who, it would seem, had yielded up their victims with the sole object of putting the priests to confusion by their reappearance. They asked why the demon who possessed the abbess spoke Latin, while the one tormenting the lay sister appeared ignorant of that language, — the inferior rank to which he belonged in the diabolical hierarchy not appearing to be a sufficient explanation of this circumstance. The refusal, too, of Mignon to pursue the interrogation respecting the cause of hatred led to a suspicion that Astaroth, learned as he appeared to be, had reached the end of his Latin, and was unable to continue the dialogue.

Besides these causes for doubt, it was well known that, a few days before, a meeting of Urban's greatest enemies had taken place in the village of Pindardine; and Mignon's mistake, in talking so soon of Gaufredi the priest's execution at Aix, was severely commented upon. Finally, it was desired that some other order of monks than that of the Carmelites, who had great cause of complaint against Grandier, had been witnesses of the exorcisms. From all these circumstances, it was agreed, among the sensible and right-thinking inhabitants of the town, that the affair was, to say the least of it, very suspicious.

Next day, the 12th of October, the seneschal and the lieutenant civil, having learnt that the exorcisms were taking place without their having been apprised, or their presence requested, again repaired to the convent, accompanied by the canon Rousseau. They immedi-

ately summoned Mignon, and warned him that this affair was now of such importance that no steps should be allowed to be taken without the presence of the authorities; and that it was imperatively necessary that they should be immediately sent for upon every occasion. They added that, if known to have any dislike or hatred toward Grandier, Mignon, as director of the nuns, might draw upon himself suspicions of having made suggestions injurious to his character, — suspicions which he, most of all, should desire, as soon as possible, to see dissipated; that accordingly, exorcists legally appointed should continue from that time the work which he had so piously commenced.

Mignon replied that he should never oppose their being present at the exorcisms; but that he could not promise that the devils would answer any other person than himself or Barré. At this moment Barré himself came up, even more pale and gloomy than usual, and announced to the magistrates, with great appearance of truth, that immediately before their arrival the most extraordinary circumstances had taken place. They inquired the nature of these circumstances, and Barré replied that he had learnt from the abbess that she was possessed, not by one, but by seven devils, of which Astaroth was the chief; that Grandier had given the compact entered into between him and the devil, under the symbol of a bunch of roses, to a person of the name of Jean Pivart, who had put it into the hands of a girl by whom it had been thrown over the walls of the convent garden; that this deed was done upon the night between Saturday and Sunday, hora secunda nocturna; that is to say, two hours after midnight. These were the exact terms which she used: she constantly refused to give the name of the girl, although she named Jean

Pivart without any reluctance, and when questioned as to the latter's profession, she replied, "Pauper magus" (A poor sorcerer); and being pressed upon the word *magus*, she added, "Magicianus et civis" (A sorcerer and a citizen). It was at this moment that the two magistrates had arrived, and she was still in the same condition.

The lieutenant civil and the seneschal listened to this narrative with all the gravity which became men engaged in the fulfilment of important judicial duties. When it was finished they intimated to Mignon and Barré that they would again wish to go up to the room occupied by the possessed nuns, to judge by their own eyes and ears of the miraculous circumstances which they were informed were taking place. The two exorcists made no opposition, but said that by this time the devils were probably fatigued with the exorcisms, and might perhaps refuse to answer their questions. Accordingly, the two patients became calm immediately upon the entrance of the two magistrates.

Mignon took advantage of this moment to say Mass; but, although it was expected that the devils would give some signs of opposition, they remained on the contrary perfectly tranquil, — excepting that the lay sister was seized with a violent trembling in the hands and feet. This was the only occurrence which took place upon that morning which was thought worthy of being noticed in the report; nevertheless, Mignon and Barré undertook to promise that if the two magistrates would repeat their visit in about three hours, the devils, having regained their strength in the interval, would most probably be prepared to give another performance.

Determined to see the affair to an end, they returned to the convent at the appointed time, accompanied by

Monsieur Irenée de Saint-Marthe, Sieur Deshumeaux, and found the apartment filled with curious spectators. The exorcists had not been mistaken; the devils were once more in full vigour.

The abbess, as usual, underwent the greatest torments. This, however, was not surprising, since, from her own confession, no fewer than seven devils were in her body. She lay, apparently in terrible convulsions, writhing and foaming at the mouth, as if in a state of frenzy. Such a state could not last without really endangering her health. Barré inquired of the devil when he would leave her. "Cras mane" (To-morrow morning), he answered. The exorcist wished to know why he did not come out immediately; the abbess replied by murmuring first the word *pactum*, a compact; then *sacerdos*, priest, and, finally, either *finis* or *finit;* for even to those who were nearest to her, she was almost inaudible.

These explanations not being deemed very satisfactory, the two magistrates directed the interrogation to be proceeded with; but the devils had done, and notwithstanding the most powerful exorcisms, they kept an obstinate silence. When these ceremonies were concluded, Barré commanded the abbess to declare that her heart and soul belonged to God, which she did without any difficulty; but not so when he ordered her to say that her body was also his; for the devil who possessed her indicated by renewed convulsions that he would not allow himself to be driven from his tenement without resistance. However, notwithstanding the devil's obstinacy, the abbess at length surrendered her body, as she had done her heart and soul, to God; and, victorious in this last contest, her face immediately resumed its usual expression, and she remarked to Barré, with a smile, that Satan had departed from her.

The lieutenant civil then inquired of her if she remembered all or any of the questions which had been put to her, or the answers which she had returned to them, but she replied that she had no remembrance of anything. After taking some refreshment, she told the spectators that she clearly recollected the period and the manner in which the first attack had been made. She was in bed at the time, which was about ten o'clock at night, and several nuns were in her room, when she suddenly felt her hand seized, something put into it, and her fingers closed upon it; at the same instant she felt something like three pricks of a pin, and upon her uttering a loud scream, the nuns ran up to her; she held out her hand to them, and they discovered three thorns in it, each of which had made a slight wound in her skin.

As if to avert all commentary from these extraordinary revelations, the lay sister was at that moment attacked with convulsions; Barré had begun his prayers and exorcisms, when a great confusion arose in the assembly; one of those present had distinctly seen a black cat descend into the room by the chimney and disappear. No one doubted that this must be the devil, and a general pursuit was commenced. Terrified by the sight of, and the noise proceeding from, so many people, the poor animal took refuge upon a canopy; from which it was carried in triumph and placed upon the abbess's bed. Barré immediately began to exorcise it, adjuring it to declare itself; but the mummery was interrupted by the portress of the convent, who recognised and reclaimed the pretended devil as her favourite cat, and carried it away with her to keep it from harm. The assembly was now upon the point of breaking up, and Barré, immediately seeing that this last occurrence

might tend to make the whole affair ridiculous, resolved to inspire the persons present with a salutary terror. He accordingly announced that he would now proceed to burn the flowers which were said to have been the symbol of the second compact. He took a bunch of faded white roses, and, after ordering a chafing-dish to be brought to him, he threw them into the fire. To the great surprise of all the spectators, the roses were consumed without any of the anticipated effects; the sky remained clear, no thunder was heard, nor was any bad smell noticed in the room.

Observing the general disappointment, Barré promised that great events should take place upon the following day: he engaged that the devil should speak much more clearly than he had as yet spoken; that he should come out of the abbess, giving such evident signs of his exit that no one would then dare to doubt the truth of the possession. Upon this, the lieutenant criminal, René Hervé, who was present, said to Barré that advantage must then be taken to question the demon respecting Pivart, who was unknown at Loudun, where all knew one another. Barré replied in Latin, "Et hoc dicet et puellam nominabit;" that is to say, "Not only will he explain that, but he will also name the girl." This girl, who was to be named by the devil, as our readers will remember, was she who was accused of having thrown the compact over the garden-wall, and whom the devil had up to that time obstinately refused to implicate. These promises being made, every one retired in eager expectation of what next day was to bring forth.

Upon that same evening Grandier called at the seneschal's house. He had, up to that time, laughed at these exorcisms; for the play appeared to him to be so badly

got up, and the accusation such a palpable absurdity, that he was not the least uneasy about the result. But, understanding how important the affair had become, and seeing the implacable hatred of his enemies, the example of Gaufredi, which had been before cited by Mignon, occurred also to his mind, and he resolved to appear and confront his adversaries. He had, accordingly, come to make his complaint before the seneschal, which was to this effect: It commenced with charging Mignon with having exorcised two nuns in the presence of the lieutenant civil, the seneschal, and a great number of spectators, and with having, during these exorcisms, and before these persons, by means of pretended demons, named him as the cause of their possession; that the whole affair was an imposture and a calumny, devised against his character; he accordingly prayed the seneschal to have these two nuns confined and interrogated separately. Should there be, in the opinion of the magistrate, any appearance of possession, he prayed him to appoint disinterested ecclesiastics of rank and integrity to exorcise these nuns, if necessary, in place of Mignon and his party, who were interested in his conviction. He further requested that the seneschal should draw up a report of what took place at these exorcisms, so that justice might be done toward him.

The magistrate agreed to all Grandier's requests, and informed him that Barré had been the exorcist upon that day, charged with the duty, as he said, by the Bishop of Poitiers himself. The seneschal was, as we have seen, a sensible man, bearing no enmity to Grandier. His advice to him was to apply to his bishop, who was, unfortunately, the Bishop of Poitiers, a man already prejudiced against him. Grandier did not conceal from him that the prelate's opinion would not be likely to be

favourable to him; he finally resolved to defer taking any steps until he saw the occurrence of the following day.

This day, looked forward to by so many persons with such impatience, arrived at last. The seneschal, the lieutenants civil and criminal, the *procureur du roi*, and the lieutenant of the provostry, followed by their officers, were at the convent by eight o'clock in the morning: they found the outer gate open, but the inner closed. After they had waited for some minutes, Mignon opened it, and showed them into a parlour. He then told them that the nuns were preparing for the communion service, and requested that they would wait in a house upon the opposite side of the street, where he would send to inform them when the exorcisms were to commence. The magistrates complied with this request, and retired, after warning Mignon of the complaint which Urban had laid against him.

The appointed hour was past, and Mignon, forgetting his promise, and not having sent for them, they all entered the convent chapel, where they were told that the whole of the day had been spent in exorcisms. The nuns were about to quit the choir, and Barré and Mignon, presenting themselves before the grate, informed them that they had then come from exorcising the two possessed women, who, thanks to their assiduity, were at length freed from the evil spirits which had so long tormented them. They added that from seven in the morning they had laboured in concert; great miracles had taken place through their agency; but they had not thought it expedient to admit any spectators, excepting the exorcists themselves.

The seneschal observed that this manner of proceeding was not only illegal, but laid them open to suspicion as the suggesters of the possession and the instigators of

a fraud; that the abbess having accused Grandier publicly, it was in public and not secretly that the accusation should have been renewed and sustained; and that they behaved with great insolence in having allowed persons of character and station to wait upon them an hour, and to tell them, after all, that they were deemed unworthy of being present at the exorcism which it was the sole object of their visit to attend. He warned them that in his report he should certainly take notice of the singular contradiction between their promises and their performance, as he had already done upon the former occasions upon which they had broken their faith.

Mignon answered that the sole object which he and Barré had had was the expulsion of the demons; that this expulsion had been effected, and in that result a great benefit had been bestowed upon the holy Catholic faith. He added that, profiting by the control which they now held over the demons, they had commanded them, within eight days, to produce some great and miraculous event, which would place the guilt of Grandier, and the deliverance of the nuns, in so clear a light that no one would, in future, doubt the truth of the possession.

The magistrates prepared a report of what had taken place between them and the exorcists, which was signed by them all, with the exception of the lieutenant criminal, who declared that, agreeing as he did with all which the exorcists had said, he would not contribute to increase the doubts which were already, unfortunately, too widely diffused among worldly men.

Upon the same day, the seneschal made known to Grandier the refusal of the lieutenant criminal to sign the report. This news reached him at the same time that he also learnt that his enemies had gained over to

their side René Menim, mayor of the town, who had much influence, as well from his wealth as from the numerous posts which he held, and his numerous circle of influential friends, among whom was the duke cardinal himself, to whom he had once rendered some service.

The conspiracy began now to wear an alarming aspect; Grandier could no longer delay taking measures for his own safety. Remembering his conversation with the seneschal upon the preceding evening, and believing that he had been tacitly sent for by the Bishop of Poitiers, he set off from Loudun to seek that prelate at his country-house of Dissay, accompanied by a priest of Loudun, named Jean Buron. But the bishop, expecting this visit, had already taken his measures; and Grandier was informed by his steward, a man of the name of Dupuis, that his Eminence was unwell. Grandier then applied to his almoner, requesting him to make known to the bishop that he had come with the intention of laying before him the reports which had been drawn up by the magistrates respecting the events which were taking place at the Ursuline convent, and to complain of the calumnies which had been circulated concerning him.

The almoner, thus pressed, could not avoid delivering Grandier's message; but after a short absence he returned, and said on the part of the bishop, and in the presence of Dupuis, of Buron, and of the Sieur Labrasse, that his Eminence advised him to appear and make his charge before the royal judges, and that he trusted heartily that he might obtain justice.

Grandier saw that he had been overreached, and felt more and more that the net was closing around him, but he was not the man to take one backward step on this account. He immediately returned to Loudun, and

applied once more to the seneschal, informed him of the result of his visit to Dissay, repeated his complaints of the calumnies of his enemies, and besought him to entreat the king's justice in this affair, demanding to be placed under the king's protection, and under the safeguard of the law. He added that such an accusation endangered not only his honour, but his life. The seneschal hastened to comply with Urban's request, prohibiting all persons whatever from further molesting or slandering him.

By this proceeding the tables were completely turned; from playing the part of the accuser, Mignon now became the accused. His boldness being, however, sustained by his having such powerful supporters of his cause, he presented himself upon the same day at the seneschal's house, to inform him that, while wholly disclaiming his jurisdiction, Grandier and himself, as priests in the diocese of Poitiers, having no power of appeal excepting to their bishop, he protested against Grandier's complaint, who branded him with the name of a calumniator, and expressed his willingness to deliver himself up, and be confined in any of the prisons in the diocese, so that all might be convinced that he had no fear of an inquiry; besides which, he had sworn an oath upon the holy sacrament, in the presence of his parishioners, that what he had done up to that day was not done for any hatred of Grandier, but for the love of truth and the triumph of the Catholic faith; by all which reasoning he succeeded in gaining from the seneschal an order which he intimated to Grandier upon the same day.

Since the 13th of October, the day upon which the demons had been expelled by the exorcists, all had remained quiet in the convent; Grandier did not, how-

ever, allow himself to be drawn into a false security by this deceitful calm. He knew his enemies too well to believe that they would stop now; and whilst conversing with the seneschal respecting this interval of repose, he remarked that the nuns were now studying other parts, in order to renew their drama with increased effect.

Accordingly, upon the 22nd of November, René Mannouri, the surgeon of the convent, was sent to one of his brethren, named Gaspard Joubert, to request him to come, accompanied by other medical men, residing in the town, to visit two nuns who were once more tormented by evil spirits.

Upon this occasion Mannouri was in error; Joubert was an honest and upright man, the enemy of all superstition, who, wishing to act his part in this affair lawfully and publicly, called upon the seneschal, to know if it was by his orders that he had been summoned. The seneschal replied in the negative, and inquired of Mannouri by whom he had been sent to call in Joubert. Mannouri gave as his reason for requesting his presence that one of the nuns had run in great terror to his house, to inform him that the possessed women had never on any former occasion been so ill treated as they now were, and had brought a request from Mignon, their director, that he would instantly repair to the convent, bringing with him as many physicians and surgeons as could be found in the town.

The seneschal, who saw new machinations against Grandier in these events, immediately went in search of him, and warned him that Barré had returned the evening before from Chinon, to recommence his exorcisms; adding that the rumour was already spread throughout the town that the abbess and sister Claire were again troubled by evil spirits.

This intelligence neither surprised nor discouraged Grandier; he answered, with his usual disdainful smile, that he knew well it was a new conspiracy against him, that he had already complained at court of the first, and that he would immediately do the same with this as he had done with the others; but that, knowing the seneschal's impartiality, he begged him always to be present at the exorcisms, so that if any real sign of possession was manifested, the nuns might be confined, and questioned by other lips besides those of Mignon and Barré, against whom he had so strong grounds for suspicion.

The seneschal wrote to the *procureur du roi*, who, malevolent as he was toward Grandier, was obliged to accede to what he proposed, — which was this: that their clerk should be sent to the convent, to inquire of Mignon and Barré if the abbess was still possessed; if the answer should be in the affirmative, he was directed to inform them that they were strictly forbidden to carry on their exorcisms in secret, and enjoined that whenever they were about to take place, due notice should be sent to the seneschal, so that he, with such officers and medical men as he chose to take with him, should be present; that the penalties of disobedience would be rigidly enforced; and afterward that justice should be done to Grandier by acceding to his demand to have the nuns sequestrated and interrogated by unsuspected persons.

Mignon and Barré listened to these orders in silence, and replied that they did not recognise the seneschal's jurisdiction in this affair; that once more summoned by the abbess and Sister Claire to assist them in the cure of their strange malady, which they held to be a possession of evil spirits, they had exorcised them up to that day by right of a commission from the Bishop of

Poitiers, and that, the time for which this commission had been granted not having yet expired, they would continue their exorcisms as much and as often as they pleased; that they had made known the new attack to that worthy prelate, so that he could either come himself, or send such other exorcists as best suited him, to decide upon the reality of the possession, which incredulous worldlings dared to treat as an imposture and an illusion, to the great contempt of God's glory and the Catholic religion; and that, further, they would not prevent the seneschal and the other officers, accompanied by the medical men, from seeing the nuns, until they received the bishop's reply, which they expected to have the next day; that it was for the nuns to open or shut their doors to them as they pleased; but as for them, they could but renew their declaration that they did not recognise the seneschal for their judge, and that they did not believe he did right, either in the matter of the exorcisms, or in any other things belonging to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, to set himself in opposition to a mandate issued by their superiors.

The clerk brought back this answer to the seneschal, who, wishing to await the bishop's coming, or the new orders which he would send, put off his visit to the convent until the next day. The next day came, but without any tidings of the prelate, or of any messenger sent by him, being received in Loudun.

At an early hour in the morning the seneschal applied for admission within the convent, but was informed that he could not be permitted to enter. He waited patiently until noon, and then seeing that no news had arrived from Dissay, and that the door still remained closed to him, he complied with a second petition of Grandier's, praying that Barré and Mignon should be

prohibited from asking the abbess or any of the nuns questions tending to blacken the reputation of the petitioner or of any other person. This decree was made known to Barré, as well as to the nuns, upon the same day. Barré, his courage still unshaken, continued to answer that the seneschal's authority could not prevent him from executing his bishop's commands, and declared that in future the exorcisms would be carried on with the assistance of the clergy alone, without calling in the laity, whose incredulity and impatience incessantly disturbed the solemnity necessary to so solemn an operation.

The day being almost passed without the bishop having arrived in Loudun, or any news being received from him, Grandier presented another petition to the seneschal, who immediately summoned the officers of the district together, to communicate it to them; but they refused to hear it, declaring, upon their honour, that, without accusing Grandier of being the cause, they nevertheless believed the nuns to be really possessed, of which they were convinced by the evidence of devout ecclesiastics who had been present at the exorcisms. Such was the apparent reason of their refusal; the real one was that the *avocat du roi* was related to Mignon, while the *procureur du roi* was connected with Trinquant, to whom he had succeeded. Thus Grandier, who had already the ecclesiastical powers against him, now saw himself half condemned by the royal judges, who had but one more step to take from recognising the possession, to believing in the guilt of the magician who was supposed to have caused it.

Notwithstanding the signed declarations of the *avocat* and *procureur du roi*, the seneschal ordered the abbess and the lay sister to be removed and sequestered in sepa-

rate houses, that each of them should have a nun as a companion, and that they should be attended, not only by their exorcists, but by women of integrity and delicacy, as well as by doctors and other persons, whom he himself would appoint to govern them, forbidding all other persons to approach them without permission.

The clerk was sent to the convent, with orders to declare this decision to the nuns; but the abbess, after hearing it, replied, for herself and the whole community, that she did not recognise the jurisdiction of the seneschal; that they had a commission from the Bishop of Poitiers, dated the 18th of November, pointing out the course which he wished should be taken in the matter, and that she was prepared to put a copy of it in the seneschal's hands, so that he might have no excuse for feigning ignorance; that as to the proposed sequestration, she opposed it, that it was contrary to the oath which she had taken, and from which she could obtain dispensation from the bishop alone. This opposition being made in the presence of the Lady de Charnisay, the maternal aunt of the two nuns, and of the surgeon Mannouri, the relative of another, both united in protesting against the proposed outrage, and declared that if it were persisted in, the seneschal himself should be taken to task by them. This answer was delivered to the seneschal, who directed that the parties should make application respecting the sequestration, and announced that, upon the next day, the 24th of November, he would repair to the convent to be present at the exorcisms.

Accordingly, the next day, at the appointed time, he summoned Daniel Roger, Vincent de Faux, Gaspard Joubert, and Matthew Fanson, all four being medical men, and letting them know with what object he required their presence, he ordered them to observe attentively

the two nuns whom he should point out to them, to investigate with the most scrupulous impartiality the causes of their malady, and to decide whether it was natural, supernatural, or assumed. After thus explaining to them the object of their visit, he repaired with them to the convent.

They were conducted into the church, and placed near the altar, separated by a grating from the choir, in which the nuns usually sang, and opposite to which the abbess was presently afterwards carried, reclining upon a little bed. Barré then said Mass, and during the service the abbess remained in strong convulsions, writhing about and rolling her eyes, so that nothing but the whites were visible.

Mass being concluded, Barré approached her to offer her the communion and to exorcise her; and holding the holy sacrament in his hand, he said to her: —

"Adora Deum tuum, creatorem tuum." (Adore your God, your Creator.)

The abbess remained silent for a brief space, as if she found much difficulty in expressing this declaration of love; at last she answered: —

"Adoro te." (I adore thee.)

"Quem adoras?" (Whom do you adore?)

"Jesus Christus" (Jesus Christ), replied the nun, who was not aware that the verb *adoro* governs the accusative case.

At this error, which no sixth-form schoolboy could have made, a sudden burst of laughter arose from the choir, and Daniel Douin, the assessor of the provostship, could not refrain from saying aloud, —

"Here have we a devil who is not strong in the verbs active."

But Barré, perceiving in a moment the bad effect

which had been produced by the abbess's nominative, inquired of her, —

"Quis est iste quem adoras?" (Who is it that you adore?)

He hoped that, as upon the first occasion, the possessed woman would reply "Jesus Christus;" he was deceived. "Jesu Christe," she replied.

At this second error, contrary to the first rudiments of the Latin tongue, the laughter was redoubled, and several persons present cried out, —

"Ah! M. Exorciste, this is but poor Latin."

Barré pretended not to hear these remarks, and inquired the name of the demon who was then within her. But the poor abbess, in great agitation at the unexpected effect which she had produced in her last two answers, remained silent for a long time, and at last pronounced the name of *Asmodée*, without venturing to Latinise it. The exorcist next inquired how many devils the abbess had in her body. But to this question she replied courageously, "Sex" (Six). The seneschal upon this requested Barré to ask how many companions had he, but this answer had been provided, and the abbess replied briskly, "Quinque" (Five). Asmodeus was a now a little re-established in the opinion of those present; but the seneschal having commanded the abbess to repeat in Greek what she had said in Latin, she returned no answer, and being adjured a second time, she immediately returned to her natural state.

The abbess having thus finished her performance for the time, a little nun, who now made her first appearance, was produced; she began by uttering the name of Grandier twice, apparently bursting with laughter; then, turning to the auditory, "All that are here present," said she.

As it might easily be seen that not much could be

made of this new subject, she was quickly withdrawn, and Claire, the lay sister, who had already made her début in the abbess's room, was put into her place. Hardly had she been placed in the choir when she uttered a deep groan; but when she had been put upon the little bed on which the abbess and the other sister had been already exorcised, laughter appeared to overcome all other feelings, and she cried: —

"Grandier! Grandier! It must be bought in the market-place."

Barré immediately declared that these unconnected words were evident proofs of her possession, and approached the patient with the intention of exorcising her; Sister Claire, however, grew rebellious, making as though she were about to spit in the exorcist's face, and putting out her tongue at him.

The exorcist then conjured her to name the demon who was in her; she answered, "Grandier." Barré repeated the question, to make her understand that she was in error: she then named the demon Elimi, but upon no persuasion would she say how many devils accompanied him. Seeing that she would not reply to this question, Barré then asked, —

"Quo pacto ingressus est dæmon?" (By what compact has the devil entered you?)

"Duplex" (Double), answered Sister Claire.

This horror of the ablative case occasioned a new explosion of mirth from the whole audience, and it appeared that Sister Claire's demon was as poor a Latin scholar as that of the abbess. Barré, fearing some new incongruity from the devils, then closed the scene and put it off to another day.

The hesitation which was visible in the replies of the nuns, demonstrating as it did to all right-thinking

minds the folly of this farce, encouraged the seneschal to sift the affair to the bottom. Consequently, about three o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by his clerk, several magistrates, and a considerable number of the most influential men in Loudun, he once more visited the convent: he then declared to Barré that he had come with the intention of having the abbess separated from Sister Claire, in order to have each of them exorcised apart from the other.

Barré dared make no opposition before so many witnesses, and the abbess was accordingly isolated and the exorcisms recommenced; she was immediately seized with convulsions similar to those with which she had been affected in the morning, excepting that her feet remained in a crooked position, — a trick which was then executed for the first time. The exorcist, after several adjurations, repeated some prayers, and then asked her again the number and the name of the demons who possessed her; she replied three times that one of them was named Achaos. The seneschal requested Barré to inquire if she was possessed "ex pacto magi, aut ex purâ voluntate Dei;" that is to say, if she was possessed by the compact of a magician, or by the pure will of God; the abbess answered, "Non est voluntas Dei" (It is not the will of God). Barré, fearing the result of other questions, here interrupted by continuing his own, and inquired of her who the magician was:

"Urbanus," replied the abbess.

"Estne Urbanus papa?" (Is it Urban the pope?) asked the exorcist.

"Grandier," replied the abbess.

"Quare ingressus es in corpus hujus puellæ?" (Why have you entered the body of this young woman?) continued Barré.

"Propter præsentiam tuam" (On account of your presence), replied the abbess.

The seneschal here interrupted the dialogue by demanding that the abbess should be interrogated upon questions which should be proposed to her by himself and the other officers, — promising that if she replied correctly to three or four questions, he himself, as well as all who accompanied him, would acknowledge the truth of the possession, and sign a deposition to that effect. Barré accepted the challenge; but, unfortunately, the abbess at that moment came to herself, and, as it began to get late, the meeting broke up.

The next day, the 25th of November, the seneschal, with the greater part of the officers of the two sees, again repaired to the convent, and was taken, with his companions, into the choir. They had been there for some few minutes, when the curtains of the grating were withdrawn, and the abbess was perceived lying upon her bed. Barré began, as usual, by saying Mass, during the celebration of which the possessed woman was in strong convulsions, crying twice or thrice aloud, "Grandier! Grandier! wicked priest!" When Mass was finished, the exorcist went behind the grate, with the pyx in his hand, placed it upon his head, and protested that his motive was pure, full of integrity, and free from all evil designs upon any one whatever, adjuring God to confound him if he had made use of any deception, suggestion, or persuasion toward the nuns during the whole course of the inquiry.

Behind him came the prior of the Carmelites, and made the same protestation and the same oaths, — imprecating maledictions not only upon his own head, but also upon those of all the nuns, if he had, in any way, sinned throughout the affair. This action did not pro-

duce the salutary effect upon the assembly which the exorcists had expected, and some among them said aloud that such conjurations were nearly akin to sacrilege.

Barré, hearing these murmurs, hastened to commence the exorcisms. He approached the abbess so as to offer her the communion; but, upon seeing him advancing, she went into terrible convulsions. He, however, by the assistance of holy words, overcame the abbess's aversion toward him, and put the host in her mouth; she immediately endeavoured to thrust it out of her mouth with her tongue, but the exorcist held it in its place with his fingers, and forbade the demon from compelling the abbess to spit it out. She then tried to swallow the bread, but complained that it stuck to her palate and throat. In order to make her swallow it, Barré made her take some water three times, and then, as upon the preceding occasions, he began interrogating the demon, demanding, —

"Per quod pactum ingressus es in corpus hujus puellæ?" (By what compact have you entered the body of this young woman?)

"Aqua" (By water), replied the abbess.

Standing by the side of the abbess was a Scotchman named Strachan, who was principal of the reformed college at Loudun. Hearing this reply, he asked the demon to repeat the word *aqua* in the Scotch language, avowing, for himself and all present, that if he would give this proof of his knowledge of languages, which is the principal privilege of evil spirits, the reality of the possession would then receive belief. Barré did not seem at all embarrassed, and replied that he would comply with the wish, if God would allow him to do so; at the same time he ordered the demon to make the same reply in Scotch; but this commandment, although

repeated twice, was useless, and upon its being asked a third time, the nun only answered, —

"Nimia curiositas." (Too much curiosity.)

And being once more asked, she replied, —

"Deus non volo." She meant to say, "Deus non vult" (God does not wish it), but had once more mistaken her conjugation, and put the first in place of the third person.

The principal of the college laughed heartily at this nonsense, and proposed to Barré to instruct his devil among his scholars of the seventh class. Barré, instead of accepting the offer, replied that the curiosity was indeed too great, and that he believed the devil was dispensed from answering.

"However," said the lieutenant civil, "you ought to know, monsieur, and, if you do not know it already, you may learn it from the ritual, which you hold in your hand, that the power of speaking strange and unknown languages is one of the proofs by which real possession is known, and that of telling things which are taking place at a distance is another."

"Monsieur," answered Barré, "the devil knows this language well enough, but he does not wish to speak it; in the same manner he is acquainted with your sins, which I will prove if you wish, by ordering him to recount them."

"You will give me great pleasure," replied the lieutenant civil, "and I consent with all my heart to be offered such a proof of the truth of the possession."

Barré upon this advanced toward the nun, as if to interrogate her concerning the lieutenant civil's sins, but the seneschal interrupted him by letting him know the impropriety of such a step. Barré replied that he had never had any intention of executing it.

In spite of all that Barré had said and done to distract the attention of those present, many remained obstinate in wishing to know if the devil did, or did not, understand foreign languages. The seneschal proposed to Barré that the answer should be made in Hebrew instead of in Scotch, which, being the most ancient of all languages, should be most familiar to the demon. This proposition was followed by such general applause that Barré was compelled to order the possessed woman to say the word *aqua* in Hebrew. At this request, the poor woman, who had the greatest difficulty in saying the few Latin words which she had learnt, turned round with a visible movement of impatience, saying, "Ah! so much the worse."

These words being heard and repeated by those nearest to the bed, produced such a bad effect that a Carmelite friar cried out that she had not said *aqua* but *zaquar*, the Hebrew word, corresponding with the two Latin words, *effudi aquam* (I have poured out water). But as the word *aqua* had been plainly heard, the friar was unanimously hooted; and the sub-prior himself, advancing toward him, publicly reprimanded him for having attempted a deception. To cut short all this discussion, the possessed woman again went into the convulsions which usually announced the conclusion of the performance, and the company again dispersed, amusing themselves at the expense of a devil who was ignorant of Scotch and Hebrew, and not much better acquainted with Latin.

The seneschal and the lieutenant civil, however, wishing to have their breasts cleared of all their doubts, returned to the convent about three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. They were soon joined by Barré, who, taking two or three turns in the park with them,

said to the lieutenant civil that he was surprised that he, who, upon a former occasion, had complained against Grandier, by command of the Bishop of Poitiers, should support him in this instance. The lieutenant civil replied that he would be still ready to complain if there was any ground of complaint, but that, as the matter now stood, he had but one object in view, which was, the discovery of the truth, and this object he trusted to attain. This answer did not satisfy Barré; he drew the seneschal aside, pointing out to him that, descended as he was from several persons of quality, who had all been possessed of considerable ecclesiastical dignities, and being at the head of all the officers of the town, he ought, if it were but for the sake of example, to testify less incredulity respecting a possession which must, doubtless, redound to the advantage of the Church and religion. The seneschal listened to this overture with great coldness, and answered him that what he did and always would do should be instigated by justice and nothing else; Barré ceased to persist, and requested the two magistrates to go up to the abbess's room.

At the moment of their entry into the apartment, which was crowded with spectators, the abbess, seeing that Barré carried the holy pyx in his hand, fell into convulsions. Barré approached her, and again asking the demon by what compact he had entered the young woman's body, and receiving the former answer, "By water," he continued the interrogation as follows:

Q. "Quis finis pacti?" (What is the object of this compact?)

A. "Impuritas." (Impurity.)

At these words the seneschal interrupted the exorcist, and requested him to order the demon to say these last three words, "finis pacti, impuritas," in Greek. But the

abbess, who was already prepared with an evasive answer, escaped for this time with her *nimia curiositas*, with which reply Barré agreed, saying that the curiosity was indeed too great. The seneschal was therefore compelled to give up his endeavours to make the demon speak Greek, as he had already failed to make her converse in Hebrew or Scotch. Barré then continued: —

Q. "Quis attulit pactum?" (Who brought the compact?)

A. "Magus." (A magician.)

Q. "Quale nomen magi?" (What is the magician's name?)

A. "Urbanus." (Urban.)

Q. "Quis Urbanus? estne Urbanus papa?" (What Urban? Is it the Pope?)

A. "Grandier." (Grandier.)

Q. "Cujus qualitatis?" (What is his quality?)

A. "Curatus."

This new and hitherto unknown word produced a great effect upon the audience; but Barré did not leave time to allow it all the applause which it merited, continuing quickly, —

Q. "Quis attulit aquam pacti?" (Who brought the water of the compact?)

A. "Magus." (The magician.)

Q. "Qua hora?" (At what hour?)

A. "Septima." (At the seventh.)

Q. "An matutina?" (Of the morning?)

A. "Sero." (Of the evening.)

Q. "Quomodo entravit?" (How did he enter?)

A. "Janua." (By the gate.)

Q. "Quis vidit?" (Who saw him?)

A. "Tres." (Three.)

Here Barré, to confirm the evidence of the devil,

assured them that, supping with the abbess in her room upon the Sunday following her deliverance from the second possession, Mignon her confessor and a nun being also present, about seven in the evening her arm became wet with water, without any person being seen to throw it; that he washed the arm as quickly as he could with holy water, and said some prayers, during which the abbess's prayer-books were twice taken out of her hands and thrown violently at her feet, and that at the moment when he was picking them up a second time he received a blow, without seeing the hand which had struck him. Mignon corroborated his colleague's story by a long narrative of what had taken place, finishing his speech by invoking the most terrible curses upon their heads if they had swerved from the exact truth. Then, addressing the assembly, he announced that, upon the next day, he would drive away the evil spirit, and invited all present to prepare themselves by penitence, and by taking the communion, to witness the miracles which should be shown to them upon the next great day.

The last two exorcisms had made a great sensation in the town; so that, although Grandier had not been present, he knew perfectly well all that had taken place. He accordingly went the next morning to present another petition to the seneschal, in which he set forth that the nuns still continued, maliciously and upon suggestion, to name him as the author of their pretended possession; that, not only had he never had any communication with them, but he had not even ever seen them; that, to prove the influence of which he complained, it was absolutely necessary to sequestrate them; adding that it was not right that Mignon and Barré, his mortal enemies, should direct them, and pass the

day and night within their residence; that this proceeding alone made the fact of the suggestion visible and palpable; and that God's honour, as well as that of the petitioner, was involved in the question. Consequently, and on these considerations, he besought the seneschal to order the persons who pretended to be possessed to be sequestrated and separated from each other; that they should be directed by churchmen who were unsuspected by the suppliant, assisted by medical men; and in case they should not choose to comply with the required sequestration, he besought him to complain of it as a denial of justice.

The seneschal wrote at the bottom of the petition that it would be complied with upon the same day.

After Urban Grandier's petition, came the reports of the physicians who had been present at the exorcisms. In these reports they said that they certainly recognised convulsive movements in the person of the lady abbess, but that one visit was not sufficient to enable them to give an opinion upon the cause of these movements; that they wished to see and to examine them more particularly, in order to judge with certainty; that, with this object, they requested to be allowed to reside in the neighbourhood of the possessed women for some days and nights, to be permitted to treat them in the presence of the other nuns, and of some of the magistrates; that it was also necessary that these women should receive their food and medicines from no other hands but theirs; that no one should touch them save openly, nor speak to them but aloud; and that then they would pledge themselves to give a true and faithful report of the cause of their convulsions.

As it was nine o'clock in the morning, the time at which the exorcisms were usually begun, the seneschal

immediately set out for the convent, and found Barré saying Mass, and the abbess in convulsions. As the magistrate entered the church, the elevation of the holy sacrament was just taking place. He perceived standing in the midst of the assembly, who were all devoutly kneeling, a young man named Dessentier, who remained with his hat upon his head. He immediately ordered him either to uncover or to retire. Upon this the abbess's convulsions were redoubled, and she cried out that there were Huguenots present, and that it was their presence which gave the demon so much power over her. Barré then asked her how many there were, and she answered two; which clearly proved that the devil was no better arithmetician than scholar, as, besides Dessentier, there were among those present belonging to the reformed worship, the lawyer Abraham Gautier, his brother, four of his sisters, L'Elu, René Fourneau, and the *procureur* Angevin.

To divert the attention of the audience from this numerical error, Barré inquired of the abbess if it was true that she did not know Latin; and as she asserted that she did not know a single word, he ordered her to take an oath to that effect. She resisted at first, saying loud enough to be heard: —

"My father, you force me to take great oaths, and I fear that God will punish me for it."

But Barré replied, "My daughter, you must swear for the glory of God."

And she swore. At this moment one of the spectators observed that the abbess interpreted the catechism to her scholars. This she denied, — confessing, however, that she could interpret the *Pater* and the *Credo*. As this interrogation began to get embarrassing, the abbess put an end to it by falling once more into convulsions.

but the seneschal directed the exorcist to ask her where Grandier was. As this question was in accordance with the directions of the ritual, which says that one of the proofs of possession is the faculty of naming, without seeing them, the places in which the persons of whom they are asked then happen to be, he was obliged to comply, and received for answer that Grandier was in the large salon of the château.

"That will be found to be false," answered the seneschal aloud; "for before coming here I pointed out a house to Grandier, in which I desired him to remain, and where he will be found, he having gladly complied with my request, in order to assist me in arriving at the truth."

He accordingly ordered Barré to name some of the monks present to be sent to the château, accompanied by one of the magistrates and the clerk. Barré chose the prior of the Carmelites, and several others, who immediately set out upon their mission.

The abbess, after the seneschal's declaration, having remained silent in spite of the exorcisms, Barré ordered Sister Claire to be brought in, saying that one devil would excite the other. But the seneschal made a formal opposition to this proposal, observing that this double exorcism could have no other result but that of causing confusion, in the midst of which some useful hint might be suggested to the abbess, and that he preferred waiting the return of the messengers before commencing any new conjurations. However just this reasoning might have been, Barré took good care not to defer to it; for it was high time either to rid himself, by any means, of the seneschal and the other magistrates who shared his doubts, or else, by the help of Sister Claire, to practise some deception

upon them which should cause these doubts to be dispelled.

The second nun was then brought in, in spite of the opposition of the seneschal and the other officers, who, not wishing to appear as if lending a hand in such a palpable fraud, retired, declaring, as they went, that they neither could nor would be present any longer at this odious farce. In the court, they met the messengers who had first gone to the château, where they had searched not only the large salon, but all the other apartments in the building, without seeing Grandier; and had afterward gone to the house of which the seneschal had spoken, and there had found the object of their search, along with several respectable persons, from whom they had learnt that Grandier had been with them, without a moment's absence, for the last two hours.

This was all that the magistrates wished to know; they went away, while the messengers informed those present of the result of their mission, which produced a great effect upon them. A Carmelite monk, wishing to remove this impression, and thinking that the devil would probably be more correct in his conjectures this time, asked the abbess where Grandier now was. Without the slightest hesitation, she replied that he was walking with the seneschal in the church of Sainte-Croix. A new deputation was immediately sent out, who, not meeting any one in the church, went up to the court-house, where they found the seneschal on the bench; he had come direct from the convent, and had not even seen Grandier. Upon the same day the nuns made known that in future the exorcisms should not take place before the seneschal, or any of the officers who usually accompanied him, and that if thenceforth

such witnesses were permitted to be present, they would refuse to answer.

Grandier, seeing this impudence, and that the only man upon whose impartiality he could depend would in future be excluded from the exorcisms, presented a new petition to the seneschal, in which he prayed that the nuns should be sequestrated; but the seneschal, dreading for the petitioner's own sake to grant him this application, assembled the most respectable inhabitants of the town, to hold a consultation as to the best course to be pursued for the public good. The result of this meeting was, that they wrote to the *procureur-général* and to the Bishop of Poitiers, sending them copies of the reports which had been drawn up, and praying them, by their authority and prudence, to check the course of these pernicious intrigues. The answer of the *procureur-général* was to the effect that it was a purely ecclesiastical affair, with which the courts of law had nothing to do. As to the Bishop of Poitiers, he returned no reply whatever.

The bishop did not, however, keep the same silence toward Grandier's enemies; for the failure of the exorcisms of the 26th of November having induced them to take additional precautions, they thought it prudent to obtain a new commission from this prelate, in which he should appoint some ecclesiastics to assist Mignon and Barré with the exorcisms. Barré went himself to Poitiers to present this petition, and the bishop appointed Bazile, dean of the canons of Champigny, and Demorans, dean of the canons of Thoars, both relatives of Grandier's enemies.

These two commissioners, who had been previously informed of their appointment, repaired immediately to Loudun, where they arrived at the same time as

Marescot, one of the queen's almoners. The pious Anne of Austria had heard so many different versions of the story of the possession of the nuns in the Ursuline convent that she wished to search into the affair, which, it will be seen, began to assume greater importance every day, since it had now reached even the court. The seneschal and the lieutenant civil, fearing that the royal messenger might allow himself to be abused, and would not give a report calculated to corroborate the facts which were contained in theirs, notwithstanding the refusal of the nuns to receive them, went to the convent upon the 1st of December, the day upon which the new commissioners were to recommence the exorcisms, accompanied by their assessors, the lieutenant of the provostship, and a clerk of the court. They knocked for a long time, without any attention being paid to them; at last the door was opened by one of the sisterhood, who informed them that they would not be allowed to enter, adding that they were suspected, having publicly given out that the possession was nothing but a fraud and an imposture. The seneschal, without stopping to dispute with this girl, ordered her to fetch Barré to him, who, some time afterward, made his appearance, arrayed in his sacerdotal robes, and followed by several persons, among whom was the queen's almoner. The seneschal made a complaint that the door had been closed against himself and the officers who accompanied him, which was even contrary to the orders of the Bishop of Poitiers himself. Barré declared that as far as he was concerned he had no wish to prevent them from entering.

"We have therefore come with this intention," said the seneschal, "to pray you to ask this pretended demon two or three questions which we will propose, and

which will be conformable to the prescribed form in the ritual. You will not refuse," added the seneschal, turning toward Marescot, and bowing to him, "to give this proof before the queen's almoner, which will be the best means of dissipating all the suspicions of imposture, which unfortunately are so widely spread concerning this affair."

"I shall do, in this matter, whatever I think proper, not what it pleases you to command," replied the exorcist, insolently.

"It is, nevertheless, your duty to proceed legally," replied the seneschal, — "at least, if you act sincerely; for it would be an outrage to God to endeavour to increase his glory by a false miracle; and it would but sully the Catholic religion, so powerful in itself, to endeavour to make its truths more striking by the aid of frauds and illusions."

"Monsieur," replied Barré, "I am an honest man, and, knowing the duties of my charge, will acquit myself of them to the best of my power. As to you, you should remember that the last time you left this church you were inflamed with passion, which is a bad state of mind for a man whose duty it is to do justice."

As all these discussions led to nothing, the magistrates insisted upon entering; but not being able to obtain any further consent than that the doors were open, they once more forbade the exorcists to ask any question tending to defame any one, under the penalty of being treated as seditious agitators. To this threat Barré replied to the seneschal that he did not recognise their authority; and, shutting the door, he left him outside with the lieutenant civil.

There was now no time to lose if they wished to set up any efficacious opposition to the past and future

machinations against Grandier. He was advised by them to write to the Archbishop of Bordeaux; they added to his letter the reports which had been drawn up, and the whole was immediately despatched by a sure messenger to the Archbishop of Bordeaux. This worthy prelate, understanding the importance of the affair, and seeing that Grandier, abandoned to his enemies, would be lost by the slightest error, replied by himself arriving at his abbey of Saint-Jouin de Marmes, where he had once before acted with so noble justice to a poor persecuted priest.

It will be believed that the arrival of the archbishop was a terrible blow to the cabal; for scarcely had he reached Saint-Jouin before he sent his own physician, with orders to see the possessed women, and to examine the convulsions so as to be certain whether they were real or assumed. The physician presented himself at the convent, with a letter from the archbishop, commanding Mignon to allow him to have a clear insight into the whole state of things. Mignon received the physician with all the respect due to the prelate by whom he was sent; but he only said to him that he wished he had arrived a day sooner, as, thanks to his exorcisms and those of Barré, the possessed women had been delivered of their tormentors the evening before. He took him, however, to see the abbess and Sister Claire, whom the physician found calm and tranquil, as though they had never undergone any agitation. They confirmed what Mignon had said, and the physician returned to Saint-Jouin, without having anything to state, excepting that perfect tranquillity then prevailed in the convent.

The fraud was apparent, and the archbishop thought that the infamous persecutions against Grandier were

now finally terminated. But Grandier, knowing his enemies better, threw himself at his feet, upon the 27th of December, and besought him to grant a petition, in which he stated that his enemies had endeavoured to crush him by a false and calumnious accusation; that for the last three months they had given out and published to the world that he had sent evil spirits into the bodies of the sisters of Sainte-Ursule at Loudun, whom he had never even seen; and further, that Jean Mignon and Pierre Barré being notoriously his mortal enemies, the direction and exorcism of the pretended possessed persons had been given to them; that in the reports drawn up by them, and which were in direct contradiction to those of the seneschal and the lieutenant civil, they made a boast of having driven out the pretended devils three or four times, but that, according to the account of these calumniators, they had upon each occasion returned, by virtue of compacts which were attributed to him; that such assertions, as well as Mignon and Barré's reports, were made with the object of defaming and dishonouring him; that although it was true that the presence of the worthy prelate had put the demons to flight for the present, it was probable that, reassured by his departure, they would quickly return to the charge, so that, if abandoned by the benevolence of him to whom he now addressed himself, he was certain that his innocence, evident as it was, must succumb beneath the artifices of such deadly enemies; that consequently he prayed that, after examining all these reasons, it would please him to defend him from the attacks of Mignon, Barré, and their adherents, and in case of any new possession, to command that the exorcisms of the women who pretended to be possessed should in future be directed by ecclesiastics and laymen of his appointment, to whom,

if it was necessary, the entire care of the nuns should be given, and that the whole should be done in the presence of the magistrates of the district.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux pronounced an ordinance, appointing Sieur Barré, Father L'Escaye, a Jesuit, residing at Poitiers, and Father Gau, of the oratory, residing at Tours, to carry on the exorcisms in case of need; prohibiting any one else from interfering with them.

When this ordinance was communicated to the exorcists, the possession ceased so speedily and so entirely that it ceased even to be longer talked about. The archbishop, nevertheless, still recommended to Grandier to exchange his benefices; but Grandier said that even if he should be offered a bishopric, he would not accept it at that time in exchange for his simple cure at Loudun.

The termination of this affair of the possession was extremely prejudicial to the nuns; for, instead of producing respect and plentiful donations, as Mignon had promised, the only result was public scorn and increased poverty; for the young ladies who boarded with them were taken away by their families. This situation threw them into despair; and it was known that at that time they had many altercations with their director, in which they reproached him bitterly with the sins he had made them commit, and the shame and misery he had brought upon them. Mignon himself, though inflamed with hatred, was obliged to keep quiet, but he had not given up the hope of vengeance; and as he was a man of determined perseverance, he remained in the background, closely watching Grandier, in order to embrace the first opportunity of again seizing the prey which had escaped him. Such an opportunity soon arrived.

It was in the year 1633, the period when Richelieu was in the height of his power. The cardinal was pursuing his work of destruction, pulling down castles when he could not destroy men, on the principle of John Knox, — "Pull down the nests, and the rooks will fly away." Now, one of these nests was the castle of Loudun, and Richelieu had given orders to demolish it.

The person who came to Loudun, charged with this commission, was like those men whom, a hundred and fifty years before, Louis XI. had used to destroy feudalism, and Robespierre, in later times, to destroy aristocracy. Richelieu was the will, and Laubordemont the instrument. But he was an instrument full of intelligence, knowing, from the way in which he was set to work, what was the passion which excited his master, and then adapting himself to that passion with marvellous tact, whether it was fiery and rapid, or slow and suppressed; whatever it was, he found the proper means to gratify it.

M. de Laubordemont arrived at Loudun in August, 1633, and addressed himself, in order to execute his commission, to the Sieur Memin de Silly, mayor of the town, and an old friend of the cardinal, whom Barré and Mignon, as we have already said, had gained over to their side. Memin saw in this arrival the means of advancing the cause which he had espoused, and which had seemed lost. He introduced Mignon and all his friends to M. Laubordemont, who received them well. The superior, as we have said, was a relative of the formidable councillor. They exaggerated the insult which he had suffered from the ordinance of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, and which affected all his family; and in a short time, Laubordemont was ready to join the con-

spirators in finding means to interest Cardinal Richelieu in their views.

The queen-mother, Marie de Médicis, had among her women a person of the name of Hammon, who, having had, on some occasion, the good fortune to make herself agreeable to the princess, had some influence with her. She was born at Loudun of a family of the lower class, and had been brought up there. She was one of Grandier's parishioners, and he knew her intimately, and, as she was clever, took pleasure in her company. On some political occasion a lampoon had appeared against the ministry, and especially the cardinal. This paper, which was full of talent, wit, and bitter sarcasm, had been ascribed to this woman, Hammon, who naturally shared her mistress's hatred against her enemy, and who, being protected by her, could not be punished by the cardinal, though he deeply resented the affront. The conspirators devised the scheme of attributing this satire to Grandier, who might have known from Hammon the particulars of the cardinal's private life which were alluded to in it. If the minister could be brought to believe this calumny, the matter was finished, and Grandier lost.

This point settled, M. Laubordemont was carried to the convent, when, knowing what important personages expected them, the devils lost no time in returning. The nuns had miraculous convulsions, and M. de Laubordemont returned to Paris quite convinced.

At the first word he uttered to the cardinal respecting Grandier, it was easy for him to see that he might have spared himself the trouble of fabricating the story of the lampoon, and that he had only to pronounce Grandier's name in the minister's hearing to produce all the irritation he could desire. The cardinal had formerly been

prior of Coussay, and there he had had a quarrel about rank with Grandier, who, in his capacity of curate of Loudun, not only had refused to yield him precedence, but had actually assumed it. The cardinal had inscribed this affront in his bloody tablets, and Laubordemont found him as eager to ruin Grandier as he was himself.

Laubordemont, in the month of November, obtained a royal commission, authorising him to proceed to Loudun, and take cognisance of Grandier's affair, conceived in terms which almost amounted to a sentence of condemnation. Furnished with these powers, he arrived at Loudun at nine o'clock in the evening, and, that he might not be seen, he stopped in the outskirts of the town, at the house of Paul Aubin, the son-in-law of the mayor, Memin de Silly. His arrival was so secret that Grandier and his friends knew nothing of it; but Memin, Hervé, Menuau, and Mignon were informed of it, and immediately went to wait on him. Laubordemont showed them his commission; but this commission, ample as it was, seemed to them defective; it contained no power to arrest Grandier, and Grandier might escape. Laubordemont smiled, and drew from his pocket another ordinance of the same date, containing the power which they desired.

It was then resolved to show that the blow came from royal authority, and to intimidate any public officer who might still wish to take Grandier's part, or any witness who might give evidence in his favour, to arrest him as a preliminary to all other steps of procedure. They consequently sent for M. de Lagrange, a municipal officer, to whom M. de Laubordemont communicated his commission, ordering him to seize Grandier's person early next morning. M. de Lagrange answered that he would obey; but as he saw in these measures a mur-

derous conspiracy, and not a regular judicial procedure, notwithstanding his family alliance with Memin, he sent notice to Grandier of the orders he had received. Grandier sent him thanks for his generosity, but said that, trusting in his innocence and in the justice of Heaven, he was resolved not to fly.

Grandier then remained, and his brother, who slept in the same room with him, afterward said that on that night he slept as tranquilly as usual. He rose at six in the morning, according to his custom, took his breviary in his hand, and went to matins in the church of Sainte-Croix. But no sooner had he left his house than Lagrange, in presence of Memin, Mignon, and his other enemies, who had assembled to enjoy the sight, arrested him in the king's name. He was put into the hands of officers to be conveyed to the castle of Angers, while the royal seal was placed upon his rooms, his cabinets, and furniture; but in the search nothing was found which could compromise Grandier, excepting a treatise against the celibacy of priests, and some leaves on which were written, but not in his hand, love-verses in the taste of that day.

Grandier remained four months in that prison; he was, according to the accounts of the commandant of the place, and of his confessor, a model of constancy and resignation, — passing his time in reading religious books, or in writing prayers and meditations, the manuscripts of which were produced on the trial. During this time, evidence was taken by Laubordemont; and when it was finished, in April, Urban was brought back to Loudun.

An extraordinary prison had been prepared for him in a house which belonged to Mignon himself, and which had been occupied by an officer called Bontemps, — a

former clerk of Trinquant's, and who had given evidence against Grandier in the former affair. This prison was on the uppermost floor; the windows had been walled up, leaving only a small opening toward the roof, which had been furnished with enormous bars; and, by way of further precaution, and to prevent the friends from carrying off the magician, the chimney had been closed with bars in the form of a gridiron. Moreover, small holes in hidden corners allowed Bontemps' wife to see at all times what Grandier did, — a precaution which might be turned to account in the exorcisms. It was from this cell, lying on straw, and almost in darkness, that Grandier wrote to his mother, an old woman of seventy, the following letter: —

My dear Mother, — I have received your letter, and all that you have sent me, except the stockings. I bear my affliction with patience, and suffer more for you than for myself. I am very uncomfortable, having no bed. Try to get mine sent me; for if the body do not rest, the spirit sinks. Send me also a breviary, a Bible, and a Saint Thomas, for my consolation; and do not afflict yourself. I hope that God will bring my innocence to light. I send my love to my brother and sister, and all our good friends. I am, my dear mother, your dutiful and obedient son.

During Grandier's imprisonment in the castle of Angers the possessions multiplied wonderfully; not only the superior and Sister Claire were possessed, but nine more of the sisterhood were the victims of evil spirits. They were separated into three divisions.

The superior, Louise des Anges, and Anne de Sainte-Agnes, were placed in the house of M. Delaville, an advocate, the counsel of the sisterhood.

Sister Claire and Catherine of the Presentation were put into the house of the canon, Maurat; and Élisabeth

de la Croix, Monique de Sainte-Marthe, Jeanne du Saint-Esprit, and Seraphique Archer, were provided with a third house.

All were overlooked by the sister of Memin de Silly, the wife of Moussant, and consequently allied with two of the greatest enemies of the accused, who learnt from Bontemps' wife all that it was necessary for the superior to know concerning him; this was what was called a sequestration.

The choice of physicians was not less unjust; instead of calling in the most learned practitioners of Angers, Tours, Poitiers, or Saumur, all of them, excepting Daniel Roger, who resided at Loudun, were brought from little villages, and chosen from uneducated men; so much was this the case that one of them had not even obtained either his letters or his degrees, and had been forced to leave Saumur on that account; and another had left a merchant's warehouse, in which he had been employed as salesman for ten years, in order to take the more lucrative profession of an empiric.

Nor was the choice of the apothecary and the surgeon any more plausible. The apothecary, who was called Adam, was Mignon's cousin-german, and had been a witness against Grandier in the first accusation which had been brought against him; and, as his evidence had compromised the honour of a young girl of Loudun, he had been condemned by a warrant of parliament to make her honourable amends. Notwithstanding, or perhaps on account of his hate to Grandier being well known, to him was assigned the preparation of the remedies, without any one overlooking him to see that the doses were not diminished or increased; so that, instead of quieting, he gave them exciting medicines, sufficient to bring on real convulsions.

As to the surgeon, it was still worse; for it was Mannouri, nephew of Messire Memin de Silly, brother of one of the nuns, and the same who, in the second affair, had strenuously opposed the sequestration for which Grandier had applied, who was appointed to that office. The mother and father of the prisoner vainly presented petitions, in which they rejected the physicians as incapable, and the surgeon and apothecary as prejudiced; they could not even obtain certified copies of these petitions, although they engaged to prove by witnesses that upon one occasion Adam had, in his ignorance, given a dose of *crocus metallorum* instead of *crocus martis*, which error had occasioned the death of the person who had taken the medicine. Grandier's ruin was thus so wholly resolved upon that his enemies had not even the shame to endeavour to hide the infamous means by which it was to be brought about.

The action was carried on with diligence. As one of the first formalities was the confrontation, Grandier published a factum, in which he desired to be allowed to imitate the example of Saint Anastasius, who, he said, having been accused by an immodest woman, whom he had never seen, at the Council of Tyre, when the woman came into the assembly publicly to accuse him, a priest called Timotheus rose, and addressed her as if he himself had been Anastasius; thinking that it was indeed he, she replied, and the saint's innocence was made manifest to every one. Grandier demanded that two or three persons of the same height, and having the same coloured hair as himself, should be dressed exactly like him and presented to the nuns, being certain that as he never had seen them, nor, in all probability, had ever been seen by them, they would not know him, however much they might pretend to do so. This demand was

so fair, and consequently so embarrassing, that it did not even receive an answer.

The Bishop of Poitiers, triumphant in his turn over the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who dared do nothing in opposition to an order emanating from the cardinal duke, had rejected Father L'Escaye and Father Gau, who had been appointed by his superior, and had put his doctor of divinity, who had been one of Grandier's judges when the first sentence was given against him, and Father Lactance, a Franciscan friar, in their places. These two monks did not even take the trouble of concealing to which party they belonged, but immediately went and resided in the house of Nicholas Moussant, and the day after their arrival visited the superior, and began the exorcisms. At the first words, Father Lactance, perceiving that the possessed woman knew very little Latin, and consequently did not feel much security in her interrogation, ordered her to answer in French, although he himself went on exorcising her in Latin; and as some one had the boldness to insinuate that the devil, who, according to the ritual, knew all living and dead languages, ought to answer in the same idiom as that which was used in questioning him, the father declared that the compact had been made in this manner, besides which he informed them that there were devils who were more ignorant than peasants.

Besides these exorcists and the two Carmelites who had been mixed up in the affair from the beginning, there were added four Capuchins; so that the exorcisms could proceed more smoothly now than hitherto. The proceedings were held in four different places; namely, the church of Sainte-Croix, the Ursuline convent, Saint-Pierre-du-Martray, and Notre-Dame-du-Château. Very little of consequence, however, took place upon

the exorcisms of the 15th and 16th of April; the declarations of the physicians simply saying, without any other remarks, that the things which they had seen were supernatural, surpassing their knowledge as well as all the rules of medicine.

The proceedings upon the 23rd were more curious; the superior, being asked by Father Lactance in what form the demon had entered her, she replied that it had entered her in the forms of a cat, a dog, a stag, and a bone.

"Quoties?" inquired the exorcist.

"I did not notice the day, exactly," answered the superior.

The poor girl had mistaken *quoties* for *quando*.

It was doubtless with the intention of revenging herself for this error that the superior declared upon the same day that Grandier had five marks upon his body which had been made by the devil, and that insensible everywhere else, he was vulnerable in these places alone. Accordingly, orders were given to the surgeon, Mannouri, to examine into the truth of this assertion, and the day upon which this examination was appointed to take place was the 26th of that month.

In obedience to the commission which he had received, upon the morning of the 26th, Mannouri was introduced into Grandier's prison, and having made him strip naked, and shaved his whole body, he had his eyes bound, and ordered him to lie at full length upon a table. The devil was, however, again wrong; Grandier, instead of having five marks, had only two, — one upon the shoulder-blade and the other upon the thigh.

Then was enacted one of the most atrocious scenes which the human mind can picture. Mannouri held in

his hand a probe with a spring, into which the needle closed at the will of the operator. To all parts of Grandier's body which, according to the superior's account, were insensible, Mannouri applied the instrument, and while apparently thrusting the probe into his flesh, he really caused no pain at all to the prisoner; but when he came to the marks which had been pointed out as vulnerable, the surgeon, holding the spring, stuck the point of the probe into his body to the depth of some inches, which made poor Grandier, who had not expected it, utter so agonising a cry that to those who had not been able to enter, and were waiting in the street, it was perfectly audible. From the mark upon the back, with which he had begun, Mannouri passed to that upon the thigh, into which he thrust the probe as far as it would go, but, to his great surprise, Grandier gave no cry, uttered no complaint. Not even a groan escaped him; he began, on the contrary, to pray, and although Mannouri continued his barbarity, by wounding him twice upon each of the vulnerable points, he could wring from the prisoner no other exclamation than prayers for his butchers.

M. de Laubordemont was present at this scene.

The next day the superior was exorcised in such strong terms that the devil was compelled to confess that Grandier had not five but two marks upon him. This time, however, to the great astonishment of the crowd, he pointed out the exact places where they would be found.

Unfortunately for the demon, a joke which he made upon the same occasion neutralised the effect of this first declaration. Being asked why he had refused to speak upon the preceding Saturday, he replied that he was not at Loudun upon that day, having been engaged all

the morning in conducting the soul of Le Proust, the *procureur* of the parliament at Paris, to hell. This reply seemed so incredible to some worldly-minded persons present that they took the trouble of examining the register of deaths upon that Saturday; the result of which examination was that not only did no *procureur* of the name of Le Proust expire upon that day, but no person at all of that name. This detection made the demon less affable if not less terrible.

During this time the other exorcisms also met with similar checks; the holy father of Saint Thomas, who operated in the Carmelite church, having asked one of the possessed women where Grandier kept his magical books, she replied that they would be found in the apartments of a certain young lady, whom she named, and who was the same person to whom Adam had made honourable amends for a former calumny. Laubordemont, Moussant, Hervé, and Menuau immediately repaired to this young lady's dwelling, searched the rooms and the closets, rummaged boxes, and places until then held most secret, but in vain. Upon returning to the church, they reproached the demon with having deceived them; but the demon answered that a niece of the lady had in the interim removed the books in question. This niece was now in turn immediately visited; she was, however, unfortunately not at home, but in a church, in which, since the morning, she had been employed in her devotions, and from which the priests and attendants of the church protested she had not stirred from the time of her first coming. Notwithstanding the wish of the exorcists to oblige Adam, they were forced to let this case fall to the ground.

These two false assertions having swelled the numbers of the unbelievers, the 4th of May was appointed as the

day upon which the most interesting of the proceedings was to take place; the programme was indeed sufficient to excite general curiosity. Asmodeus had promised to raise the superior two feet from the ground, and Earas and Cerberus, excited by the example of their chief, engaged themselves to do as much to the other nuns; and a fourth demon, called Béhérit, even went further, and not fearing to attack M. de Laubordemont himself, declared, that for his part, he would raise the councillor's cap from his head, and keep it suspended in the air, until such time as a *miserere* could be said; besides this, the exorcists had challenged six of the most robust men that could be found to hold down the feeblest of the nuns, or prevent her from making the usual contortions.

It will be believed that the promise of such a sight brought a crowd to the church, which filled it to overflowing. The proceedings began as usual, with the superior; and Father Lactance summoned Asmodeus to redeem his promise, by lifting her from the ground. The superior then made two or three springs upon her mattress, and appeared for a moment as if really supported in the air; but one of the spectators, raising the covering, discovered that she was supporting herself upon her toes, — cleverly done, no doubt, but certainly not miraculously. Upon this discovery bursts of laughter arose from all sides; and this explosion of hilarity intimidated Earas and Cerberus to such a degree that they could not even get answers from them to the adjurations of the exorcists. Recourse was then had to Béhérit, who answered that he was ready to lift M. de Laubordemont's cap, and that the thing would be done after a quarter of an hour was elapsed.

But as upon this day the exorcisms had been ap-

pointed to take place in the evening instead of in the morning, which was the usual time of performance, and as the night, favourable to illusions, was now setting in, it was thought by many incredulous persons that Béhérit's demand of a quarter of an hour was done only to gain time, in order to perform his promise by lamplight, which makes all magic easy. They remarked, besides, that M. de Laubordemont was seated at some distance from the other spectators, and exactly under one of the arches of the church, in the middle of which there was a hole, through which was passed the rope of the church bell. They then left the church, and ascending into the steeple, they hid themselves in a corner of the highest story. They had not been there long when a man approached them, and began working at something; they immediately surrounded him, and took from his hand a long line composed of a single horsehair, to the end of which a small fish-hook was attached; the man, surprised and confused, let go his line and took to flight. The result was, that although M. de Laubordemont, the exorcists, and the whole assembly waited in anxious expectation of seeing the cap raised into the air, it remained fixed upon the judge's head, to the great confusion of Father Lactance, who, not knowing what had taken place, and believing that it was only some delay, adjured Béhérit three or four times to fulfil the promise which he had made, and was at length obliged to confess that the devil had failed.

The 4th of May was an unfortunate day for the exorcists; up to that time nothing had succeeded, and never had the demons been so awkward or appeared so powerless. Fortunately, the exorcists seemed certain of their last hope, which was that a weak nun would escape from the hands of six men, chosen from among the

strongest, and who would in vain endeavour to hold her down. Accordingly, two Capuchins and two Carmelites went round the assembly, and returned into the choir with six copies of Hercules, who had been chosen from among the street porters of the town.

This time the devil proved that if he was not skilful he was strong; for, although held down upon her mattress by these six men, the superior, after some exorcisms, went into such terrible convulsions that she escaped from their hands, and one of those who endeavoured to hold her was knocked down. This was successfully repeated three times, and belief began once more to be in the ascendency among the assembly, when a physician of Saumur, named Duncan, suspecting that this was some prearranged affair, entered the choir, ordered the six men to go away, and declared that he alone would hold the superior, and that if she escaped from his hands, he would offer her any honourable amends for his incredulity. M. de Laubordemont endeavoured to oppose this proof, terming Duncan a worldling and an atheist; but as he was much esteemed, as well from his learning as from his integrity, such a tumult arose among the assembly at his being forbidden to put the devil's strength to the proof, that the exorcists were compelled to permit it. The choir was soon emptied of the six porters, who, instead of taking their places in the church again, went out by the sacristan; and Duncan, advancing to the superior's bedside, seized her by the wrist, and after making sure that he held her fast, he said to the exorcists that they might begin.

Never until then had a struggle between general opinion and the particular interest of a few been thus decided face to face; a dead silence reigned throughout the assembly, who remained motionless, their eyes

fixed in anxious expectation of what was about to take place.

After a moment's pause, Father Lactance pronounced the sacred words, and the superior fell into convulsions; but this time it seemed as though Duncan had more strength in his single body than the six men who had preceded him had had in theirs united; for, although the nun sprang and writhed about as much as before, her arm remained fast within Duncan's hand, until, at last, tired and overcome, she sank upon her bed, saying, "I cannot; he holds me."

"Let go her arm!" shouted Father Lactance, furious with rage. "How can she have convulsions if you hold her?"

"If it is really a demon that possesses her," replied Duncan, in a loud voice, "he should be stronger than I, since the ritual, amongst the other marks of possession, indicates their strength as being far above that of human nature."

"It is badly argued," replied Lactance, eagerly, "though it is true that a demon out of the body is stronger than you; yet being as it now is, in a feeble body such as this, it is impossible that it should be as strong as you, for its natural actions are proportioned to the strength of the body which it possesses."

"Enough, enough," said M. de Laubordemont, "we are not come here to dispute with philosophers, but to edify Christians."

So saying, he rose from his chair in the midst of a terrible tumult, and the whole assembly retired in disorder, more like people issuing from a theatre than from a church.

Owing to their ill success upon this occasion, nothing remarkable was attempted for some days, and a great

number of gentlemen and men of quality who had come to Loudun in the expectation of witnessing miracles, seeing that nothing wonderful was to be shown to them, began to think it was not worth while to remain there any longer, and took their departure. Father Tranquille, one of the exorcists, complains of this in a little volume which he published concerning this event. "Several persons," says he, "having come to Loudun to witness miracles, and finding that the devils did not make the signs which were asked of them, have gone discontented away, and swelled the number of the incredulous." In order to put a stop to this desertion, it was then resolved that they should prepare some great event, which would arouse the curiosity and reanimate the faith of the people; accordingly Father Lactance announced that upon the 20th of May, three of the seven devils who possessed the superior would come out of her, leaving three wounds upon her left side, and as many holes upon her chemise, her petticoat, and her dress; these three devils were Asmodeus, Grésil of the Thrones, and Aman of the Powers. And it was added that the superior's hands would be fastened behind her back when these wounds were made.

The day came; the church of Sainte-Croix was filled with the curious, anxious to know whether the devils would keep their word better this time than upon the last occasion. The physicians were first requested to approach, and invited to examine the superior's side, her petticoat, chemise, and dress; as Duncan was present among the other physicians whom they had not dared to refuse admittance, notwithstanding the hatred with which they regarded him, it was impossible that the public should be as yet imposed upon. The physicians examined the superior, and drew up their report

to the effect that "they had found no wound upon her side, no hole in her vestments, nor any sharp weapon concealed in the folds of her robes."

After this had been read, Father Lactance interrogated her for nearly two hours in French, and the answers were made in the same language. From questions he passed to adjurations; upon which Duncan advanced, and reminded him that he had promised that the superior's hands should be bound behind her back, to take away all suspicion of fraud or deceit, and that the time had come for this promise to be fulfilled. Father Lactance allowed the justice of this request, but at the same time observed that, as there were many persons in the assembly who had never seen the convulsions into which the possessed woman fell, it was but proper that she should be exorcised for their satisfaction previous to being bound. He accordingly recommenced the exorcisms, and the superior immediately fell into strong convulsions, which, after lasting for some time, ended in complete insensibility.

The possessed woman then fell with her face to the ground, and turning herself upon her arm and left side, she remained motionless for some moments in this position; she then uttered an involuntary cry of pain, followed by a deep groan. The physicians advanced toward her, and Duncan observing that she took her right hand from her left side, he seized her by the arm, and perceived that the ends of her fingers were bloody; he immediately laid fast hold of her dress, examined it as well as her body, and discovered that the superior's robe was pierced in three places, and her petticoat and chemise the same, the holes being in circumference about the size of a finger. The physicians found that the skin was also pierced in three places under the left

breast, but the wounds were so insignificant that they scarcely penetrated the skin, although the blood which had issued from them was sufficient to colour the chemise.

The fraud was once more so gross and palpable that Laubordemont himself was confused, owing to the number and the quality of the spectators; he did not, therefore, wish to allow the physicians to add to their attestations the opinion which they formed of the causes of the three wounds; but Grandier protested against this in a factum which he prepared upon the same night, and which was distributed the next day; in this he observed: —

"Had the superior suppressed her pain and refrained from groaning, the physicians would not have examined her, but would have suffered her to have been bound, never imagining that the wounds were already made; then the exorcists would have commanded the three demons to go out of her, and to make the marks which they had promised; then the superior would have made the strongest contortions of which she was capable, and would have had a long convulsion, at the end of which she would have been delivered, and the wounds would have been discovered upon her body; but her groans, which betrayed her, had defeated, by God's permission, the best concerted measures of men and devils. Why do you think that devils would choose wounds resembling such as are made by steel, when they are accustomed to leave sores such as are left by fire? Was it not because it was more easy for the superior to hide some steel weapon with which to wound herself slightly, than to conceal fire, with which to cause a burn? Why should you think that they would have chosen the left side, rather than the forehead, or the nose, were it not that she could not have wounded herself upon the forehead or the nose without exposing the action to the eyes of the whole assembly? Why should they have chosen the left rather than the right side, if it had not been that it was more easy

for the right hand, which the superior had used, to stretch over to the left side than to inflict the wound upon the right? Why did she lean upon her arm and her left side, if it were not that, in that posture, in which she remained for some time, she facilitated the concealment of the weapon with which she wounded herself? Whence think you, came the groan, which she uttered in spite of herself, if not from the sense of pain which was within her, the most courageous persons not being able to help crying out when the surgeon inflicts a wound upon them? Why should the ends of her fingers have been bloody, if it was not because they held the weapon which had drawn the blood? Who can avoid seeing that this weapon having been very small, it was impossible to prevent her fingers from being stained with the blood which flowed from the wound? Whence comes it that these wounds, which did not pierce beyond the outer skin, were so slight, when, on the contrary, it was the practice of demons to break up and destroy the demoniacs when they left them, if it were not that the superior loved herself too well to make the wounds deep or dangerous?"

Notwithstanding Urban Grandier's logical protestation, and the visible fraud on the part of the exorcists, M. de Laubordemont did not hesitate in preparing a report on the expulsion of the three demons, Asmodeus, Grésil, and Aman, from the body of Sister Jeanne des Anges, by means of three wounds, which were made under the region of the heart. This report was audaciously produced against Grandier, the minute of which still exists as a monument, not only of credulity and superstition, but of hatred and revenge. Father Lactance, upon his part, in order to dissipate the suspicions which the pretended miracle of the preceding evening had given birth to among the spectators inquired the next day of Balaam, one of the four demons who still remained in the superior's body, why Asmodeus and

his two companions had gone out of her when, contrary to their promise, the face and hands of the superior were hidden from the eyes of the people.

"It was done," replied Balaam, "to keep them in their incredulity."

Father Tranquille also railed at the discontented, in a little book which he published concerning this affair. "Certes, they have cause," says he, "to be offended with the want of civility and courtesy shown by these demons, who have not had regard to the quality of their persons; but if the greater part of these people had searched their consciences, they would have probably discovered that their discontent was owing to this cause."

Nothing of importance took place from the 20th of May until the 13th of June, when a new miracle was enacted, by the superior vomiting the quill of a pen, about the length of a finger. It was, doubtless, this that caused the Bishop of Poitiers to determine upon coming himself to Loudun, not only, as he said, to those who wished him to examine into the truth of the possession, but also to make those believe who still doubted, and to discover the schools of magic from which Urban had learnt his knowledge. It was now spread amongst the people that they must believe in the possession, since the king, the cardinal duke, and the bishop believed in it; and that those who persisted in doubting would render themselves guilty of high treason, both to the divine and human law, and expose themselves, as accomplices of Grandier, to Lauborde-mont's sanguinary justice. "This we may say with truth," writes Father Tranquille, "that it is the work of God, since it is the work of the king."

The bishop's arrival opened a new scene in these proceedings. An ocular witness, a good Catholic and firm

believer in the possession, has left a manuscript account of what followed, more curious than anything which we ourselves can relate. We lay it, as it was originally written, before our readers:—

"Upon Wednesday, the 23rd of June, 1634, the eve of Saint John, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Monseigneur de Poitiers and M. de Laubordemont, being engaged in the exorcism of the Ursuline nuns, in the church of Sainte-Croix at Loudun, by the order of M. de Laubordemont, Urban Grandier, a priest, was brought from prison into the said church, accused of being a magician by the said possessed nuns; to which Urban Grandier, priest, four compacts were shown by the said M. de Laubordemont, mentioned on divers occasions by the said possessed nuns in the preceding exorcisms, which the devils who possessed them affirmed to have been made, several times, with the said Urban Grandier, but particularly one made with Leviathan, upon Saturday the 17th of the present month, which was composed of the flesh of a child's heart, taken upon a witch's sabbath, at Orléans, in 1631, from the ashes of a burnt victim, by the said Urban Grandier, by which compact Leviathan had entered the body of Sister Jeanne des Anges, superior of the said nuns, and had possessed her, along with Béhérit, Earas, and Balaam; and this was the 8th of December, 1632. The other compact, composed of pomegranate seeds, which were vomited by Asmodeus, then possessing Sister Agnes, upon Thursday the 22nd of the present month, was made between the said Grandier, Asmodeus, and a number of other devils, to prevent the fulfilment of Béhérit's promises, who had promised, as a sign of his going out, to lift M. de Laubordemont's cap from his head, during the reading of a *miserere*.

"All which compacts being shown to the said Grandier, he declared, without any signs of astonishment, but with great boldness and resolution, that he knew nothing whatever of the said compacts, that he had never seen them, nor was he acquainted with any art by which such things might be effected; that he had never had any communication with

devils, and was entirely ignorant of what they had said of him; a minute of the charge and the reply was then made, which he signed.

"This being done, all the above-mentioned possessed nuns, to the number of ten or eleven, comprising three lay sisters, also possessed, were brought into the choir of the said church, accompanied by a number of Carmelite, Capuchin, and Franciscan monks. Upon their entrance, the possessed nuns addressed the said Grandier as their master, and showed great joy at seeing him. Upon this, Father Lactance, a Franciscan monk, and one of the exorcists, exhorted all persons present to raise their hearts to God, with extraordinary fervour, to lament the indignities offered to that adorable Majesty, and to implore him that such sins should be no obstacle to the designs of his providence, for his glory upon this occasion; and for an external mark of internal contrition, to say the *confiteor*, and to receive the benediction of Monseigneur the Bishop of Poitiers. This having been done, he proceeded to say that the affair in which they were engaged was of so great importance to the truths of the Roman Catholic Church that this consideration alone ought to be a sufficient reason to excite their devotion, and that, besides this, the malady of these poor women was so strange, and had lasted so long a time, that charity obliged all those who had the privilege of labouring for their deliverance, and for the expulsion of the demons, to employ themselves in so worthy an undertaking by the exorcisms which the Church had prescribed for the use of its pastors.

"Then turning to the said Grandier, he said to him that he, being among that number, ought to contribute his whole power and zeal to this object, provided the bishop were pleased to grant him permission to do so, and to commute the suspension of his authority; to which proposal, the said bishop having agreed, the Franciscan father presented a stole to Grandier, who, turning toward Monseigneur of Poitiers, inquired if he was permitted to take it; receiving an answer in the affirmative, he put the said stole on his neck, and he was then offered a Ritual, which he asked in the same manner

as before to be allowed to take; then prostrating himself at the bishop's feet to kiss them, he received his blessing, after which, the *Veni Creator Spiritus* having been sung, he rose and addressed the Bishop of Poitiers, saying, 'Monseigneur, whom am I to exorcise?' and being answered by the said bishop, 'These girls,' he again asked, 'What girls?' and being answered, 'These possessed girls,' 'Thus,' said he, 'monseigneur, I am compelled to believe in the possession. The Church believes it, and I believe it also, although my opinion is, that a magician cannot possess a Christian with a devil without his consent.' Upon this, some one cried out that he was a heretic to advance such an opinion; that that truth was indubitable, unanimously received throughout the Church, and approved by the Sorbonne; to which he replied that he had not determined his opinion upon that point; that it was simply his thought; that, at all events, he submitted to the opinion of the whole Church, of which he was but a member, and that no person could be accounted a heretic for having had doubts, but for obstinately persisting in them; that what he had proposed to the said lord bishop was done with the intention of being assured by his mouth that he would not abuse the authority of the Church.

"Being then led by the Franciscan monk to Sister Catherine, she being the most ignorant of them all, and consequently the least likely to understand Latin, Grandier commenced the exorcism, in the prescribed form of the Ritual. But, at the first interrogation, he was compelled to stop, as all the other nuns were immediately tormented by the demons, uttering strange and horrible cries; and among the rest, Sister Claire advanced toward him, and reproached him for his blindness and obstinacy; so that, in the altercation which ensued, he was obliged to leave the other possessed nun, with whom he had commenced, and address himself to the said Sister Claire, who, during the whole of the exorcism, continued to speak through thick and thin, without paying any attention to Grandier's questions, which were again interrupted by the superior-mother, to whom he then turned, leaving the said Sister Claire.

"But it is to be remarked that, previous to the commencement of the exorcism, he said to her, speaking in Latin, that he knew well that she understood Latin, and he therefore wished to question her in Greek. To which the devil answered by the mouth of the possessed woman: 'Ah! you are cunning, you know well that one of the first conditions of the compact between you and me was, that I should not answer in Greek!' To which he cried, 'O pulchra illusio, egregia evasio!' (Oh, fair illusion, excellent evasion!) The devil then said that he would allow him to exorcise in Greek, provided that he first wrote down what he wished to say. The said possessed woman, however, offered to answer him in whatever language he pleased; but whenever he began, all the other nuns recommenced their cries with unparalleled rage and despair, making the strangest and most varied contortions, persisting in accusing the said Grandier of the magic and witchcraft which was tormenting them, offering to break his neck if he would allow them, and making all sorts of efforts to do him violence, which was prevented by the powers of the Church, and by the exertions of the priests and monks there present, in repressing the fury with which they were all agitated.

"Grandier, however, remained calm, and without showing any emotion gazed fixedly at the said possessed nuns, protesting his innocence, and praying to God to become his protector. Addressing the bishop and M. Laubordemont, he said to them that he implored the ecclesiastical and royal authority, whose ministers they were, to command these demons to break his neck, or at any rate to cause a visible mark upon his forehead, if he was, as they asserted, the author of the crime of which he was accused, so that by this means the glory of God might be manifested, the authority of the Church exalted, and himself confounded; provided always that these girls did not touch him with their hands. To this they would not consent, both because they did not wish to be answerable for any harm which might befall him, and because they would not expose the authority of the Church to the cunning of demons, who might have contracted some compact with the said Grandier upon this point.

"Then the exorcists, to the number of eight, commanded the devils to be silent and to cease the tumult which they were making; and fire being brought in upon a chafing-dish, all the compacts were thrown into it one after another; upon which the former confusion was redoubled with the most horrible violence, and with such fearful cries and gestures that the assembly might have passed for a witch's sabbath, had it not been for the sanctity of the place in which it was held, and the quality of the persons of whom it was composed, the least astonished of whom, at least in exterior, being the said Grandier, although he had the most reason to be so.

"The devils continued their accusations, citing the places, hours, and days of their communications with him, his former witchcrafts, his offences, his insensibility, and his renouncement of God; to which he replied boldly that he denied these calumnies, which were the more unjust as they emanated from his own profession; that he renounced Satan and all his devils; that he knew nothing of them, and apprehended them still less; that he was a Christian in spite of them; that he trusted in God and Jesus Christ, although perhaps a great sinner; but he denied being guilty of the abominations imputed to him, and defied them to give any authentic or pertinent proof of his guilt.

"Words can give no idea of what followed Grandier's declaration; the eyes and ears of the spectators appeared to see and hear so many furies; nothing like it was ever seen before; and excepting to persons accustomed to such fearful sights, such as those who sacrifice to demons, no human mind could have remained free from astonishment and horror at this scene. Grandier, alone, in the midst of it all, remained himself, that is to say, insensible to all these wonders, singing hymns to the Lord with the rest of the spectators, and appearing as bold as if he had had a legion of angels to protect him. One of these devils now cried out that Belzebuth was then between him and Father Tranquille, the Capuchin; upon which, Grandier, addressing the demon, said, 'Obmutescas!' (Be silent!); and the said devil began swearing that that was their watchword, but that they were obliged to tell all, God being incomparably stronger than all hell. All of them now

wished to throw themselves upon him, offering to destroy him, to show the marks upon him, and to strangle him, although he was their master ; upon which he took the opportunity of saying that he was neither their master nor their servant, and that it was incredible that in their confession they should at once own him as their master, and wish to strangle him ; upon which the girls became frantic, and threw their slippers at his head. 'Behold,' said he, smiling, 'behold devils who impeach themselves.'

"Their violence at length reached to such a point that had it not been for the protection of the people in the choir, the author of this scene would infallibly have lost his life, and all that they could do was to make him leave the said church, and to remove him from the furies who threatened him. He was then conducted back to prison about six o'clock in the evening, and the rest of the day was employed in liberating the minds of these poor girls from the possession of the devils, which they had no small difficulty in accomplishing."

Every one, however, did not judge these possessed women with the same indulgence as that shown to them by the author of this narrative, and many saw in this scene of cries and convulsions an infamous and sacrilegious orgy of vengeance; such opposite opinions were given upon the affair that upon the 2nd of July, the following ordinance was affixed to all the street corners and proclaimed throughout the town: —

"It is expressly forbidden to all persons, of whatever rank or condition, to slander or otherwise speak against the nuns and other persons of Loudun who are afflicted with evil spirits, their exorcists, or those who assist at the exorcisms, in any fashion or manner whatever, on pain of a fine of ten thousand livres ; and that none may affect ignorance, this present ordinance will be read and proclaimed this day in the parish churches of this town, and affixed to the gates of the said churches as well as everywhere else where they are needed.

"Given at Loudun, the 2nd of July, 1634."

This proclamation was too powerful for the worldlings, and counting from this time, if they did not believe the more, at any rate they did not dare to confess their incredulity aloud. But to the shame of the judges, the nuns themselves now repented; for the day after the impious scene which we have related, just as Father Lactance was about to exorcise Sister Claire, in the church of the château, she rose up in tears, and turning to the people, so as to be heard by all, she began by taking Heaven to witness that upon this occasion she was speaking the truth. She then confessed that all she had said for the last fortnight against the unfortunate Grandier was calumny and imposture, and that all she had done was by the suggestion of the Franciscan Mignon and the Carmelites.

But Father Lactance was not frightened so easily; he replied to Sister Claire that all she was saying was but a trick of the demon to save his master, Grandier. The nun then made an energetic appeal to M. de Laubordemont and to M. de Poitiers, demanding to be sequestrated, and put under the charge of other ecclesiastics than those who had been the destruction of her soul, by inducing her to give false evidence against an innocent man; but the Bishop of Poitiers and M. de Laubordemont did but laugh at the devil's cunning, and ordered her to be taken back to the house in which she lived. Upon hearing this command, Sister Claire rushed out of the choir to make her escape by the gate of the church, adjuring those who were present to come to her aid, and to save her from eternal damnation. But no one dared to move a step, so well had the terrible ordinance had its desired effect; Sister Claire was seized, and in spite of her cries, taken back to the house, in which she was sequestrated, never more to leave it.

A still stranger scene took place upon the day after. While M. de Laubordemont was questioning a nun, the superior came down into the court, with naked feet, and a rope round her neck, in the midst of a frightful storm, and there she remained for two hours, without fearing either lightning, rain, or thunder, waiting until M. de Laubordemont and the other judges should come out. At length the door opened, and the king's commissioner appeared; upon which Sister Jeanne des Anges, kneeling down before him, declared that she had not power to play the horrible part which had been taught her any longer, and before God and man, she declared Urban Grandier innocent, saying that all the hatred which she and her companions felt for him arose from carnal desires with which his beauty had inspired them, which desires had been heightened by the seclusion of the cloister. M. de Laubordemont threatened her with all his rage, but she answered, weeping bitterly, that the fault of which she had been guilty was the only thing she feared, adding that, although the Lord was merciful, she knew that her crime was too great ever to be pardoned. Then M. de Laubordemont exclaimed that it was the devil within her who was speaking thus; but she answered that she had never been possessed of any demon, excepting the demon of revenge, and that it was no magical compact but her own evil thoughts which had introduced that into her body.

So saying she slowly retired, still weeping, and going into the garden, she fastened the rope which was round her neck to the branch of a tree, and hanged herself; but some nuns who had followed her, running up in time, succeeded in saving her before life was extinct.

Upon the same day orders were given for her and Sister Claire de Sarilly to be kept in the strictest seclu-

sion, — her relationship to M. de Laubordemont not being deemed sufficient, considering the importance of her fault, to soften the rigour of her punishment.

The exorcisms were now, by necessity, at an end, as the example of the superior and Sister Claire was imitated by all the other nuns; but was not Urban Grandier clearly and duly convicted? It was declared that the proof being sufficient, the judges would now resume the affair, and proceed to give the sentence.

These irregular and violent proceedings, the denials of justice, and the refusal to listen to the evidence for the defence, convinced Grandier that his total ruin was resolved upon; the more so as things were now so far advanced that he must either be punished as a sorcerer and a magician, or else a royal commissioner and a bishop, a whole convent of nuns, several monks belonging to several orders, judges of quality, and laymen of name and birth must be liable to the penalties assigned to calumniators; but this conviction strengthened his resolution without weakening his courage; and knowing that it was his duty both as a man and a Christian to defend his life and honour until the last, he published a factum, entitled, Fins en conclusions absolutoires, which he laid before his judges. It was a well-drawn-up and impartial summary of the whole affair, which might have been written by an indifferent person.

This plea, full of dignity as it was, had no influence upon the commissioners, who, upon the morning of the 11th of August, issued the following sentence from the Carmelite convent, their place of assembly: —

"We declare the said Urban Grandier duly tried and convicted of the crime of magic, of injuries and possessions practised by him upon the persons of several Ursuline nuns of this town of Loudun, as well as upon other seculars; and

taking that, together with other cases and crimes resulting from them, we condemn the said Grandier to make honourable amends, with bare head, a rope round his neck, and with a burning torch of two pounds' weight in his hand, before the principal door of the church of Saint-Pierre du Marché, and before that of Sainte-Ursula of this town, and there, upon his knees, to ask pardon of God and the king; and this being done, to be taken to the public place of Sainte-Croix, and fastened to a stake upon a scaffold, which shall be erected upon the said place, and there to be burnt alive, together with the compacts and magical characters used by him, as well as the manuscript book composed by him against the celibacy of priests; and his ashes shall be scattered by the wind. We declare all and every of his goods and wealth confiscated to the king, deducting the sum of 150 livres to be used in the purchase of a copper plate, upon which the present sentence shall be engraved, and exposed in a prominent part of the said church; and we further order that previous to carrying this sentence into execution, the said Grandier shall be put to the ordinary and extraordinary torture in order to discover his accomplices.

"Pronounced at Loudun to the said Grandier, on the 18th of August, 1634."

Upon the morning of the day when this sentence was given, M. de Laubordemont took the surgeon, Francis Fourneau, with him as a prisoner, although he was willing to go voluntarily, into Grandier's place of confinement. Upon entering the next room he heard the prisoner's voice saying, "What would you with me, infamous butcher? Are you come to kill me? You know what cruelties you have exercised upon my body. Well, then, continue; I am ready to die." He then entered and perceived that these words were addressed to the surgeon, Mannouri.

One of the guards of the grand prévôt whom M. de Laubordemont summoned then ordered the new-comer

to shave Grandier, and to remove all the hair from his head, face, and body. This was a formality used in magical affairs, so that the devil might have no place in which to take refuge; for it was thought that one single hair left upon his body was sufficient to make the patient insensible to the pains of torture. Urban understood from this that the sentence was given, and that he was condemned.

Fourneau, after saluting Grandier, informed him of what he was commanded to do; upon which a judge remarked that it was not sufficient to shave the body of the condemned man, but that his nails must also be cut off, in case the devil should take refuge under them. Grandier looked at this man with an expression of the most touching charity, and held out his hands to Fourneau, but he gently rejected them, saying that he would do nothing in it were it not for the order of the cardinal duke, and he begged him at the same time to forgive him if he laid hands upon him to shave him. At these words, Grandier, who had been so long accustomed to the inhumanity of all around him, turned to the surgeon with tears in his eyes, saying, "You are, then, the only one that pities me?"

"Oh! monsieur," replied Fourneau, "you do not see every one."

The surgeon then shaved his whole body, but found only, as we said before, two marks, the one on the back, and the other on the thigh; these two marks were very plain, for they were still inflamed with the wounds which Mannouri had made. When this operation was finished, they gave Grandier, not his own clothes, but worse garments, which had doubtless belonged to some other condemned person.

Although his sentence had been given at the Carmelite

convent, he was conducted in a close carriage to the town-hall, where several ladies, amongst whom was Laubordemont's wife, curious to hear the reading of the sentence, were seated with the judges; Laubordemont himself was in the clerk's usual place, the clerk was standing before him, and all the avenues were filled by soldiers and guards. Previous to the prisoner's being brought in, he was exorcised by Father Lactance and another Franciscan monk, so that the devils might leave him. They then entered the hall and exorcised the air, the earth, and the other elements, after which Grandier was led in.

He was retained for some time at the bottom of the hall, in order to allow time for the exorcisms to take effect; he was then taken into the bar and commanded to kneel down. Grandier obeyed, but without removing either his hat or his cap, his hands being bound behind his back; the clerk, however, snatched the one, and the exempt the other, and threw them at Laubordemont's feet. Then the clerk, observing that his eyes remained fixed upon Laubordemont, as if waiting for him to commence the proceedings, said to him, "Turn, wretch, and adore the crucifix which is upon the judge's seat."

Grandier immediately turned, without a murmur, and with great humility, and raising his eyes to heaven, he remained nearly ten minutes in mental devotion: when this prayer was concluded, he resumed his former posture.

The clerk then began to read the sentence in a trembling voice, while Grandier, on the contrary, listened with great firmness and tranquillity, although the sentence was the most terrible that could have been given against him, condemning the prisoner to die that same day, after being put to the torture.

When the clerk had concluded, "Messeigneurs," said Grandier, in his usual voice, "I swear by God the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, and the Virgin, my only hope, that I have never been a magician, that I have never committed sacrilege, that I know no other magic than that of the holy Scriptures, which I have always preached, and that I have never had any other belief than that of our holy apostolical and Roman Catholic Church. I renounce the devil and all his deceits; I avow my Saviour, and I pray him that the blood of his cross will render me meritorious in his sight; and you, messeigneurs, I beseech to moderate the severity of my punishment, and not to plunge my soul into despair!"

At these words, hoping to draw something from the condemned man's fear of pain, Laubordemont ordered the women and the curious who were in the palace to withdraw, leaving him alone with M. Houmain, the lieutenant criminal of Orléans, and the Franciscan monks. Then addressing Grandier in a severe voice, he said to him that there was but one way of having his sentence mitigated, and this was by declaring his accomplices and signing his declaration. To which Grandier replied that, having committed no crime, he could have no accomplices. Then Laubordemont ordered the malefactor to be taken into the torture-room, which adjoined the judgment-hall. This order was immediately executed.

The torture then in use at Loudun was that of the half-boots, one of the most painful of all. It was effected by putting the two legs of the malefactor between four plates which were bound with ropes, and by striking wedges between the two middle plates with blows of a mallet; the ordinary torture was that of

four, and the extraordinary, of eight wedges, — this last being seldom given to any persons excepting those condemned to die, as it was almost impossible to survive it, the malefactor, when taken from the executioner's hands, having the bones of his legs ground to powder. M. de Laubordemont, by his own authority, made the unheard of addition of two extra wedges to the extraordinary torture; so that instead of eight, Grandier had to undergo ten.

This was not all; the royal commissioner and the Franciscan monks took upon themselves the duties of the executioners.

Laubordemont bound Grandier in the usual manner, fastened his legs to the four plates, and when this was done, sent away the executioner and his servants; but he was now informed by the keeper of the instruments that the wedges were too small; there were unfortunately no others, and in spite of the commissioner's threats to the keeper, no larger ones could be procured. They inquired how long it would take to make another set; the keeper demanded two hours. This was considered too long, and they were forced to content themselves with those which they had.

Then commenced the punishment. Father Lactance, after exorcising the instruments of torture, took the mallet and struck the first wedge; but he could draw no complaint from Grandier, who, during this time, recited a prayer in a low voice; he took a second, and this time the prisoner, bold as he was, could not prevent himself from interrupting his prayer by two groans. Father Lactance increased the violence of his blows, crying, "Dicas, dicas!" (Confess, confess!) which word he repeated with such fury during the torture that he afterward took the name, and was always called by the people Father *Dicas*.

After the second wedge had been struck, Laubordemont presented Grandier with a manuscript book, written against the celibacy of priests, and inquired if he recognised what was written in it as his handwriting. Grandier answered in the affirmative. When questioned what was his object in writing this book, he answered that it was to restore peace to a poor girl whom he had loved; which was proved by these two lines written at the end: —

> "Si ton gentil esprit prend bien cette science,
> Tu mettras en repos ta bonne conscience."

M. de Laubordemont next asked what was this girl's name; but Grandier answered that that name would never escape from his lips; none knew it saving himself and God. Upon which M. de Laubordemont ordered Father Lactance to strike in the third wedge.

While Lactance was obeying this order, accompanying every blow with the word "Dicas," Grandier cried, "Oh, my God! you kill me, although I am neither a magician, nor have I committed sacrilege."

At the fourth wedge Grandier fainted, saying, "Oh, Father Lactance! is this charity?" Insensible as he was, Father Lactance did not cease striking; so that after he had lost his senses through pain, pain restored them.

Laubordemont took advantage of this moment to urge him to confess his crimes; but Grandier said to him: "I have committed faults, monsieur, but not crimes. As a man I have abused the desires of the flesh; but I have confessed and repented of these things, and believe that I have received pardon through my prayers; and if not, I trust that God, in consideration of what I am now suffering, will grant me his forgiveness!"

At the insertion of the fifth wedge, Grandier again became insensible; water was then thrown upon his face to restore him; then turning to M. de Laubordemont, —

"In mercy," said he, "let me die at once, monsieur. Alas! I am a man, and cannot promise, if you continue to torture me thus, that I can much longer sustain my fortitude."

"Well, then, sign this, and the torture shall be stopt," said the royal commissioner, presenting him a paper.

"My father," said Grandier, turning to the Franciscan, "do you think, upon your conscience, that a man is allowed to confess a fault which he has not committed, in order to free himself from bodily pain?"

"No," replied the monk; "for if he dies after a falsehood, he dies in mortal sin."

"Go on, then," said Grandier; "for after suffering so much in the body, I should wish to save my soul." Upon which, Lactance inserted the sixth wedge, and Grandier again fainted.

When he came to himself, Laubordemont summoned him to confess that he had carnally known Elizabeth Blanchard, as she had accused him of having done; but Grandier answered that not only had he never had any intimate acquaintance with her, but that, until the day when he had been confronted with her, he had never seen her.

At the seventh wedge, Grandier's legs burst, and the blood spirted into Father Lactance's face, who wiped it away with the sleeve of his robe. Grandier then cried, "Oh, Lord! my God! have pity upon me! I die!" And he fainted a third time. Father Lactance took advantage of the interval to sit down and rest himself.

Upon coming to himself again, Grandier began a prayer, so beautiful and touching that the provost's

lieutenant took it down; which being perceived by Laubordemont, he forbade him to show it to any one.

At the eighth wedge, the marrow of the bones came out of the wounds: it was impossible to continue any longer, as the legs were as flat as the plates which pressed upon them; besides which, Father Lactance was exhausted with fatigue.

Grandier was then unfastened and laid upon the ground; his eyes sparkling with fever and agony, when he composed a second prayer, full of enthusiasm and faith; but at the end of this prayer, his strength again failed him, and he fainted a fourth time. The lieutenant poured a little wine into his mouth, which restored him; he then made a declaration of contrition, renouncing Satan with all his deceits and works, and giving his soul to God.

Four men now entered and unbound his legs, which, when no longer supported by the plates, fell broken under him, the flesh being kept together by the nerves alone; he was then carried into the chamber of council and laid upon some straw before the fire.

Seated by the fire was an Augustine monk, whom Urban requested for a confessor; Laubordemont refused him, and again presented him the paper to sign, but Grandier answered, "If I would not sign it to escape your tortures, still less will I sign it when nothing remains for you to do but to kill me."

"Doubtless," answered Laubordemont; "but your death will be according as we choose to make it, quick or slow, easy or cruel; sign this paper."

Grandier pushed it gently aside with his hand, making a sign of refusal with his head; Laubordemont then returned in a great passion, and gave the orders to bring in Father Tranquille and Father Claude, the confessors

who had been chosen for Urban. They approached him to do the duty, but Grandier, recognising two of his executioners, answered that four days ago he had been confessed by Father Grillau, and that he was not aware of having committed any sin since that time to compromise his soul's safety; the two priests exclaimed against the heretic's impiety, but nothing could induce him to confess himself to them.

After an interval of four hours, the executioner's assistants came in search of him, placed him upon a handbarrow, and were carrying him away, when they were met by the lieutenant criminal of Orléans, who again exhorted him to confess his crimes; but Grandier answered, "Alas! monsieur, I have already done so, and have nothing upon my conscience."

"Do you not wish, then," asked this judge, "that I should pray to God for you?"

"You would oblige me much," said Urban, "and I even beg you to do so."

A torch was then put into his hand, which he kissed as he was leaving the palace, looking around him modestly but firmly, and begging those who he knew wished him well, to pray to God for him.

His sentence was read to him upon the threshold of the door; he was then placed in a small cart, and dragged to the church of Saint-Pierre, in the market-place; when there, Laubordemont ordered him to get out, and he was pushed out of the cart; but as his legs were broken, he fell upon his knees, — remaining thus with his face to the ground, patiently waiting until some one should raise him. He was lifted up and taken into the courtyard, where his sentence was again read to him, and the clerk was about to finish, when Father Grillau, his confessor, who had been separated

from him for the last four days, pushed his way through the crowd, and throwing himself into his arms, embraced him without being able to speak a word for weeping; but collecting himself in a short time, "Monsieur," said he, "remember that our Lord Jesus Christ ascended to God his Father, after torture and the cross. Do not lose courage. I bring you your mother's blessing; she and I will pray to God to be merciful to you, and to receive you into his paradise."

These words seemed to instil new strength into Grandier's mind; he lifted his head, bent by pain, and with his eyes raised to heaven, made a short prayer; then turning to his worthy confessor, —

"Be a son to my mother," said he; "pray to God for me; recommend my soul to the prayers of all good monks. I go with the consolation of dying innocent, and I trust God will be merciful to me, and receive me into Paradise."

"Have you no other charge to give me?" continued Father Grillau.

"Alas!" answered Grandier, "I am condemned to a very cruel death, my father; ask the executioner if there is no way of softening it."

"I go," said the Franciscan, and giving him absolution *in articulo mortis*, he left the court; and drawing the executioner aside, he asked him if he could not spare the malefactor his terrible agony by means of a brimstone shirt. The executioner answered that, as Grandier was sentenced to be burnt alive, he dared not employ so plain a means of shortening his pain; but that he would engage, for the sum of thirty crowns, to strangle him, immediately upon his setting fire to the pile. Father Grillau paid him the money, and the executioner prepared his rope. The Franciscan waited

for Grandier in the passage, and while embracing him for the last time, whispered to him the arrangement which he had made with the executioner. Grandier turned toward him, and said, with a voice full of gratitude, "Thanks, my brother, thanks!"

At this moment the archers having driven Father Grillau away with blows of their halberds, the procession set out in order to go through the same ceremony before the church of the Ursulines, and thence to the place of Sainte-Croix; upon the road, Urban met and recognised Moussant and his wife, and turning toward them, —

"I die your servant," said he; "and if perhaps some offensive expression has passed my lips concerning you, I beg you to forgive me."

When they had reached the place of execution, the provost's lieutenant advanced toward Grandier and asked his pardon.

"You have done nothing to require it," answered he; "you have but done the duty which you were compelled to do."

The executioner now approached Grandier, and with the assistance of his two servants, had him carried to the pile, where, not being able to support himself, he was fastened to the stake by a circle of iron passed round the middle of his body. At this moment a flock of pigeons, appearing to descend from heaven, began to fly round and round the place of execution, without showing any fear of the immense crowd which had assembled, and one of them, as white as snow, perched upon the top of the stake to which Grandier was chained. The believers in the possession cried out that this was a troop of devils come in search of their master; but many said that devils never took such a

shape, and argued that these pigeons had come, instead of men, to bear witness to the prisoner's innocence.

When Grandier was fastened to the stake, and the executioner had passed the rope round his neck with which he was about to strangle him, the fathers exorcised the earth, the air, and the wood, and then asked the condemned man if he would not confess his crimes publicly; but Urban answered that he had nothing more to say, and that he hoped, thanks to the martyrdom which they had given him, to be upon that same day with God.

The clerk then read his sentence for the fourth time, and inquired if he still persisted in what he had said in the torture-chamber.

"Certainly, I persist," answered Urban; "for what I said was the truth."

The clerk then retired, informing the prisoner that if he had anything to say to the people, he was allowed to speak.

But this was not the intention of the exorcists; they knew Grandier's eloquence and courage, and a firm and bold denial at the moment of death might hurt their interest. Accordingly, the moment that Grandier opened his mouth to speak, they threw so much holy water in his face that it took away his breath; however, after a short time, he again began to speak, when one of the monks kissed him on the mouth to stifle his words. Grandier saw the intention, and said, loud enough for those around the stake to hear him, "That was the kiss of a Judas."

At these words the rage of the monks became so great that one of them struck him three times on the face with a crucifix, appearing to those at a distance as if he was offering it for him to kiss, although the blood

gushed from his nose and one of his lips at the third blow. The exorcists now returned to the charge, and again asked him if he had nothing to confess. "I have said all, my fathers, I have said all," cried Grandier; "I trust in God and in his mercy."

At this refusal the rage of the exorcists was at its height, and Father Lactance, taking a torch made of straw steeped in a bucket of rosin, which was lying near the stake, "Wretch," said he, addressing Grandier, and burning him on the face as he spoke, "will you not confess your crimes and renounce the devil?"

"I have nothing to do with the devil," answered Grandier, putting aside the torch with his hands. "I have renounced the devil, and I do renounce him with all his works, and I pray to God to be merciful unto me."

Upon this, Father Lactance, without waiting the order of the lieutenant, upset the bucket of rosin upon a corner of the pile, and set it on fire, which Grandier seeing, he called the executioner to his aid. The executioner immediately ran to strangle him; but as he could not succeed in pulling the rope tight, and as the fire was gaining ground, "Ah! my brother," said Urban, "was it this that you promised?"

"It is not my fault," answered the executioner; "the fathers have made knots in the rope and I cannot pull it."

"Oh, Father Lactance, Father Lactance!" cried Grandier, "where is your charity?"

Then, as the fire spread, and the executioner, already almost in the flames, was about to spring from the pile, "Listen," said he, stretching out his hand, "there is a God in heaven, a God who will judge between you and me; Father Lactance, I summon you to appear before him in thirty days."

Then, in the midst of the flame and smoke, he was dimly seen endeavouring to strangle himself; but he desisted almost immediately, either seeing that it was impossible, or perhaps thinking that he was not even then allowed to destroy himself. Then, joining his hands, he said in a loud voice, "Deus meus, ad te vigilio, miserere mei."

But a Capuchin, fearing that he would have time to say something more, approached the pile by the side which was not yet burning, and dashed all the remaining holy water in his face.

This water raised such a smoke that Grandier disappeared for a moment from the spectators' eyes: when it cleared away, the fire had gained his clothes; but he was still heard praying in the midst of the flames. At last he called Jesus three times, each time in a more feeble voice; and after the last time he uttered a groan, and let his head fall upon his breast.

At this moment the pigeons, who were still lingering round the stake, flew away and seemed to disappear in the clouds.

Urban Grandier was dead.

As, in this story, the crime was not committed by the accused, but by the judges and the executioners, our readers will, we are sure, be curious to know what became of them.

Father Lactance died on the 18th of September, exactly one month after Grandier, in such horrible agony that the Franciscans said that it was Satan's revenge, whilst many others, when recalling Grandier's case, attributed his death to God's justice. Many strange circumstances preceded it, and contributed to spread about this last opinion. We will cite one, of

which the author of the "Histoire des diables de Loudun" guarantees the authenticity.

Some days after Grandier's execution, Father Lactance was attacked by the illness of which he died, and feeling that it had a supernatural reason, resolved to make a pilgrimage to the church of Notre Dame des Andilliers de Saumur, which was believed to be miraculous, and in which every one in the country put great faith. To make this journey he had a place in the Sieur de Canaye's coach, who was going with a party of pleasure-hunters to his estate of Grand-Fonds, and who, wishing to amuse themselves with Father Lactance's fright, — whose head, they said, had been turned by Grandier's last words, — had offered him this place. Accordingly, they did not spare any raillery of the worthy monk, when, suddenly, in a wide and splendid road, and without any apparent cause, the carriage turned completely over without injuring any one. This strange accident surprised the travellers, and stopped the sarcasms of the boldest amongst them. Father Lactance, upon his part, seemed melancholy and confused, and upon that evening at supper, when he ate nothing, he kept repeating, "I did wrong to refuse Grandier the confessor that he asked; God will punish me, God will punish me."

They continued their journey on the next day, and all the travellers, astonished at Father Lactance's deplorable condition, had lost all propensity to laugh or rail at him, when, suddenly, in the village of Fernet, in the middle of an excellent road, without meeting with any obstacle, the carriage was overturned a second time in the same way as the first, without any one being hurt. It was, however, evident that the hand of God was upon some one among them, and this one was suspected to be Father Lactance; they all avoided him, and left

him to himself, reproaching themselves with having passed two or three days in his company.

The Franciscan continued his journey to the church of Notre Dame des Andilliers, but, notwithstanding its miraculous powers, it could not revoke the sentence which the martyr had pronounced against him; day by day, hour by hour, after Urban Grandier's punishment, Father Lactance wasted and expired in the midst of awful agonies.

Father Tranquille lived four years after him. The malady of which he died was so strange that the physicians declared that they did not know its nature; and his brethren of the order of Saint Francis, fearing that his screams and blasphemies, which were audible in the street, would produce a bad effect upon his memory, spread the report about that the devils which he had expelled from the bodies of the nuns had entered into his own. Thus he died, aged forty-three years, crying, "Oh! how I suffer! my God! how I suffer! Not all the devils and all the damned together suffer so much as I."

This epitaph which was placed upon his tomb corroborated his sanctity to some, and his punishment to others, accordingly as the possession was or was not believed: —

"Here lies the humble Father Tranquille of Saint Remi, Capuchin priest: the demons, not being able to endure his courage as an exorcist, killed him by their vexations, on the last day of May, 1638."

But the surgeon Mannouri's death was still more remarkable. It will be remembered that it was he who tortured Grandier. One evening, about ten o'clock, as he was returning from one of the suburbs of the town

from visiting a patient, accompanied by one of his profession, and preceded by his frater, who carried a lantern, and had just arrived about the middle of the town, in a street called the Grand Pavé, between the walls of the garden of the Franciscan monks, he suddenly stopped, and fixing his eyes upon an object invisible to all the rest, he cried aloud, "Ah, there is Grandier!" And being asked, "Where?" he pointed with his finger to the place where he imagined he saw him; he trembled in all his limbs and asked, "What do you want, Grandier? What do you want? Yes, yes, I come." At this moment the vision disappeared, but the blow was struck; the surgeon and the frater took Mannouri home; but neither the lights nor the day could dissipate his terror, — he saw Grandier always at the foot of his bed. For eight days this agony lasted in the sight of all the town; at last, upon the 9th it seemed to the dying man as though the spectre had changed its position, and was slowly moving toward him, for he never ceased crying, "He comes, he comes!" making movements with his hand, as if to stop it, — until he expired, upon the same evening, with his eyes fixed upon the terrible vision, about the same hour at which Grandier himself had expired.

Laubordemont still remains to be mentioned. The following account of him is found in M. Patin's letters: —

"Upon the 9th of this month, about nine in the evening, a carriage was attacked by robbers; the noise they made brought the peasants out of their houses, as much from curiosity, probably, as from charity. Several gunshots were fired upon both sides; one of the robbers was stretched upon the ground, and another arrested. The others fled. The wounded man died the next day without saying anything, without uttering a

complaint, and without declaring who he was ; he has, however, at length been recognised. It is known that he was the son of a *maître des requêtes*, named Laubordemont, who, in 1634, condemned Urban Grandier, the poor curate of Loudun, to be burnt alive for having sent the devil into the bodies of the nuns of Loudun, whom they had taught to dance about, so as to persuade fools that they were demoniacs. Does not there seem to be a divine punishment in this unfortunate judge's family, expiating the cruel and pitiless murder of this poor priest whose blood calls out for vengeance ?"

THE END.